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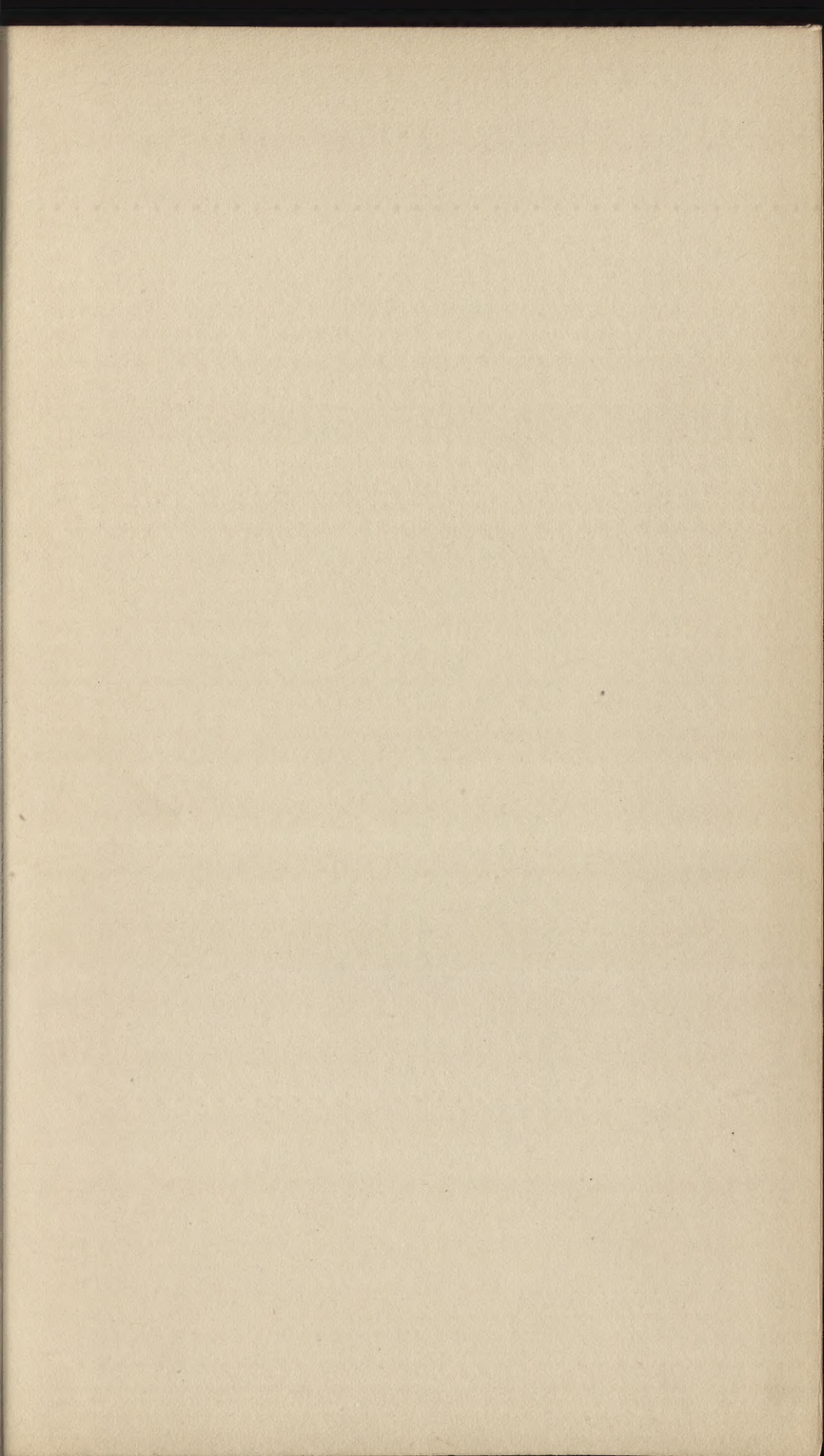
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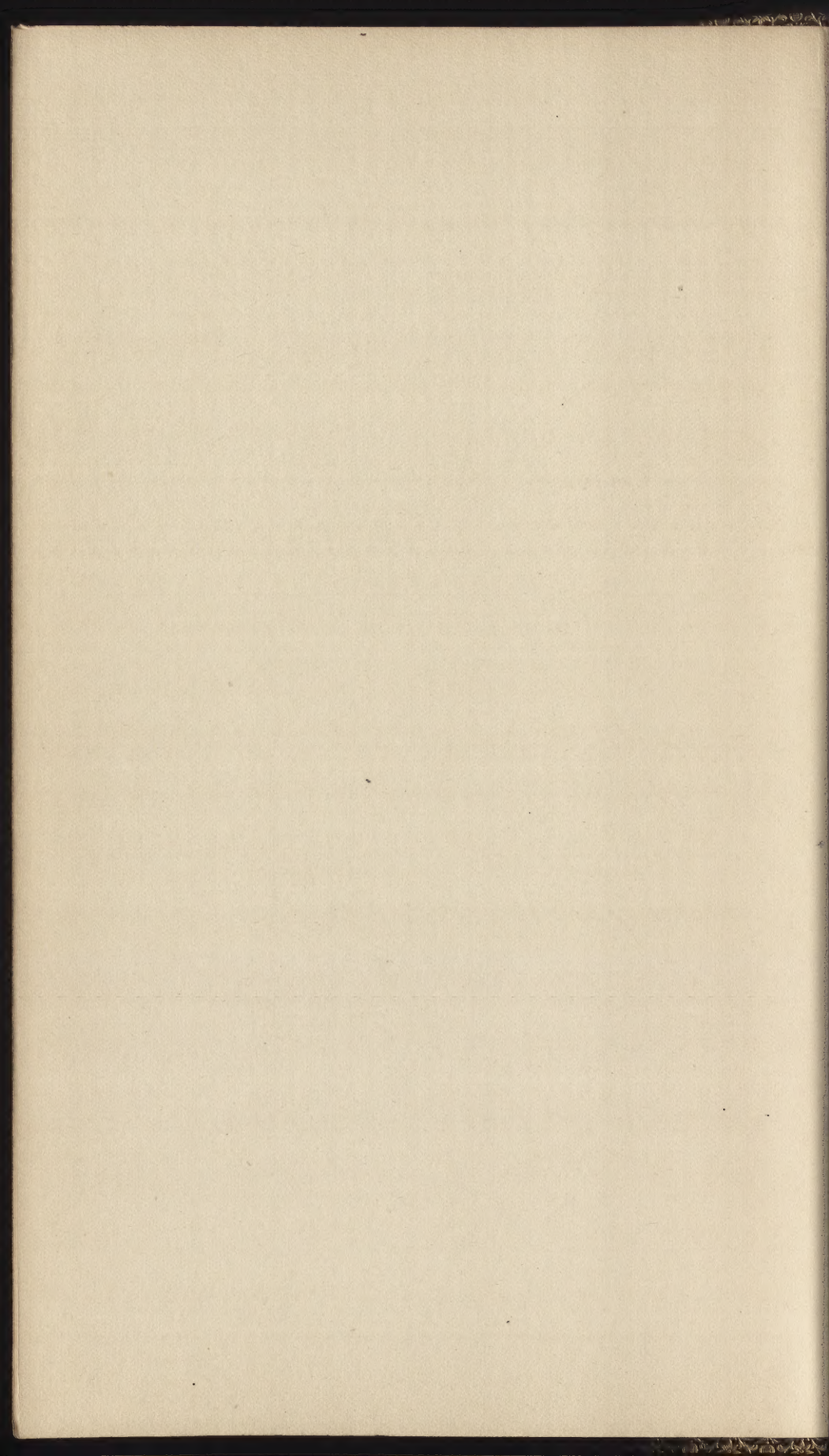
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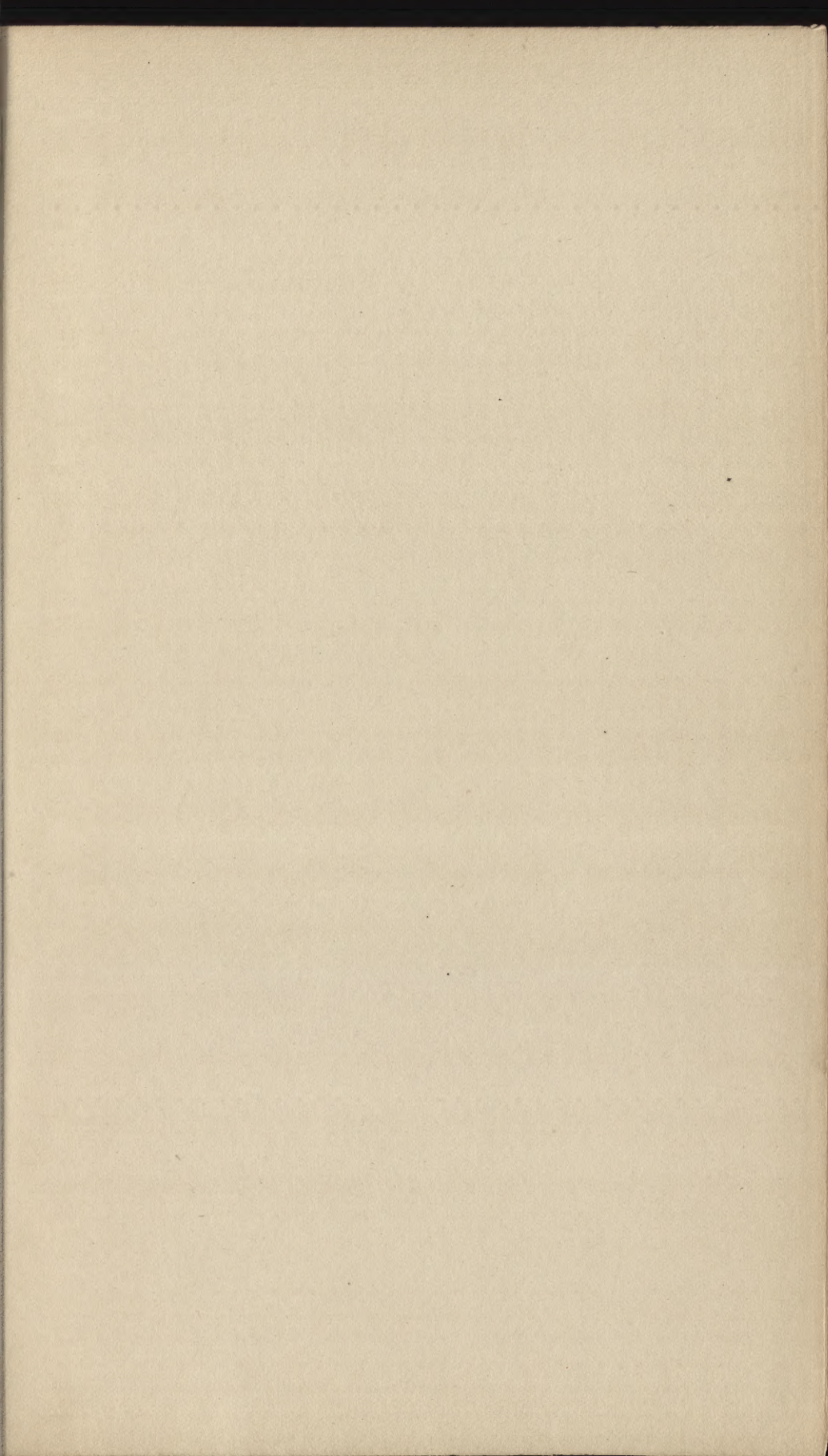
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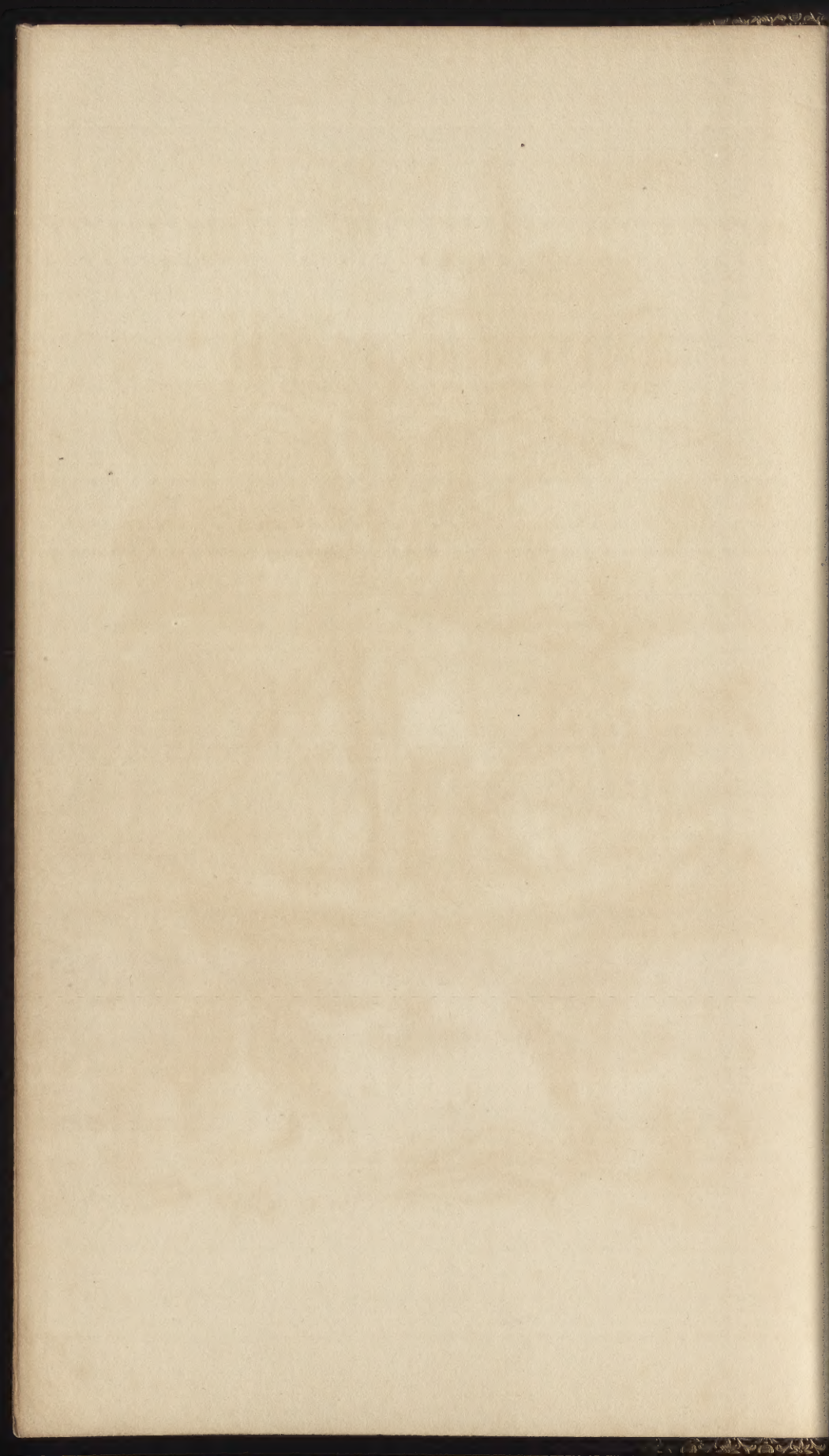
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THE
ENGLISH

Dance of Death



*Pallida Mors aequo pulsât pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.*

Hor. Lib.1. Od. 4.

Vol. 1.

LONDON, Published March 1. 1816, by R. Ackermann, 101. Strand.

THE
English Dance of Death,

FROM THE DESIGNS OF

THOMAS ROWLANDSON,

WITH

METRICAL ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"DOCTOR SYNTAX."



Pallida Mors aquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. Hor. Lib. I. Od. 4.

— With equal Pace, impartial Fate
Knocks at the Palace, as the Cottage Gate.



VOL. I.



London :

PRINTED BY J. DIGGENS, ST. ANN'S LANE ;

Published at R. ACKERMANN'S Repository of Arts, 101, Strand ;

AND TO BE HAD OF

All the Book and Print-sellers in the United Kingdom.



1815.

1918

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THE DANCE OF DEATH is a Subject so well known to have employed the Talents of distinguished Painters in the Ages of Superstition, that little is required to recall it to the Recollection of the Antiquary, the Lover of the Arts, and the Artist.

HOLBEIN is more particularly recorded as having employed his Pencil in a Work of this Kind; but, without entering into a Detail of those Masters who have treated the Subject of the DANCE OF DEATH, the present Object is merely to attract the pub-

lic Attention to the Subject itself.—Few Remains are now visible of the Original Paintings which represented it; but they have been perpetuated by the more durable Skill of the Engraver, and the Volumes which contain them in the latter Form, are to be found on the Shelves of the learned and curious Collector.—The Subject is the same in them all; but varied according to the Fancy of the Painters; or, perhaps, from local Circumstances attached to the Places which they were respectively intended to decorate.—The predominant Feature is, without Exception, the Representation of one or more Skeletons, sometimes, indeed, in Grotesque Attitudes, and with rather a Comic Effect, conducting Persons of all Ranks, Conditions and Ages, to the Tomb.

MR.

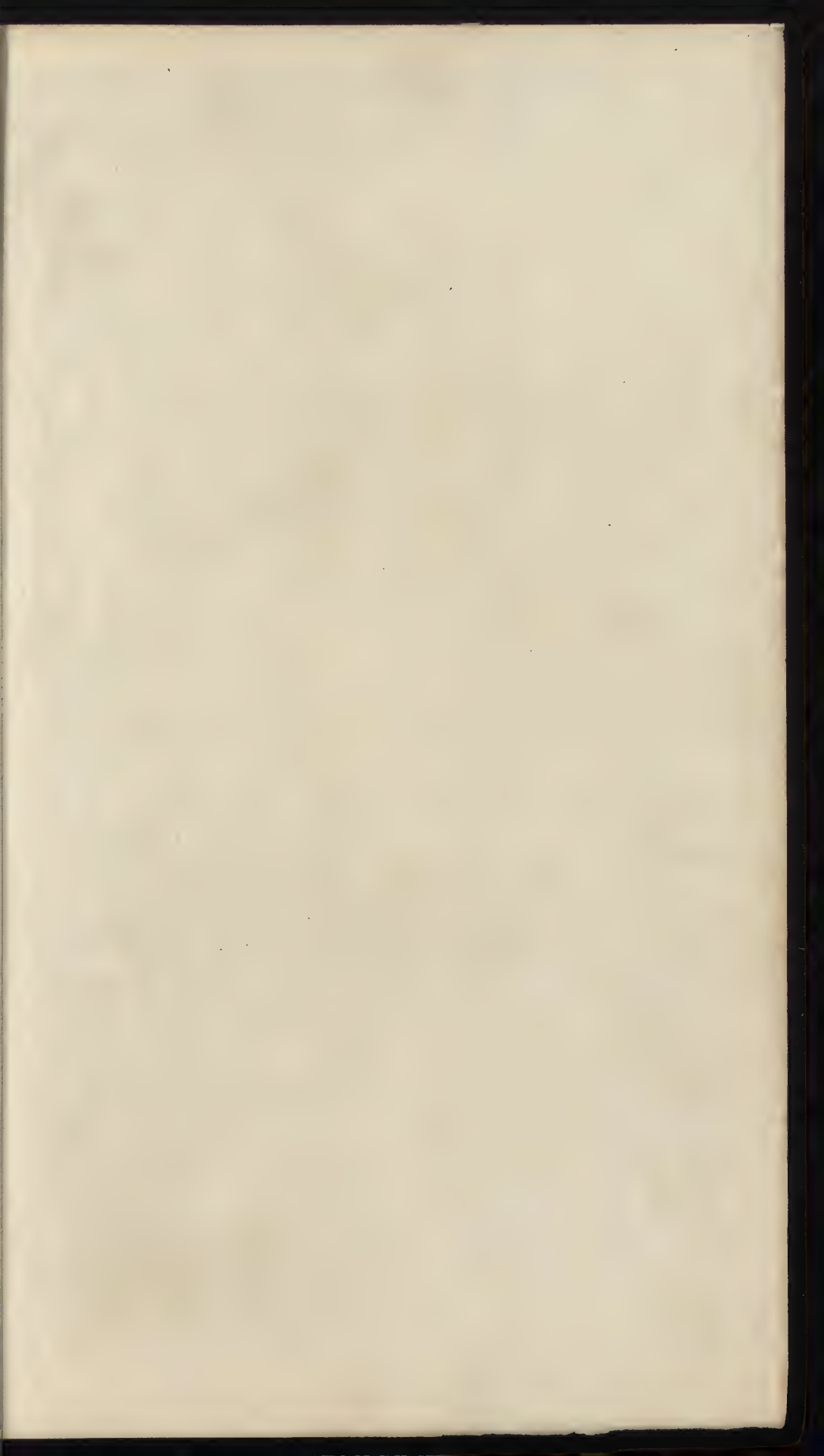
MR. ROWLANDSON had contemplated the Subject with the View of applying it exclusively to the Manners, Customs, and Character of this Country.—His Pencil has accordingly produced the Designs, which, in the Order they were delivered to me, I have accompanied with Metrical Illustrations : a Mode of proceeding which has been sanctioned by the Success of our joint Labours in the “*TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX.*” The First Volume therefore of the ENGLISH DANCE OF DEATH, which has appeared in Twelve successive Numbers, is now presented to the Public in a collected Form. The Second Volume will follow in the same mode of Publication. Though the Name and Tenour of the Work is borrowed, it may, perhaps, be allowed some
Claim

Claim to local and characteristic Originality. The most serious Subject attached to our Nature is, indeed, presented with a Degree of familiar Pleasantry which is not common to it:—But, in this Particular, the Example of the Painters who first suggested and propagated the Idea has been followed, and no other Vivacity has been displayed in these Pages, than has been found on the Walls of Edifices dedicated to Religion; and was thus represented in the Cloisters of St. Paul's, before the sacrilegious Pride of the Protector Somerset caused the Dilapidation of that Appendage to the Metropolitan Church of the Kingdom.—But I am not afraid of being accused by reflecting Minds, of having introduced an unbecoming Levity into the following
Pages:

ADVERTISEMENT.vii

Pages : for that Writer may surely claim
the Approbation of the grave and the good,
who familiarises the Mind with Death, by
connecting it, in any way, with the various
Situations and Circumstances of Life.

THE AUTHOR.





TIME & DEATH their Thoughts impart

Time and Death:

A N

INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE.

Death.

“ FATHER TIME! ’tis well we are met:—

I am dispos’d to fume and fret,
To see that mortals have the power
Thus to prolong Life’s fleeting hour;
To see them thus display the art
That blunts my unavailing dart;
And, though the fatal arrow’s sped,
To make men live when they are dead:
While you with placid eye look on,
Nor blame the mischief that is done:
Nay, suffer the records to last
When many an age is gone and past.

You, in your motions, are so slow,
With such a measur'd step you go,
That were it not for sword and fire,
Earthquakes, and storms and tempests dire,
Temples and towers of ancient days
Would now their perfect structures raise.
Nay, still the Antiquarian's toil
Digs deep for Greek and Roman spoil,
In Desolation's arid fields
The perforated cavern yields
The vase, the statue, and the bust,
Rais'd from th' accumulated dust.
Thus, 'neath the modern dome appears
The treasures of far distant years,
Which, by their various forms impart
A blended grace to modern art.
So idly you your power employ,
That art restores what you destroy.
—'Tis true, you thin the flowing hair,
And pluck the brow 'till it is bare:
You, by degrees, can mark the face
With your own venerable grace,

And tell the weaken'd form to bend

As it draws near its journey's end.

—But if nor pain, nor sickness aid,

Nor rending care the heart invade,

Your progress is so slowly made,

That all too late Man's made to feel

• The stroke of my impatient steel:

So that I'm courted to attend

The old man's death-bed as a friend;

When, my stern purpose to revile,

Departing Nature beams a smile.

—I love dispatch, I strike at once

The wit, the wise, the fool, the dunce:

The steel-clad soldier, stout and bold,

The miser, with his treasur'd gold;

The studious sage, and matron grave,

The haughty noble, and the slave.

I strip, with unrelenting paw,

The ermine from the man of law;

Disrobe the prelate of his lawn,

And dim with clouds the op'ning dawn

Of Beauty's charms: I drink the tear
That drops upon the early bier:—
Nor spare I Tenderness or Truth,
The hoary head, th' ingenuous youth;
And Vice and Virtue ever prove
An equal doom with Hate or Love.
I seize the victor in his car,
Encircled with the spoils of war:
Unmov'd by power, unaw'd by state,
I strike the monarch's guarded gate,
And in that very hour invade
The cot beneath the elm-tree's shade.
I by one fatal word, can dry
The streaming tears of Misery,
Or stop their loud, promiscuous laugh,
Who the rich midnight goblet quaff.
But all this power contents me not,
When the man dies, his NAME should rot;
Nor with surviving fame defy
The arm by which all mortals die.

To Egypt's beauteous Queen I bore
The worm with fig-leaves cover'd o'er,

Whose venom'd weapon did impart
Its fatal moisture to her heart.
But still she lives in prose and song,
Her bark still glides the waves among:
Still are its purple sails unfurl'd
To woo the man who shar'd the world.
—When my hand seiz'd young Ammon's sword,
And from the earth bore off its Lord,
I could not stifle his renown,—
I could not blast the laurel crown
Wove by the cunning hands of Fame,
To consecrate the victor's name.—
Such when his glorious life is done,
Will be the meed of WELLINGTON:
He will my envious power defy,
And leave a name that ne'er shall die.

It is, OLD TIME, so long ago
Since my spear laid those monarchs low,
To dignify whose cold remains
The pyramids oppress'd the plains,
That no memorial is supplied,
Of who they were, and when they died:

But still these structures mock the sky,
And your submissive power defy.
Thus ART contrives, we feel it true,
To laugh at me—and baffle you.
—These carving, painting, writing fellows,
I own it, make me very jealous.
Behold this host of antique elves
Who range along the crowded shelves,—
They represent the king, the sage,
The great and good of ev'ry age;
The wise and weak of ev'ry time,—
And villains nurs'd in ev'ry clime:
See with what pride these artists shew 'em,—
Let loose your scythe, old Boy, and mow 'em
Be, for once, active in your trust,—
Breathe,—and corrode them into dust.
I've no dominion o'er the page
That makes men live from age to age;
Nor can destroy his marble form
Who long since fed the hungry worm.
Could I,—no name should ever bloom,
Or on the page, or on the tomb.

I say, 'tis hard, and still complain,
That man should die and live again.
That Art should from Oblivion save
The mould'ring tenants of the grave :
That it preserves, in form and feature,
Whate'er has been a living creature.

A goldfinch dies,—but what of that?
Though I inspir'd the savage cat
To do the deed.—Though Betty's huff'd
For want of care,—the bird is stuff'd,
And on its perch it seems to thrive ;
Nay, looks as well as when alive.
'Tis true, I may have spoil'd its note,
But still the thing preserves its coat.
—Again, I say, as you must see,
That ART and LEARNING both agree,
To laugh at *you*, and baffle *me*."

Time.

" What, GRISLY SHAPE, do you complain,
And curse the limits of your reign?

You, who can wage continual strife
With all things that partake of life,
Lamenting, though your spear is hurl'd
Each moment, through a suffering world?
You are allow'd the fatal art
To break a neck or break a heart,
To let out life as it may suit
Your savage will—you murd'rous brute.—
What would you more?—you hourly meet
The funeral trains in ev'ry street;
And stately mausoleums rise
As altars for your sacrifice.
More do you want?—then take a dance
Among the blood-stain'd fields of France:
Ask Revolution how she sped
With her innumerable dead.
Is not your grasping arm content
With the whole bleeding Continent?—
Could YOU your frantic wish enjoy,
The world itself you would destroy:
Creation's bounds you would bestride,
And be yourself a SUICIDE.

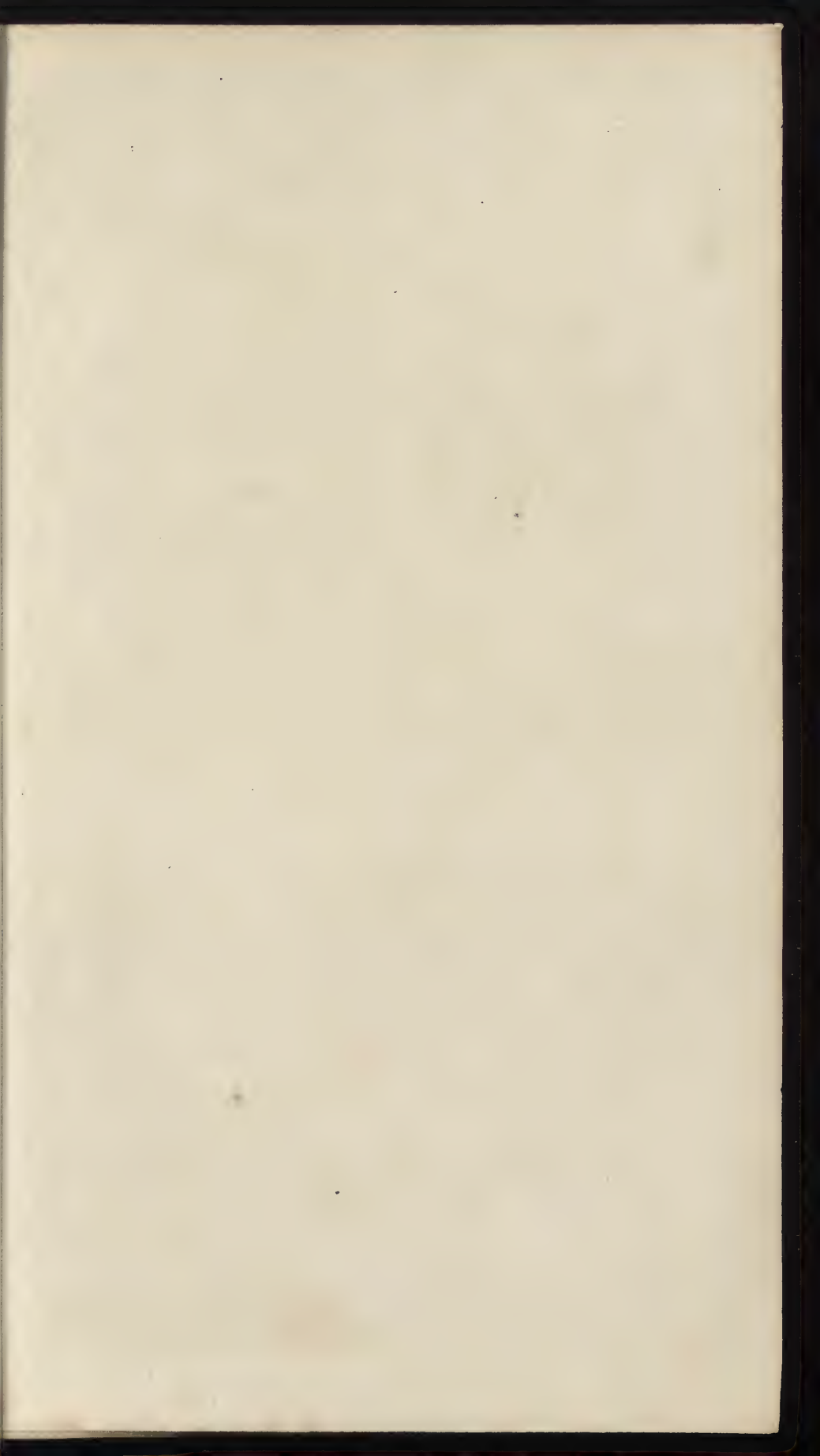
More calmly then, pursue your trade,
Take up the mattock and the spade;
Heap dust on dust, add grave to grave,
Forget to fume, and fret, and rave;
And tune the burthen of the song—
' That LIFE is SHORT—but ART is LONG,'
While you grin o'er the page before you,
You know you cannot touch the story;
Nor can you shove into a hearse
The Heav'n-born Bard's inspired verse:
You may, from mere resentment, kill
Th' unconscious Painter, if you will;
Yet, with his Work, his Name shall live,
And share the praise that Time can give.
The sculptur'd forms that stand around,
By my preserving spells are bound.
So 'tis arrang'd by that decree
Whose law commands both YOU and ME:
Cease then, I pray you, to complain,
Your Lamentations all are vain.

—You've told me in what feats you shine,
And now you will attend to mine.

'Tis I who to the human race
Give the immeasurable space,
Which from the æra of my birth,
Form'd the vast scene of man on earth;
And will, in order due, extend,
Till the vast scene of man shall end.
My course is regular and quiet,
I make no noise, I breed no riot.
Indeed, where'er my scythe appears,
It mows down days, and months, and years,
But 'tis a tranquil, silent deed;
And other days and years succeed.
I sometimes wear a wintry robe,
And, in dark mantle, clad the globe:
But, do I ever fail to bring
The fragrant zephyrs of the Spring?
The bounteous Summer next succeeds,
And the Autumnal vintage bleeds.

Thus through the year I bless the eye
With infinite variety.
My office, sometimes, may annoy,
But I ne'er hurry to destroy:
I on my well-pois'd wings attend,
And wait for Nature's ling'ring end.
May not I boast that I give birth
To all that decorates the earth;
And, with renewing charm, supply
The waste of all beneath the sky?
Old age, the common eye will scan
In meaner things as well as man:
But, when the antique turrets fall,
When the storm shakes the mould'ring wall,
I leave the venerated place
For modern art and skill to grace;
And make the wond'ring plain admire
The stranger forms and new attire.
'Tis true, destruction I employ,—
But I preserve e'er I destroy.







The Antiquary's Last Will & Testament.

—“ WELL, I am going, (Fungus said,)
As Lawyer Sly approach'd the bed :
I'm drawing to the close of life,
And, as I've neither child nor wife,
I am just turning o'er my will,
And wish to add a codicil ;
For I have sundry treasures rare,
Which are not yet recorded there ;
And, as I soon shall cease to breathe,
I wish some relics to bequeath,
To those who will their value own
When life is past, and I am gone :
So take your pen, prepare to write ;
And, as I dictate—you indite.—

To my old friend Sir Edmund Plumb,
I leave the Eighth King Harry's *Thumb* :

'Tis well preserv'd;—in gold 'tis set,
At top and bottom tipp'd with Jet;
And I can prove, by word and date,
And other documents of weight,
That **Cromwell**, for he oft abus'd it,
As a *Tobacco-stopper* us'd it.
—And, as my friend shall thus employ
This little, antique curious Toy;
As he its form must daily see,
He'll think it says—' *Remember me.*'

—To **Horace Dactyl**, next I give,
As soon as I shall cease to live,
The *Lock of Hair* which caus'd the strife
That **POPE** has painted to the Life.
Sailing aloft in Fancy's car,
His Muse has chang'd it to a star;—
But I know better—don't reveal it:—
I brib'd the Lady's Maid—to steal it:
And in that Cabinet it lies,
A precious gem to Poets' eyes.

But though, as Antiquarian Fare,
It will not any value bear ;
For not a century has sped,
Since it adorn'd a lady's head :
Yet to the Muse 'tis ever dear,
This Lock the Bard will long revere ;
And thus it is that I bestow it :—
'Cause **Horace Dactyl**, is a Poet.

I give the *Cushion*, finely scroll'd,
With faded flowers and tarnish'd gold,
Whose rich embroidery was plann'd
And work'd by **Anna Boleyn's** hand ;
From which her prayers did Heav'n invoke,
Before the Headsman gave the stroke,—
To my good maiden cousin **KATE**,
Who loves to be devout in state ;
So that, hereafter, she'll be seen
To say her prayers like any Queen.

The *Shuttle-cock*, which oft amus'd
The **Scottish Mary**, when accus'd
Of treas'nous plots, of many a wile,
And did the heavy hours beguile,

As within Fotheringay's towers
She pass'd the sad and ling'ring hours,
I to my Nephew Playful leave,
The *Battledore* I also give ;
For well I know there is but one :
Indeed, 'twere best, as could, be shewn, }
That he should play the Fool, alone.

There's *Turpin's* bones well put together,
Which many a year withstood the weather,
As on a Gibbet's height they hung,
And, when the wind blew briskly, swung.
'Tis now a century ago
Since this same Knight work'd mickle woe,
On certain folks that go abroad,
And travel on a public road.
These he had got a way to frighten,
And of their cash and watches lighten ;
But having ventur'd on the Mail,
His fortune then began to fail.
Tyburn, at length, his triumphs ended
On Hounslow Heath to be suspended.
In time the iron chains gave way,
And to preserve him from decay,

I had the unsettled bones new set,
 And plac'd them in my Cabinet.
 This curious Skeleton I leave,
 If he will my bequest receive,
 To my Friend *All-sop*, who, as Mayor,
 Will one day fill the City Chair:
 And such a paunch he doth unfold,
 As largest barrow could not hold.
 This Legacy I do commend,
 In the true spirit of a Friend;
 That it may this good lesson tell,
 To one I've known so long—so well.—

' Though you for years, that Carcase line, ' Though ev'ry day on dainties dine: ' And crack your jokes, and drink your ' wine.	}
---	---

' Though you're so fat—you'll one day see
 ' Yourself, good Sir, as thin as me;
 ' And, all your joyous banquets past,
 ' A shape, like mine, you'll have at last.'
 —A *Bull's Horn* full six feet in measure,
 A unique thing—a perfect treasure,

Nam'd, by Antiquarians sage,
The growth of a far distant age;
Nay, 'tis by many understood,
To've been a Horn before the flood.
—I give it——but I can't proceed,
Howe'er important be the deed,
I'm so fatigu'd and full of pain:——
To-morrow, *Lawyer*, call again.
—In reading, some relief I'll seek,
For 'tis a trouble now to speak.
—Holla! holla there!—much I fear
My voice will never make them hear:
Nor have I strength to pull the bell,
To call up Jonathan, to tell
That *Lawyer Sly* has been so nimble,
As to slip on Queen Mary's thimble:
And he has manag'd to purloin
A velvet purse and all its coin;
So wrought, and of such ancient date,
That they are ten times worth their weight.
Most surely, at to-morrow's meeting,
A Constable shall give him greeting.

Indeed, I wish that I were hurl'd,
At once, out of this pilf'ring world.
I can't stay long, and if t'were now——
—When **Death** appear'd, and made his Bow.
Old **Fungus** lifted up his eye,
And saw the Grisly Spectre nigh.
I'm not alarm'd, (he calmly said,)
I do not your approach upbraid:
But look not quite so fierce, and pray,
At least, for one half-hour stay.
—A thing or two, I wish to know,
So tell me now, before I go:—
You liv'd in fam'd Deucalion's time,
When this old world was in its prime.
Say, in those days did men grow bolder,
And o'er top us by head and shoulder?
Or did those antiquated people
Grow up as tall as modern steeple?
Besides, my **Will** does not make out,
It is a matter still of doubt,
Whether I'll be like Roman burn'd
Or to Egyptian mummy turn'd:

For I'm determin'd, thou Barbarian!
When dead—to be an *Antiquarian*.”
“ Prepare, (cried *Death*,) I cannot stay,
I have ten thousand kill'd to-day;
And when your small concern is o'er,
I shall slay full ten thousand more.”

“ I know, dread Sir, (it was replied)
That you are seldom satisfied.
If so impatient, kill the *Cat*:
She has nine lives—remember that;
At least, nine minutes you'll employ,
Her, and her nine lives to destroy;
And while *Grimalkin* you bespatter,
I'll settle this important matter.”
But *Death* pois'd high the fatal dart,
And aim'd it at the old *Man's* heart.
“ I'll not be burn'd then,” *Fungus* cries,
“ I'll be a *Mummy*—yes——” and dies.





The Last Chase.

WHEN the fair morn begins to break,
From their short sleep the Hunters wake :
In hope elate, in spirits gay,
They to the woodlands haste away ;
And, as they chearful pass along,
Make the hills echo with their song.

SONG.

No life's like the Hunters', no joy like the sport,
No pleasures like those of the Chase :
We envy not such as are dangling at Court
For some fid-faddle pension or place.
To the summit of grandeur the proud man
may rise,
The miser may revel in wealth :
While the Chase we pursue, gives constant
supplies
Of good-fellowship, gladness and health.

As the stout pack we follow each trouble of
life

Is forgotten and left far behind :

We know not the names of Contention and
Strife,

And cast all our cares to the wind.

We breathe the keen air, mount the hill, sink
the dale,

While the swift-flying game is in view :

Nor think, for a moment, our pleasures can
fail,

And laugh at old Death and his crew.

But DEATH, who happen'd to be there,

For that same Power is ev'rywhere,

Ordered his palfry to be brought ;

When He, th' unconscious Hunters sought ;

And, as they carroll'd on their way

The expected triumphs of the day,

The wily Archer lurk'd unseen,

To watch them through the forests green ;

And waited for the appointed place

To wield his dart, and shew his face.

But now behold the sport begin!—
To the loud Hunters' cheering din—
To the hounds animating cry
The hills and dales and woods reply.
The Deer, unharbour'd from the brake,
Does, from his sides, the dew-drops shake;
And, springing from his leafy bed,
Tosses aloft his branchy head:
Makes a short, fearful pause, to hear
The dreadful concert in his rear:
Then, o'er the lawn he swiftly flies,
And to the distant covert hies.
Poor fugitive, he flies in vain,
Or through the wood, or o'er the plain;
Shoots down the steep, or skims the vale;
For still the alarming sounds prevail.
The cunning pack, to Nature true,
With certain steps his flight pursue.
As the scent more familiar grows,
With livelier force their ardor glows:

The Hunters' cheer along the glade,
And vocal is the Sylvan shade.
On some high brow he turns to view,
As his sides pant, the clam'rous crew :
Now joins the herd, where late he reign'd,
And all a monarch's rights maintain'd ;
But when they see him press'd with woe
No more their former Lord they know ;
But, from his danger quickly fly,
Or drive him to his destiny.
He now, half-spent, regains the wood,
Or plunges in the running flood :
Each brake he tries, and traces o'er
Those haunts he knew so well before,
Where he had led the herd to graze
In better times, and happier days ;
When Peace beam'd o'er the Sylvan reign,
Nor hounds nor horns disturb'd the plain.
What shall he do, or whither fly ;—
His strength is gone—the foe is nigh :
He lifts his weary limbs with pain,
That scarce their tott'ring load sustain.

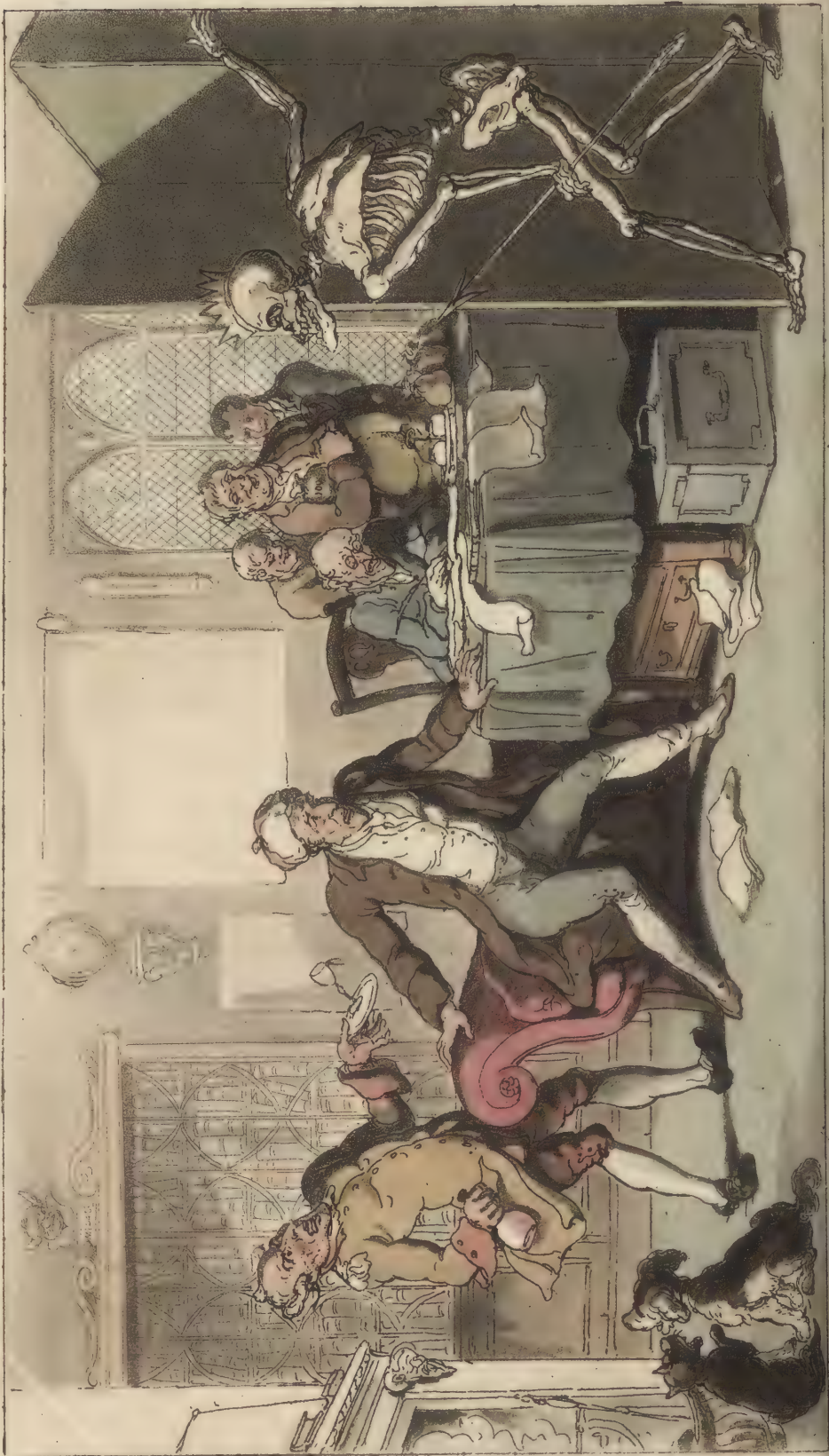
One effort more in vain he tries,—
The hounds o’ertake him—and he dies.
The horns breathe forth the plaintive strain,
Whose notes proclaim—“ The deer is slain.”

DEATH follow’d on his courser pale,
Up the steep hill, or through the dale;
But, ’till the fatal hour drew nigh,
He veil’d himself from ev’ry eye.
’Twas then his horrid shape appear’d,
And his shrill voice the Hunters heard:
With his fell dart he points the way,
Th’ astonish’d Hunters all obey;
Nor can they stop the Courser’s speed,
Nor can they shun the deadly deed;
But follow, with impetuous force,
The potent Phantom’s mortal course
Down the steep cliff.—The Chase is o’er—
The Hunters fall—to rise no more.

Thus ’tis with man: whate’er his views,
Whate’er the game that he pursues;

Whether he seeks th' Imperial sway,
Whose sceptre myriads obey ;
Or strives to place the glitt'ring plume
Of martial glory on his tomb ;
Or, to attain the golden store,
Does distant seas and realms explore ;
Courts ev'ry toil, and thinks it sweet
To eat the bread, the careful eat ;
Or yields to Passion's stormy power,
Or basks in Virtue's sunshine hour :—
Whether the Mausoleums rise,
Whose pinnacles assail the skies,
And to far distant times proclaim
The honour of a Patriot's name :—
What though the Cypress' mournful shade
Darkens the spot where Beauty's laid ;
Or the clear verdure of the sod
Protects the Peasant's last abode ;
Still Fate pursues—still mortals fly,
The chase continues till they die.—
Howe'er they live, where'er they fall,
DEATH—MIGHTY HUNTER—earths them all !





The Statesman.

IT is not wealth, it is not power
Can give to Life a ling'ring hour :
When DEATH commands, whose potent sway
All creatures that have life obey,
Monarchs must lay their sceptres down,
And yield the splendour of a crown ;
For ever quit the suppliant crowd,
And change the purple for a shroud :
To-day, the victor laurels bloom,
To-morrow—wither on the tomb ;
Ambition, from its tow'ring height,
Sinks to the shades of endless night :
The Miser counts his treasure o'er,
Then goes to rest—to wake no more.
When ebbing Life begins to fail
The rosy cheek of youth grows pale ;

Dimm'd is the lustre of the eye,
And set the teeth of ivory.
What, though we reach the heights of Fame,
Or boast of Honour's proudest name :
What, though the minstrel pleasures wait
With tuneful accents at our gate ;
Though to Parnassian height we soar,
Or dive profound in Learning's lore,
Fate hovers o'er Life's varied throng,
And dust to dust concludes the song.
'Tis then, that Vice appall'd, dismay'd,
At Death's impenetrable shade,
Would give its all, if that could save,
From the deep horrors of the grave.
'Tis then, that Virtue rides sublime
Above the misty scenes of Time :
'Tis then, the sainted spirit flies
To happier climes, and purer skies.

“ Statesman, awake thee from the dream
Of boundless wealth, of power supreme :

For know, proud man! that I am come
To call thee to thy destin'd home:
To bid thee quit thy gorgeous state,
And yield thee to the will of Fate."

Thus whisper'd Death, as he was seen
To peep behind the gilded screen,
With all the well-bred etiquette
Claim'd by a great man's Cabinet.
The Statesman shudder'd with affright
When he beheld th' unwelcome sprite:
But, soon recovering, thus address'd,
The Fears and Wishes of his breast.

" I know thee well; and that 'tis vain
To strive thy purpose to restrain,
By any pow'r that Time can give:
But still it is my wish to live,
And when my reasons I impart,
You may, perhaps, withdraw your dart.
So that you fill your murd'rous hour,
It boots not whether men in pow'r,

Or their vile Lacquies are your prey :
When dead—no better *we* than *they*.
For once, dread Sir, the great man spare,
And take the rogue behind his chair :
Nay, I would thank you, as you're able,
To sweep those *Messieurs* from the table :
For, in their bosoms may be found
Things that were better under ground.
If I'm to live, 'twere just as well
That there should be no tales to tell ;
Besides, if you will deign to hear,
I'll to your int'rest make it clear
That, if you bring me to my end,
You'll lose a very useful Friend."

Money, that forms the potent bribe
For the world's mercenary tribe,
From North to South, from East to West,
Man's cherish'd and most welcome guest ;
Whose hope doth ev'ry heart pervade,
Of Time the universal Trade ;

Though lov'd while Life retains its breath,
Cannot arrest the hand of Death.
Did I the mines of Chili hold,
Or rivers rich in flowing gold,
The glitt'ring offer would be vain:
You would the splendid boon disdain.
Here am I sending off supplies,
To purchase Friends and quicken Spies; }
But Death I cannot subsidize.
A nation's treasures I controul,
Of an Exchequer's wealth the soul;
But 'tis not by such petty dealing
I can awake your nobler feeling:
To your Ambition I apply
To speak these words—" *Thou shalt not die:*
" I'll check the purpose of my spear,
" And leave you to a future year."

Since I have held the scales of power,
From the first moment to this hour,
My Policy's commanding word
Unsheathe'd the necessary sword;

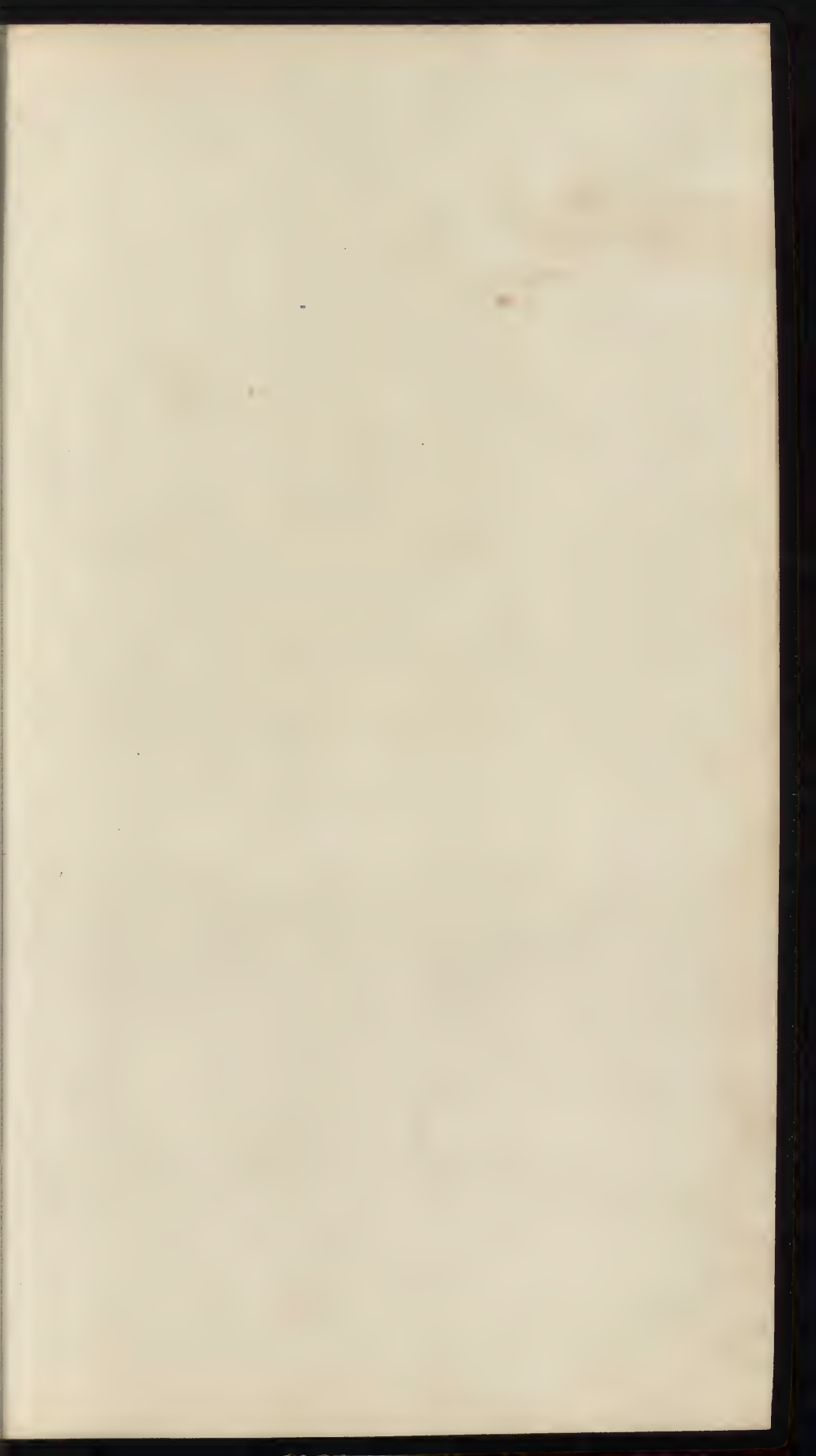
And Battle, by my councils led,
Beholds the bleeding heaps of dead.
I've check'd th' ignoble cry of Peace,
And thus your gloomy realms increase ;
While daily Mausoleums rise
As altars for your sacrifice.
Strike ME—and some weak, timid fool,
May, by mischance, be call'd to rule :
Who will not dare to mount the car,
And call a Nation's sons to war.
Your banquet is th' embattled plain,
There the prime glories of your reign.
—Vain is, I know, the loaded coffer :
WAR is the bribe I have to offer.”

Like all, whom Fortune has made great,
I wish to keep th' important seat ;
Nay, I confess, it is my plan
T' enjoy the good things while I can,
And much I strive to shape my station
To the good wishes of the nation :
Nor do I want the proper tools
To baffle knaves and govern fools.

I well know how to suit the case
To please his Lordship, or his Grace.
A title here, a pension there,
A ribband, or a velvet chair :
A taper wand, or some such thing,
Will most men to my purpose bring.
The views of my aspiring soul
Have not yet reach'd the wish'd for goal.
Much added greatness I've in view,
And many a stately thing to do :
Nor have I yet enroll'd my name
In the bright register of Fame :
Nor are my schemes for public glory
Matur'd to shine in future story.
The world well knows I've labour'd hard,
Nor yet obtain'd my fair reward.
—To you each secret I reveal :—
The patent has not pass'd the seal,
Which a new-titled name prepares
For me, and my ennobled heirs.

I also mean to build a college
For the increase of useful knowledge.
My well-weigh'd plans, my various schemes
Are not, believe me, idle dreams;
And, 'twere a pity thus to spoil
The blessings of my patriot toil:
For Power and Wealth, well understood,
Have such vast means of doing good.
Then let me stay, till some disaster
Tells me to quit my Royal Master;
Or, till I'm forc'd, by Party Rage,
From off the Ministerial Stage;
And when my state and power forsake me,
I'll thank you, then, to come and take me."

" I'll take you now !"—the Spectre said.)
He spoke :—the fatal jav'lin sped.——)
—The Statesman's number'd with the)
dead.——)





Tom Higgins.



HOW few, alas, are to be found
In this world's ever-varying round,
Who, to their real interest true,
Keep that thing, COMMON SENSE, in view.
How many, by their passions led,
By some fallacious phantom fed
With airy hope and empty dream,
Run on through Life from scheme to scheme;
And though they shun the shoals of ruin,
Though Fortune smiles on all they're doing,
Yet find, at last, their time mispent,
As they have never found Content.
Though Power and Wealth may be obtain'd,
It follows not that they have gain'd
The chearful heart, th' approving hour
Which far outweigh both wealth and power.

That *Sense* which suits the means to ends,
And keeps our deeds and conscience friends,
Though sometimes caught in Folly's snare,
Fails not the error to repair.

It may not make us rich, 'tis true,
Nor deal out Pomp and Retinue :
But when it gives food, cloaths and fire,
Reason will little more require ;
And, when Time brings us to the last,
Sheds not a tear on what is past.

TOM HIGGINS was a Bricklayer's Lad,
'Twas the profession of his Dad ;
And soon he learn'd, with ready art,
To make the trowel play its part ;
The lofty ladder would ascend,
A chimney, or a roof to mend :
To do his duty was his plan,
As he grew up to be a man.

What though he labour'd all day long,
He cheer'd his labours with a song ;
And carrol'd forth his tunes so sweet,
That people listen'd in the street.
Whatever was the time of day,
Somewhat he had to sing or say :
Whate'er he did, where'er he went,
His words and looks bespoke content ;
But though he seem'd devoid of art,
Tom was a knowing one at heart ;
And, taught by æconomic sages,
He always sav'd one half his wages.
Nor did he cease to nurse the notion
That industry would gain promotion ;
That, aided by mechanic skill,
T'would tempt Dame Fortune to his will.
His hopes were by such fancies cheer'd :
For, looking round him, it appear'd
That men, no better than himself,
Had gain'd in time large stores of pelf ;
That Bricklayers, Masons and Surveyors,
Had turn'd to Aldermen and Mayors.

At length, Tom chang'd his course of life ;
Engag'd in trade, and took a wife.
By a good character he won
Papa's consent to be his son ;
While, by his tunefulness and laughter,
He gain'd the favour of the daughter.
Now he no longer was content
To raise a simple battlement ;
No longer anxious for the gain
Of laying brick-work in a drain :
A more important line he sought :
Houses he jointly built, and bought ;
Nay, he had somehow learn'd to waste
The gay man's wealth in works of taste ;
So, that when sixty years had spread
Their hoary honours on his head,
As many thousand pounds were known,
In good Bank-stock, to be his own.
—But Tom, who as his wealth increas'd
Might give, but ne'er refus'd a feast,
Had swell'd his well-lin'd belly out,
So that he scarce could move about :

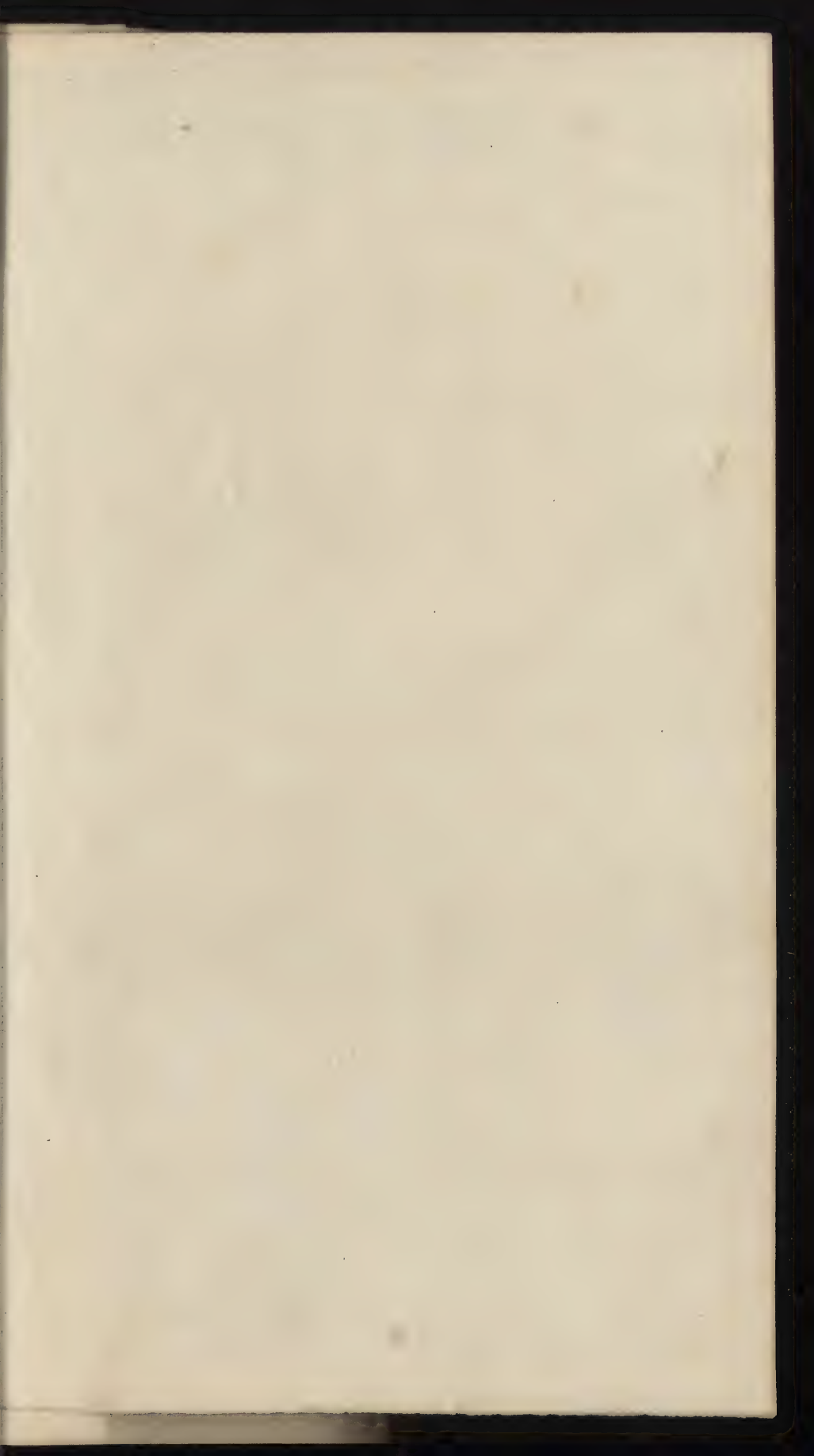
And one day as he sat and sigh'd
O'er his protuberance—'twas replied
By his kind Spouse, his mind to ease,
In some such arguments as these.

“ My dearest dear, you well must know,
That 'tis, at least, five years ago,
Since I have urg'd you to forbear
This tiresome life of toil and care.
Rich beyond what we wish to spend,
Why strive for more, my good old friend?
We have no sons who want our aid,
To furnish them the means of trade;
We have no daughters to demand
A tempting fortune at our hand:
Besides, I ask—who are we here?
We move but in a common sphere.
Let us to House and Lands retire,
When I a Lady—you a 'Squire,
May in that fair condition live,
Which money, sure, was made to give.”

'Twere needless now, to stop and state
The progress of this kind debate :
Where good sense, and good humour meet,
Contention's short—Compliance sweet.
He yielded soon to her desire,
To house and lands they both retire :
A Lady she—and he a 'Squire.
All things arrang'd, the coach-and-four
Drove from the Town's deserted door ;
And, with due speed, convey'd them strait,
Just thirty miles from Hyde-Park gate.
When they arriv'd, the village crowd
View'd the new 'Squire, and humbly bow'd.
He, smiling, bore his weight along,
And humm'd the burden of a song :
When Madam, in more stately pace,
Pass'd on with condescending grace.
The village bells, in cadence sweet,
With many a peal th' arrival greet ;
While the good Vicar and his Spouse
Receive them at the Manor-house.

For the first week or so, the 'Squire
Did nought but chuckle and admire.—
The Mansion pleas'd—he hobbled round it ;
Wind-tight, and water-tight, he found it :
So well dispos'd in every line,
It might have been his own design.
But, he car'd not for fragrant flowers,
Or rippling brooks or rosy bowers ;
And for the trees, so finely grown,
He only wish'd to cut them down.
But soon, alas, he found it true,
That he had nothing now to do.
To eat and drink and smoke and sleep,
Were all the pleasures he could reap ;
In short, he soon began to tire
Of being turn'd into a 'Squire.
There was no club where folks might prate
Of passing things, and mend the state :
No public feasts, where loyal souls
Might speechify o'er flowing bowls.







The Shiptwreck.

HOW proud the boast, that warlike glory
Fills such a page in British story ;
And, from old England's early date,
Blazon'd her fame, and made her great ;
When the stern Henries bravely fought ;
When the brave Edwards sternly sought,
On martial plains, well-earn'd renown,
And with the laurel deck'd their crown.
But after many an age was o'er
New glories rose unknown before ;
And the brave Britons made the sea
A scene of equal victory.
Still as th' exulting pen records,
In grateful phrase and glowing words,
The fame that crowns the British brave,
Or in the field or on the wave,

In accents sad it mourns the slain
Who feed the deep or strew the plain.

The word is given, the LAPWING sails,
With joyful shouts and fav'ring gales :
The Vessel, trimm'd in warlike pride,
Dances upon the rolling tide :
In a few hours it sees no more
The white cliffs of Britannia's shore.
To Biscay's bay their course they steer,
And dread no threat'ning perils near ;
For Britons never danger see
When they behold an enemy.
Nor had they, yielding to the wind,
Left, for three days, the coast behind,
When lo, a stranger sail appears :—
The sight each sailor's bosom cheers ;
For soon they hop'd to join the cry,
So often heard, of Victory,

But lo, a furious storm arose,
More terrible than any foes.
Borne rapidly before the blast,
The rolling clouds the day o'ercast :
The Ocean curls, the winds arise,
And a deep gloom o'erwhelms the skies.
The boist'rous squall the canvas tears ;
The lightning's forked flash appears.
Fierce, and more fierce the tempest blew :
The waves with foam the deck bedew.
Now rising high, now sinking low,
The billows in succession flow ;
And, when the Sun withdraws his light,
New horrors wait upon the night.
No glimm'ring ray is seen around,
And moon and stars in shade are drown'd.
No more is view'd the neighb'ring land ;—
The ship denies the helm's command :
Onward she wildly drives : the prow
Plunges into the depths below ;

Then, boldly rising, seems to fly,
As if she dar'd assault the sky ;
When, 'mid the Ocean's horrid roar,
She dashes on the fatal shore ;
And rocking now, from side to side,
Through op'ning chasms drinks the tide.

The light returns, but 'tis to shew
The dismal scene of hopeless woe :
The rising Sun, behind a cloud
Shrinks, as afraid to view the flood,
Where fierce and warring tempests reign
As if 'twould ne'er be calm again.
The hopeless crew for mercy crave,
As they behold their wat'ry grave:
Some cling about the floating mast,
Some on the pointed crags are cast,
There struggle till they breathe their last.
Others, on mountain billows tost,
Brave ev'ry danger—and are lost.
Two of the gallant crew alone,
Who on the rocky coast were thrown,

Surviv'd, in anguish deep, to mourn
That they had 'scap'd life's briny bourn ;
While their sad eyes behold around,
The wreck—the dying—and the drown'd.
All-bruis'd, exhausted, faint and weak,
The shelter of a rock they seek ;
There sit them down to rest ; but there,
Instead of hope, they find despair.
A savage wildness mark'd the place :
No signs were there, the eye could trace,
That foot of man had ever trod
The dreary, desolate abode.
It was a spot, where nought could thrive :
Where nothing that had life could live.
Impending rocks the place surround,
And form a bold, impervious bound,
Where the aspiring eagle's flight
Alone can reach the tow'ring height :
Beneath, the foaming billows roar
And ceaseless lash the craggy shore.

There the brave boatswain, and his mate,
Thus talk'd o'er their untimely fate.

BOATSWAIN.

“ We have, my Boy, long sail'd together,
In fair, in foul, in every weather.
At Aboukir, we join'd the cry
Of NELSON'S glorious victory ;
And, on Trafalgar's splendid day,
We saw the British flag display
It's triumphs, on th' astonish'd Main,
O'er the best hopes of France and Spain.
Or when the gales but gently blew,
With some delightful shore in view ;
And when the Moon's pale, silv'ry light
Gave its mild beauties to the night,
We have in social converse join'd,
And talk'd of those we left behind ;
Or careless chaunted forth the stave :—
The OCEAN is the SAILOR'S GRAVE.

But now the waves the LAPWING swallow,
And we, old JOE, must quickly follow.
From this same Cove, there's no retreating :
The cliffs are high, the waves are beating ;
There's nothing here to cut and carve ;
And faith, I'd rather drown than starve.
The next tide bears us from the shore,
And then our voyage will be o'er :
We both shall sink, to rise no more ;
And with our gallant messmates sleep,
All in the bosom of the deep.
Whether a shot should lay us low,
Or the sharp weapon's fatal blow ;
Or driven on the rocky coast,
Our ship is wreck'd and all is lost ;
We rest beneath the stormy wave :—
The OCEAN is the SAILOR'S GRAVE :
And e'er the Sun deserts the sky,
There, my good fellow, we shall lie.
'Tis not the way I'd chuse—but still,
We must submit to his high will

Who sits aloft ; and he knows best
The Haven where we ought to rest."

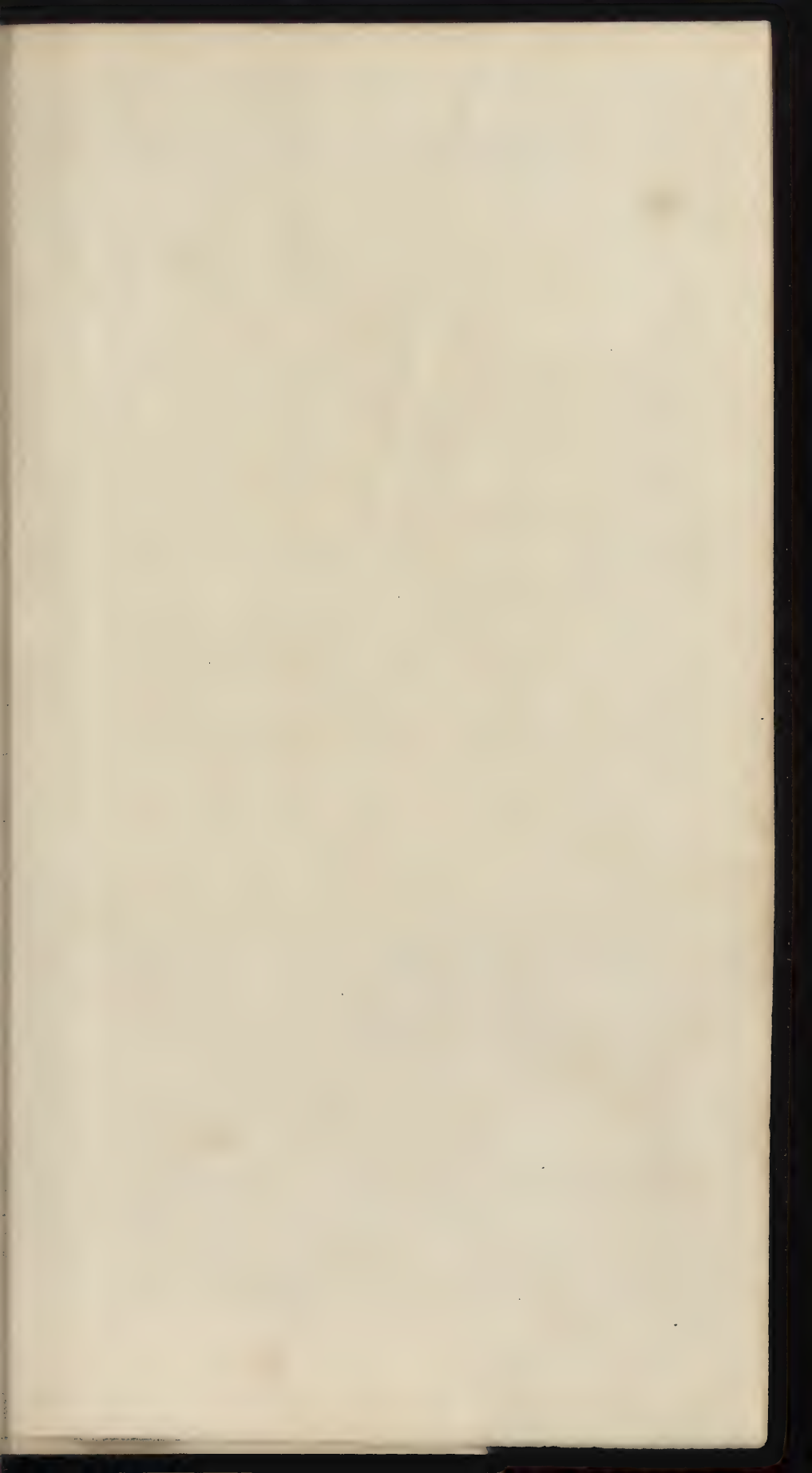
JOE.

" If as you say, things must be so,
'Tis vain to make complaints, you know :
Though cast beneath this lofty rock,
I think of Mary, at the Dock.
I feel the sinking at my heart
When she and I were forc'd to part :
For when she wept upon the shore,
I thought I ne'er should see her more—
I somehow fancied, that 'twere vain
To hope I should return again.
Alas, dear girl, she ne'er will know
What is become of faithful JOE :
For not a soul will live to tell
The sad disaster that befell
The LAPWING ; who, the other day,
Left Plymouth Sound so trim and gay.
Though without shelter from the storm,
And starv'd with cold, my heart is warm ;

Nor from its course will ever vary,
While it can beat, and think on MARY.
But since my ev'ry hope is o'er,
And I shall see dear MOLL no more ;
Come, Death, and ease me of my pain,
Oh plunge me in the stormy main :
Hear my last prayer, and be my friend,
And let my life and suff'rings end."

He spoke ; and lo ! before him sat
The summon'd Messenger of Fate.
" Ah ! thou art there ; (the Seaman said),
I know thee well—but who's afraid ?
I fear'd thee not, when, at my gun,
I've seen the mischief thou hast done,
Upon the deck, from helm to prow ;
And, faith, I do not fear thee now ;
But yield me to thy friendly power,
And welcome this my final hour."
—Death wav'd his arm :—with furious shock,
The billows dash'd against the rock ;

Then, with returning force, they bore
The helpless victims from the shore :
There sinking, 'neath the foaming wave—
The SAILORS found—the SAILOR'S GRAVE.





The Uirago.

WHAT is the richest boon in life?

I say, a fond and faithful wife;

Whose form is fair, whose temper's cool,

Who never wants to play the fool:

Who knows, and who performs her duty,

Nor thinks, because she's born a beauty,

That, from her youth till she grows old,

She may both domineer and scold.

—O happy he! whose wedded life

Ne'er knew domestic feud or strife;

Who, from the partner of his heart,

Ne'er heard the word that could impart

A keen reproach, a painful thought;

Who, with her marriage portion, brought

A far more precious gem than e'er
The neck adorns, or decks the hair;
Which shines so bright in all degrees;—
THE NEVER-FAILING WISH TO PLEASE.

Not so the Fair One of the story
Which this bold page now lays before you.

Mistress Pengethly was a Lady
Who long ago had pass'd her hey-day:
A spoil'd and only daughter she
Of a proud Dame of Family,
Who was, if you would take her word,
The twentieth Cousin of a Lord.
Her husband also, when he died,
Had left her his whole stock of pride;
For, having been High-sheriff, he
Became, poor man, as proud as she:
But as for wealth, a mod'rate share
Remain'd for *Wife* and *Female Heir*.
Horses and hounds, and jolly doing,
Had almost brought the 'Squire to ruin;

When, to escape this dire disgrace,
He clos'd, one night, his mortal race.

The house, the mortgag'd lands were sold,
Madam and Miss no more behold
The liv'ried train obedient wait
Behind their chair, or at their gate;
Compell'd, but not content, to own
A Villa in a Country Town;
Whose household state alone display'd
A curly foot-boy and a maid :
Where nought of finery was seen
But a Veranda, pink and green ;
While humble neighbours as they pass,
Admire the drap'ry, through the glass,
Whose folds in wide luxuriance spread,
With fringe and tassels blue and red.
Here they deplor'd their hapless fate,
Their lowly fall and humbled state :
Chang'd the Barouche and four bright bays
For, now-and-then, an hired chaise :

From the world exil'd and the ton,
In their small house they liv'd alone,
Almost unseen, and quite unknown;
And, which is no uncommon lot,
By all their former friends forgot.
But it has been observ'd by men,
Who wrote it with a knowing pen,
That Pride, whatever ill o'ertakes us,
Is the last feeling that forsakes us;
And, beat in every other part,
Still keeps the fortress of the heart.
Thus, to the Vicar's humble wife,
They'd talk of fashionable life,
And number up, among their cousins,
Ladies and Duchesses by dozens;
Would quite surprize her with the story
Of all their former days of glory;
And then, in pride, return again
To some uneasy, cheerless strain —
“ My daughter, who, in shape and feature,
“ Is a bright Paragon of Nature :

- “ Form’d in the highest ranks to shine,
“ I say it, though the girl is mine,
“ Yet is she doom’d to pass her hour,
“ Like some unheeded, beauteous flower
“ That never is expos’d to view,
“ And fades away where first it grew.
“ *Augusta* sings, but no one hears her ;
“ *Augusta* plays, but no one cheers her ;
“ *Augusta* smiles, but no one sees :—
“ We might as well be shrubs and trees !
“ Such is our dull, inactive state,
“ We little more than vegetate.
“ What do we see in this poor town ?
“ Scarce any faces but our own ;
“ Unless, a rare and lucky chance,
“ Of trav’ler gay we catch a glance.”

Dear Mistress *Goodly*, who had heard
Her husband preach the sacred word,
That doth the voice of comfort speak
To those who, with devotion, seek

In heav'nly mercy the relief
That's sure to heal our mortal grief;
Would say 'twas wisdom to submit
To what the Powers above thought fit;
And Patience taught in humble phrase,
With cheering hope of better days:
That Happiness doth not depend
Upon the wealth we have to spend;
That oft, the rich, with all their store,
Are not so happy as the poor;
That soon or late pale Death will come
To call them to one common Home;
And then, the great event will rest,
Not on the *rich*, but on the *best*,
—Thus when her Sermon she had done,
Had curtsied, and was fairly gone,
She furnish'd both Mamma and Daughter,
With an whole evening full of laughter.
—But, to be brief—these clouds were soon
Converted to an *Honey Moon*.

'Tis oft the case that birth decay'd
Affects to scorn the Sons of Trade;
And yet, at length, will join the train
Of City Dames in Mincing Lane:
Augusta too forgot her pride,
And sunk into a Merchant's Bride.

It happen'd, just about this time,
That, as the year was in its prime,
Mr. Pengethly travell'd down
To strut about his native Town:
—He was a Tradesman of renown:—
When waggish Cupid, from his quiver
Drew forth a dart and pierc'd his liver;
Or, in his breast, 'tis much the same,
Augusta's charms rais'd such a flame;
So fierce it burn'd that, from her eye,
The sentence beam'd to live or die.
What, though her fortune was but small,
Her Mother said—'twas none at all:
Because she thought th' enamour'd Cit
Would take it out in charms and wit;

For Love had quench'd his wish for pelf;—
The treasure was Augusta's self.
He sought no more; the point was carried,
And JOHN PENGETHLY soon was married.
The bells ne'er ceas'd throughout the day;
The Bridegroom ne'er was seen so gay.
The Bride appear'd with blushing grace,
Cover'd with muslin, silk and lace.
The Banquet follow'd—and the Ball:—
John drew his purse and paid for all.
At length his town acquaintance greet
The married pair in Fenchurch Street.
He smil'd and smirk'd, but many thought
He had not done the thing he ought;
And e'er three months had said adieu,
Why, he began to think so too.
The Lady was both young and pretty,
But then she did not like the City.
She lov'd expence, and he was saving;
She was for ev'ry pleasure craving;
And his great object was to sow
His money, and to see it grow.

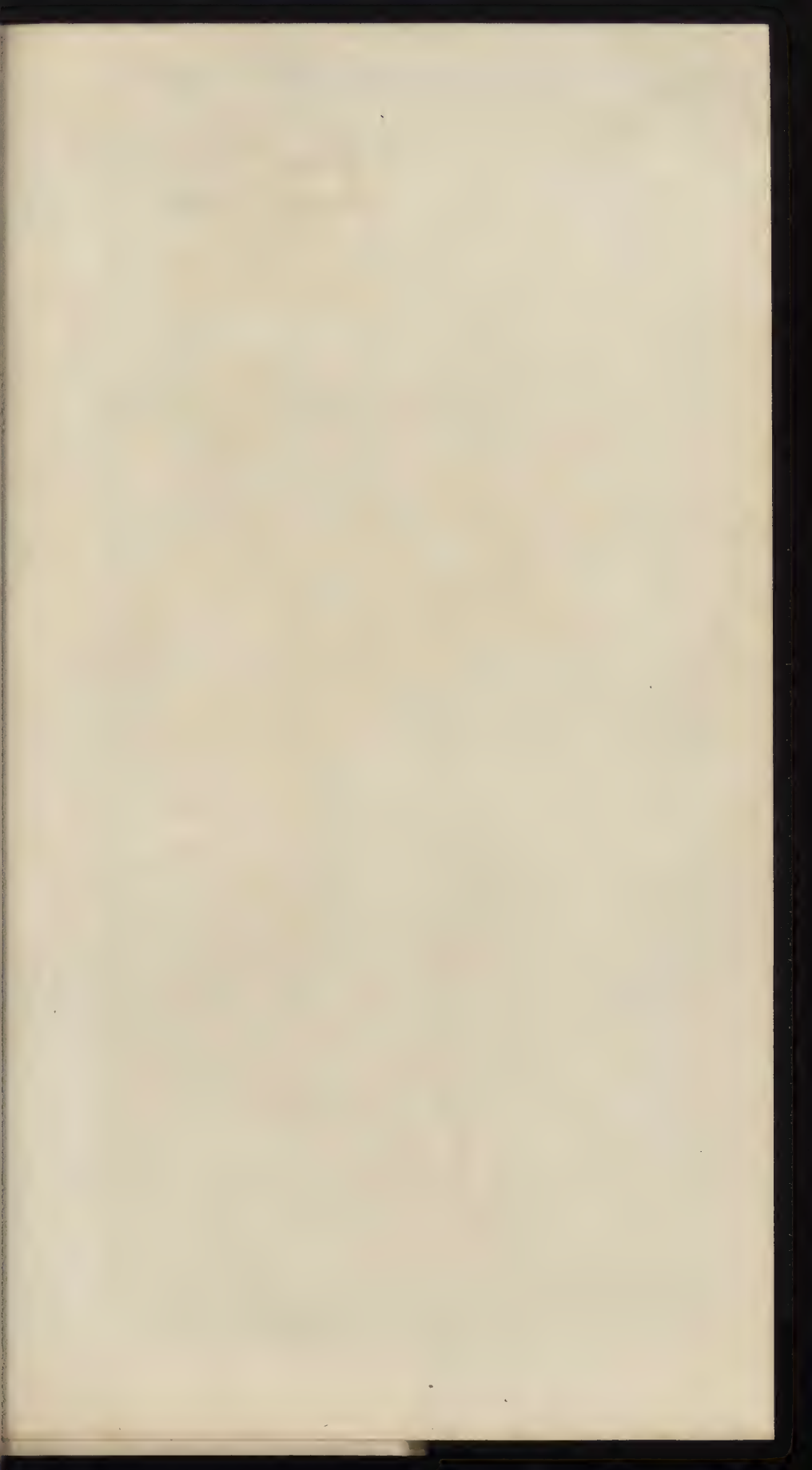
She, whose soft words and modest charms
Fill'd his fond bosom with alarms,
When in the Country first he lov'd;—
In Town a fierce Virago prov'd.
In short, as we may well suppose,
They now were friends, and then were foes.
John's face was sometimes seen to bleed;
'Twas a bad razor did the deed:—
Though chatt'ring folks and loving friends,
Would say—'twas Madam's fingers ends.
He in his bus'ness sought relief,
And getting money sooth'd his grief;
He found the bargain he had made
In marriage, was a losing trade:
But his experience did suggest,—
Of a bad bargain make the best.
All have their common cares in life,
And he had got a scolding wife:
Though, in the matrimonial firm,
'Tis Death alone dissolves the term;
Or something that's unfit to name,
A deadly foe to female fame;

And she had never wish'd to rove
From the chaste bounds of lawful love.
—He felt with pride his word was good,
That, on firm base, his credit stood ;
In ev'ry mart he could command
The richest stores of ev'ry land ;
And this with patience made him bear
The burthen of domestic care.
At home, 'twas true, a secret smile
From *Molly* could that care beguile,
And he would give a squeeze or more
To *Molly* when she op'd the door.
She knew his rap, and took good care,
With nimble step, to meet him there.
Now, as one night, he cheerless sat
With his cross-rib in bick'ring chat,
The Watchman cried—past twelve o'clock,
When the door rattled with a knock ;
And *Molly* enter'd, pale with fear—
“ There's one who wants my Mistress here :
“ But such a figure, Ma'am, that, sure,
“ Your eyes will ne'er the sight endure.”

DEATH enter'd as the damsel spoke
Pengethly trembled—*Madam* shook;
Away the Shape his Victim bore;
And, as he dragg'd her from the door,
She rav'd and threaten'd, kick'd and swore; }
Then call'd the Watch:—but soon the riot
Was heard no more—and all was quiet.
Pengethly follow'd to the gate,
Submissive to the will of Fate.
“ Farewell, (he cried) my dearest dear!—
“ As I no more shall see you here,
“ To my fond wish it may be given,
“ That we shall meet again in Heaven;
“ And since your daily clamours cease,
“ On earth I hope to live in peace.—
“ DEATH, far away, my cares hath carried.
“ *Molly*,——to-morrow we'll be married..”

The Glutton.

AMONG those vices which the Law
Does not controul or keep in awe,
Which look not to the grave intent
Of any Act of Parliament ;
Are subject to no other rule
Than what is taught in Reason's school ;
But, straying from her general plan,
Degrade the character of Man ;
Among them all, who can descry
A vice more mean than GLUTTONY ?
Of any groveling slave of sense,
Not one can claim so small pretence
To that indulgence which the wise
Allow to human frailties,
As the inglorious, beastly sinner,
Whose only object is—a dinner.





The *Miser*, who heaps up his store,
May prove a Treasurer for the poor ;
And, by his avarice, prepare
The funds by which his gen'rous heir
Can, with unbounded grace, impart
The kindness of a feeling heart.

—The thoughtless, but the jovial souls,
Who pleasure find in flowing bowls,
Enjoy the day, or pass the nights
In Bacchanalian delights :—
Though their excesses do not give
The happiness for which we live :
Yet, round their table mirth prevails,
And Humour laughs, though Reason fails.

Scourge me the man who dares to say
The belly claims superior sway,
And, in the various scale of sense,
Can boast a fair pre-eminence ;
Whose pleasure lies in luscious meats,
And reasons only while he eats ;
On whom the subject never palls
Of poultr'ers' shops and butchers' stalls ;

Who scents no odours so bewitching,
As sav'ry steams from well-fed kitchen ;
Who does with real rev'rence look
On the perfections of a Cook ;
Whose gloating eyes view every dish,
Of boil'd, and roast, of soup and fish,
Of callipash and fatten'd haunch,
Till he has fill'd his bloated paunch ;
And then the rich ragouts restore
The stomach, till it holds no more.
—For whom does he prepare the feast,
And daily play the greedy beast ?
Nature resents the sensual show,
And, sick'ning, often tells him so :
She leaves his rav'nous maw to share
His banquets with the SCAVENGER.

Such was *Sir Gabriel Lamprey*, Knight,
Who thought that a sharp appetite,
With a good dinner, form'd a blessing,
Of all life's goods, most worth possessing.

Wealthy he was—and when Lord Mayor,
 Did Honour to the City chair:
 But he had long outliv'd the taste
 For any pleasure, but a feast:
 And thus, as folks were us'd to say,
 He pass'd each regulated day.
 —The chicken-broth was brought at nine,—
 He then arose to ham and wine;
 And, with a philosophic air,
 Decided on the Bill of Fare.
 He took his *bitters* just at two,
 To give his appetite its cue;
 The coach then drew up to the door,
 And gave him exercise till four.
 At five the steady bell inform'd
 That dinner's ready to be storm'd.
 But a sad day arriv'd at last,
 When, as he view'd the rich repast,
 DEATH enter'd, to proclaim a FAST;
 And freely took an empty chair
 Which happen'd to be standing there.

Up starts the Knight, with hideous grin,
The napkin dangling from his chin:
The Cook, with apprehension big,
Drops from his hands the roasted pig;
The women scream'd, the dishes chatter'd ;
The floor with sauce was all bespatter'd ;
When the Knight thought 'twere best be civil,
And hold the candle to the Devil.

“ Do lay that ugly dart aside :

“ A knife and fork shall be supplied.

“ Come, change your glass for one of mine,

“ That shall appear brimfull of wine.

“ Perhaps you're hungry, and may feel

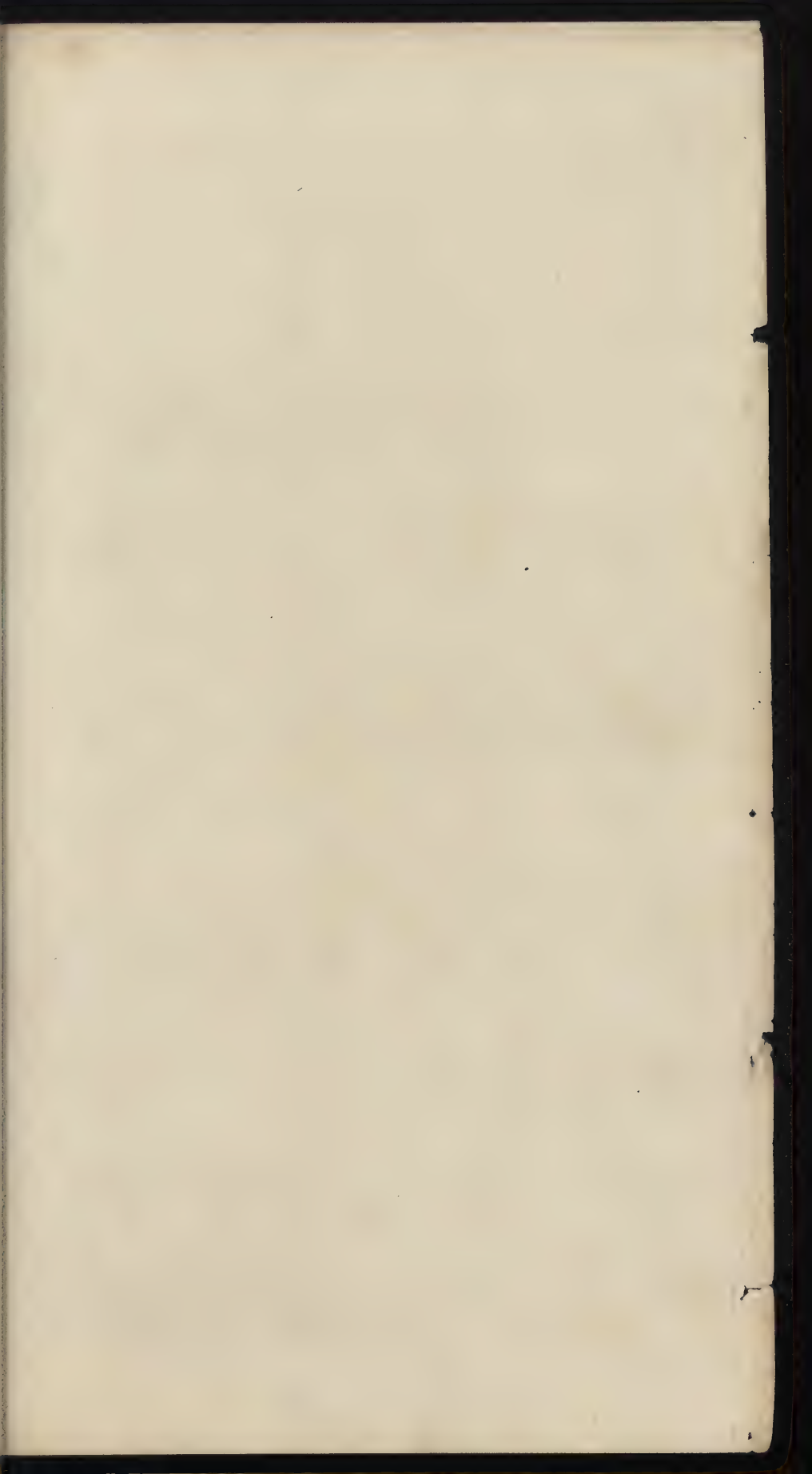
“ A hankering to make a meal ;

“ So without compliment or words,

“ Partake of what the house affords.”

“ Avaunt,” cried DEATH, “ no more ado : subdubbi

“ I'm come to make a MEAL of you.”





The Recruit.

Serjeant.

LET the drum's inviting sound
Call the brave, gallant youth around,
From the wood-side and the vale,
And shaded hamlet in the dale:
Let them listen to my story,
Of War's renown—of DEATH and GLORY.
By me, your noble KING commands
His loyal people's hearts and hands.
Hear, my fine Lads, th' inspiring word;
And change your sickles for the sword.
Let coward spirits meanly toil,
To sow the seed or plough the soil:
Let others reap the ripen'd grain;
Harvests of honour he'll obtain,

Who seeks the pointed spear to wield,
And gather Fame in tented Field.
Let the drum's enliv'ning sound
Inspire the village heroes round."

"I'm tir'd," said Tom, "of this same home,
And oft have long'd abroad to roam.
I like the rattle of the drum ;
And, Serjeant, to enlist I'm come.
Nay, while its noise the women fright,
Egad, it makes me long to fight ;
And all, within the hundred, know,
That I can give a sturdy blow.
Ay, and, at cudgel-playing, I
Have often gain'd the victory.
O let me to the wars be led !—
I long to break a Frenchman's head.
So Master Serjeant, thus I say ;
I'll follow where you lead the way.
I to the battle wish to go,
To serve my King and fight the foe.

Such is my word ; so here's my hand ;
And I'll obey as you command."

" Take not my Son," the Father cried ;
The Mother wept, the Sister sigh'd :

" And Thomas, is it thus you prove,"

Molly exclaim'd " your plighted love."

" Let not," he said, " your sorrows flow,
I'm listed, Girl, and I must go,
Whether it pleases you, or no. }

But, Molly, when you see me come,
From foreign lands, victorious home,
It then will be my honest pride,
To make my Love a Soldier's bride."

" Dry up your tears," the Serjeant said,

" He now pursues a nobler trade.

How will your warm affections burn,

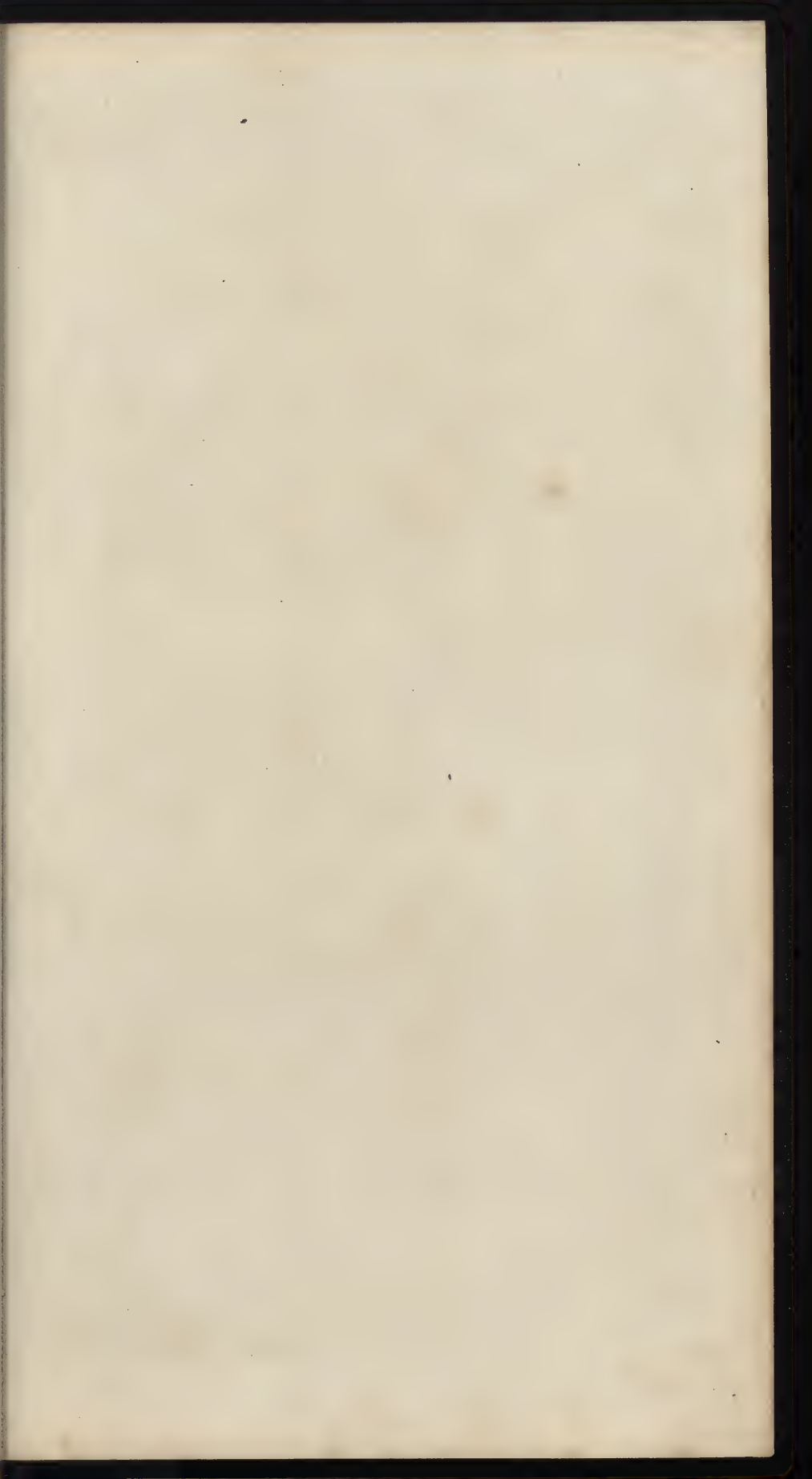
To see your lover soon return ;

The white plume nodding on his crest ;

The stamp of honour on his breast ;

Strutting along in martial pride,
The sabre dangling by his side.
He'll then be worthy of your charms,
A Hero then will fill your arms."

" If I were sure he would again,"
Says Molly, " view his native plain ;
I'd smile and, through the ling'ring year,
His absence would with patience bear.
But much I fear some fatal blow
Will lay my much-lov'd Thomas low.
The Sexton says he knows you well,
And 'tis an idle tale you tell :
That your recruits are always slain,
And never see their homes again.
Such are the fears that fill my breast,
That ne'er will leave my heart at rest :
Such the sad burthen of my story."——
—" Then 'twill, sweet Girl, be DEATH and
GLORY!"



A detailed illustration of a chaotic scene inside a room. A large, muscular man in a yellow shirt and white pants is being pushed or thrown by a group of people. A skeleton-like figure with a red feathered headdress is visible in the background. The room features a large mirror, a clock, and various decorative items on a shelf.



The Maiden Ladies.

WONDERS will never cease, 'tis said,
And wond'ring is an ancient trade.
But it turn'd out one Winter's night,
It was, indeed, a curious sight,
Round a warm fire, in that cold weather,
That ten *OLD MAIDS* had got together :
At least, so far they had miscarried,
Not one of them had e'er been married.
It would be needless to relate,
What whimsical, controuling fate,
Had kept them in this awkward state.
But so it was,—and all the Graces
Of vet'ran age had mark'd their faces.
But, though they long had ceas'd to charm,
They still could flourish an alarm,
With that same power which does not fail,
While Life can furnish out the tale ;

That instrument so nicely hung
In female form, yclep'd a Tongue.
—Miss Stately open'd the Divan,
And thus the conversation ran,
Upon that Animal call'd Man.

}

“ I think that Nature never gave
The right he boasts of—to enslave
The Sex, to whom this title's given—
The last and fairest work of Heaven.
Yet, from the cradle's wimp'ring hour,
Till Fate deprives him of his power,
He claims an arbitrary sway,
Which woman lives but to obey.
And if a female should inherit
A just and a becoming spirit;
If by her sound, superior sense,
She scoffs at his omnipotence,
The men exclaim, how fierce and bold!
O what a termagant and scold!
While the good husband who thinks fit,
As it becomes him, to submit,

And is, at all times, kind and meek,
Is stigmatis'd, a *Jerry Sneak*.
—“ I have attain'd, as it appears,
The rev'rend age of threescore years,
And all that time it is my pride,
I never wish'd to be a bride :
I've liv'd an independent Life
Nor e'er would be that thing,—a Wife.
I know not what they mean who tell,
That we shall manage apes in Hell ;
But this I know, that no dull Fool,
Or Fashion's Macaroni Tool ;
No hunting Blade, who, from October
To closing March, is ever sober ;
No wealthy Cit of grov'ling birth,
Has made me lead a Hell on earth.
—“ Hear Lady *Formalton* relate
The pleasures of a marriage state.
Money and beauty both she gave
To be a noble husband's slave.
A Lady then in coach-and-six,
But what of that—, she could not fix

The fondness of her Lordly Elf,
Who thought of nothing but himself.
In pride and pomp, and grave display,
The solemn years pass'd slow away ;
With scarce, she says, one merry day ;
Till, by a Phthisic in his breast,
The proud old Peer was sent to rest.
Freedom now came to dry the tear,
With a good jointure in the rear :
But soon the brood of children vex her,
The boys disturb, the girls perplex her.
The one their various whims pursue :
The others sing,—*Who comes to woo ?*
The gay young Lord's a dupe at play,
And Miss Amelia runs away :
While she in this uneasy state,
Leaves them to Fortune and to Fate.
Such she describes her wedded Life,
And oft amid its stately strife,
When, bending to its stern decree,
Aye, often has she envied ME.

Scarce a day vanish'd, but she said,
I wish that I were still a Maid."

"Thoughts," said Miss *Prim*, "more just
or true,

I never heard, not e'en from you;
Whose sense and knowledge stand confest,
Among the wisest and the best.
At cards it is the self-same scene;
Behold the Fate of this poor *Queen*:
Vain all the power that she can bring—
She yields submissive to the *King*."

Miss *Mustard*, with sarcastic smile,
Could not such reas'nings reconcile;
And thus the lively Lady spoke,
But half in earnest, half in joke.

"This may be true, which I have heard,
With so much dignity preferr'd;
But still, I'm ready to suspect
That Pride may issue from Neglect;

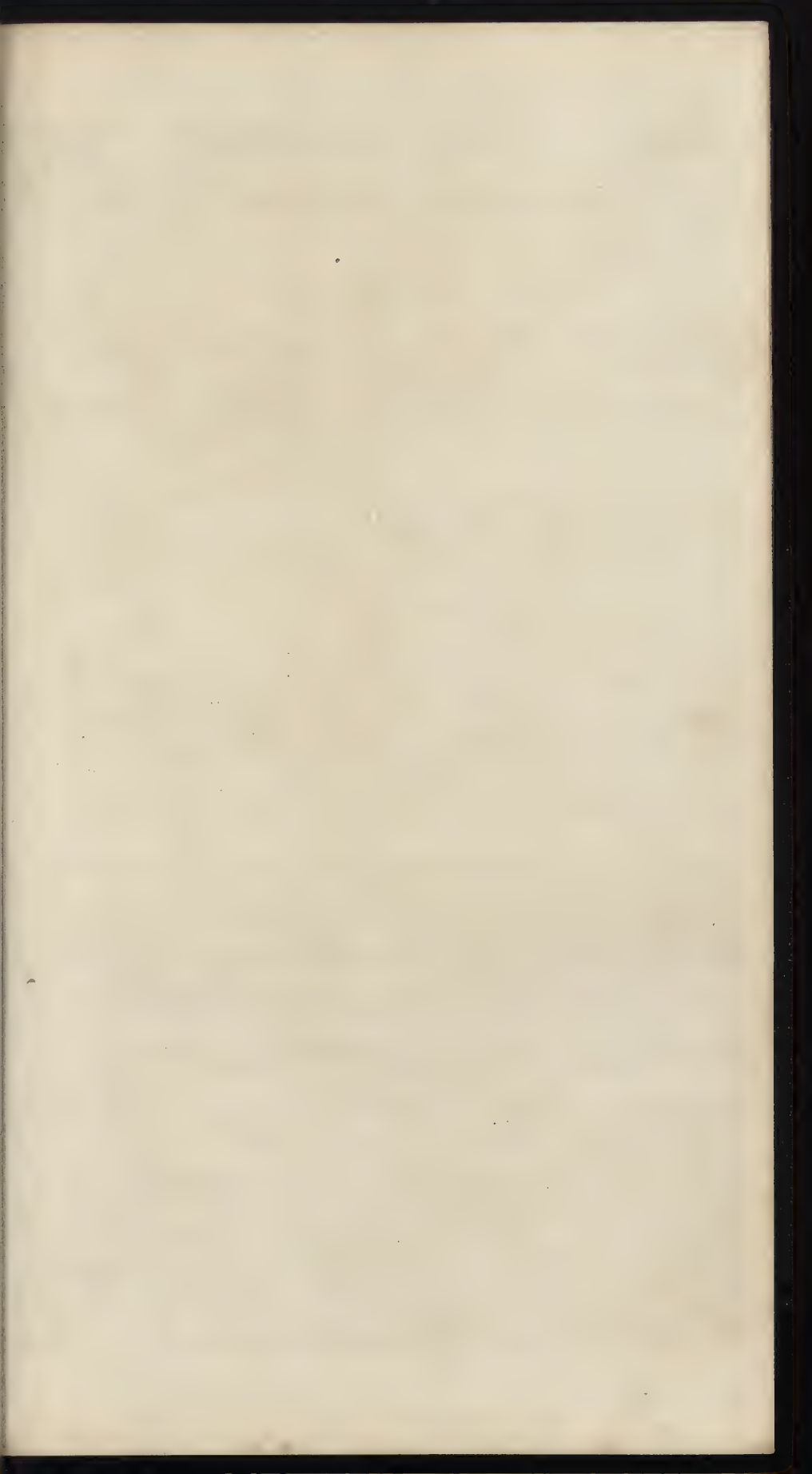
And, when we boast of maiden power,
The men may say,—The grapes are sour.
What is, has been, and e'en will be,
As long as *One* and *Two* make *Three*,
Is fix'd by Fate and Destiny. }
Nay, Reason and Religion too,
Declare the doctrine to be true ;
That, from Creation's earliest hour,
Superior Man was cloth'd with power ;
And women, it was thought most fit,
As weaker vessels, should submit.
We read of Amazons of old,
A female nation fierce and bold,
Who, when they met the men, would treat 'em,
As foes avow'd, and often beat 'em :
But, if Historians sage speak true,
They would for friendly parleys sue, }
And were not quite so chaste as you.
—'Tis all fine talk,—but I must own,
That I have liv'd so long alone
Was not my wish : and, even now,
When fifty years have mark'd my brow,

I would, could I command my fate,
With pleasure quit this cheerless state ;
Nay even, were it to my sorrow,
I would a husband take to-morrow ;
And should rejoice, nor think me light,
To be a Bride this very night."

Thus as she spoke, *John* trembling told,
The Visitor they would behold.
One clam'rous scream announc'd their fears ;
When lo !—the horrid shape appears.
Amid the universal squalling,
Some sunk in chairs, and some werespawling ;
And as the Spectre thus display'd
His griesly form,—he softly said,
“ Lady, I take you at your word,
And granted is the suit preferr'd.
'Tis Fate commands, and I with pride,
Embrace Miss *Mustard* as my Bride.
A well-appointed hearse-and-four
Attends her pleasure at the door.

The marriage ceremonies wait
Her presence at the Church-yard gate :
My Lantern shines with nuptial light ;
The bells in muffled peal, invite,—
And She, shall be,—a *Bride to Night.*”







The Quack Doctor.

WHAT is the choicest boon of Heaven,
That to frail mortal man is given ;
To cheer his heart and gild his way
Through passing Life's uncertain day ?

AMBITION will at once exclaim,
Raise me to station and to name :
Give me Power and give me State,
Content I'll leave the rest to fate.
Pale AVARICE, with grasping hand,
Will quick reply,—let me command
The fountain from whence riches flow :
No other joy I seek to know.

Call forth the minstrels, let them play
The enchanting music through the day ;
Let but the sensual spirits wait
And ask admittance at my gate ;

Let but the feast prolong delight,
And give a blaze to gloomy night :
Thus let me live till life is o'er,
PLeASURE proclaims,—I ask no more.

How vain, how impotent the plan
That oft is form'd by thoughtless man,
His transient, fickle hours to bless,
With a false dream of happiness!
—If pain assaults the splendid throne,
Does not the scepter'd Monarch groan?
If raging Fever's burning heat
Compels the hurried pulse to beat;
If the cold Ague shakes the frame,
And shudd'ring Limbs its force proclaim;—
If the tormented bosom strains
With Hectic's agitating pains;—
In short, whatever the disease,—
Will power, will riches give us ease?
While Pleasure, trembling with affright,
From the sick chamber takes its flight.

What then's the choicest boon of Heaven,
Which to frail, mortal man is given,

To cheer his heart and gild his way
Through passing Life's uncertain day;
Superior far to power and wealth?
The answer is at hand;—'Tis HEALTH.

O Nymph divine, without thy power,
Life cannot know a joyous hour:
If thou art absent, what can give,
A cheerful thought, a wish to live.
Nature must sicken soon and die,
Without thy active energy.
Where'er you hold your genial reign,
The squallid family of pain
Take their compell'd, unwilling flight,
To the dark realms of dreary night;
And grateful vot'ries resume
Th' enliven'd eye, the native bloom,
MED'CINE's thy handmaid, when the sage
EXPERIENCE calls it to assuage
The morbid evils that inflame
Man's fine-spun, irritable frame;—
When SCIENCE doth direct the art
Of healing to each suff'ring part;

When he, in Æsculapian School,
Well-taught, ne'er deviates from the rule
Founded on maxims tried and sure,
Which give the fairest hopes of cure.—
Such are the steady foes of Death
Who oft recall the flitting breath:
But though, at length, their art must yield,
And to the Tyrant quit the field;
They oft prolong Life's final date,
And check the eager hand of Fate.

Not so the mercenary race,
Pretenders ignorant and base,
Who live upon the daring lie
Of UNIVERSAL REMEDY;—
But yet possess the active sense,
By their low arts and impudence,
To gull the foolish, who are found
In ev'ry quarter to abound:
For such th' enquiring eye may greet
In the proud square and humble street,
Who help to feed, as we may see,
These miscreants of Quackery.

—Do, for a curious moment, pop
Your head into that splendid shop,
Where the gilt vases, in a row,
Form such a gay and motley show;
With labell'd bottles to explain
The compounds which they ne'er contain:
Where Juleps, Anodynes and Pills
Are seen prepar'd to cure all ills
That do infect the human frame,
Whate'er their nature or their name.
—Of this grand shop behold the Master,
Who deals in Bolus, Pill and Plaister.
See how his Visage he disposes,
As his hands measure out the doses;
While his round paunch most truly tells,
He never takes the Drugs he sells.
Sometimes he cures the astonish'd Elf,
By leaving Nature to herself:
Sometimes, by Chance, he doth appease
The raging torments of disease;
Or, with the drug's enliv'ning power,
Plays on the Fancy's gloomy hour.

These in ev'ry form proclaim
The healing wonders of his name,
While he conceals, with subtle art,
The slaughters that deserve a Cart.
—'Twere well were we to turn an ear,
And listen to what's passing there.—

“ Doctor, I'm old, and full of ills,
“ And, for Apothecary's bills,
“ Alas, I've paid them o'er and o'er,
“ And am resolv'd to pay no more.—”

—“ And so, at last, you're come to me,
“ Just like the rest,—but where's my fee?—”

“ There, take it, Sir,—I'm eighty-five,
“ And scarce can keep myself alive.”

“ You cough, I see, and are oppress'd,
“ Your breathing too affects your breast;
“ Your sleep's disturb'd throughout the
“ night,
“ And you have lost your appetite :

“ Your limbs are weak, your nerves un-
“ strung,

“ And you are now no longer young.

“ Such is your case, and I believe,

“ ’Twill yield to this *Carminative*.

“ Among my Med’cines ’tis the best;

“ The *Printed Bill* explains the rest.

“ But if it should not ease your pain,

“ Why then—why, you must come again.”

“ But I love ale :—must I forsake it?”—

—“ No,—’tis a balmy fluid,—take it.”

—“ Will Gin and Water do me harm?”—

—“ ’Twill do you good; but take it

“ warm.”—

—“ My case you clearly understand :

“ The ablest Doctor in the land!—

—“ I really am so very weak,

“ That my tongue falters as I speak :

“ Yes, Doctor, I can hardly bring

“ My voice to tell my suffering.”—

—“ Your languid state your looks express ;
“ Madam, I feel for your distress.
“ Do not exert yourself at present :
“ These Cordial Drops are very pleasant :
“ And they, I trust, will soon restore
“ The strength, whose absence you deplore.
“ Though pale your cheek, and though
“ your eye
“ Has lost its brisk vivacity,
“ With which it has been us'd to dart
“ Its beams to each surrounding heart ;
“ I doubt not I shall soon bestow,
“ To the wan face its wonted glow ;
“ And e'er a dozen weeks expire,
“ Those eyes will gain their wonted fire.”—

—“ But I am not so young you know,
“ As I was forty years ago.”—

—“ Forty? for shame ;—it may be seen,
“ 'Tis true, that you are not eighteen :
“ You're ill, but when your looks revive,
“ I then shall see you thirty-five.

“ Not more, I’m sure,—and that’s an age,
“ When Beauty still may hearts engage.”—

—“ Doctor your cheering words impart
“ Delight to my desponding heart.

“ O what a wretched life I’ve led!

“ I wonder that I am not dead!

“ ’Tis now, I think, three years and more

“ Since daily to my wearied door,

“ Some great Physician’s chariot roll’d,

“ Who for his Med’cine took my gold.

“ One told me that my nerves must feel

“ The rigid power of bracing steel:

“ Another, that the tepid wave

“ Should my tense, outstretch’d fibres lave.

“ When the warm, heating Med’cines fail’d,

“ The cooling System then prevail’d.

“ To Bath and Tunbridge I was sent;

“ But vain was the experiment.

“ To Brighton also I have been,

“ Quaff’d the salt wave and walk’d the Stein;

“ But, after all the trials past,

“ You see me here half-dead at last.

“ Those Cordial Drops, have giv’n me ease,

“ Another dose, Sir, if you please :

“ And, as for Med’cines I am come,

“ I think I’ll take a bottle home.”—

—“ You can’t do better:—when you’re low,

“ They soon will make your spirits flow.

“ These *Pills* within your chamber keep,

“ They are decided friends to sleep.

“ And, at your meals, instead of wine,

“ Take this digestive *Anodyne*.

“ Should you invigoration want,

“ Employ this fine *Corroborant*.

“ These curious Panaceas will,

“ If well applied, cure ev’ry ill.

“ So take them home ; and read the Bill,

“ Which, with my signature at top,

“ Explains the Med’cines of my Shop.

“ On these you may have firm reliance ;

“ So set the College at defiance.

“ And should they not your health restore,

“ You now know where to send for more.”—

——“ John, call the Carriage to the door.”

- “ The Lady having said Adieu,
“ I now, Sir, can attend to you.
“ So Mr. Alderman, relate,
“ What ails you, and each symptom state”—
—“ Doctor, I’ve heard that you’re renown’d
“ By dint of making sick men sound ;
“ And I am in no common fright
“ Lest I should lose my appetite :
“ For neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor Stew
“ Can tempt me as they us’d to do.
“ But first you’ll let me know for certain
“ Who is the rogue behind the curtain.
“ He looks as he were made of stone,
“ With nought for cheeks and chin but bone.
“ His eyes are dismal, hollow sockets,
“ As empty as a Poet’s pockets.
“ I see what he’s about :—why zounds,
“ I’ll take no drugs that fellow pounds.
“ I’d better far, to save my bacon,
“ Go back to those I have forsaken.
“ And look once more for healing knowledge,
“ To the grave Sages of the College.

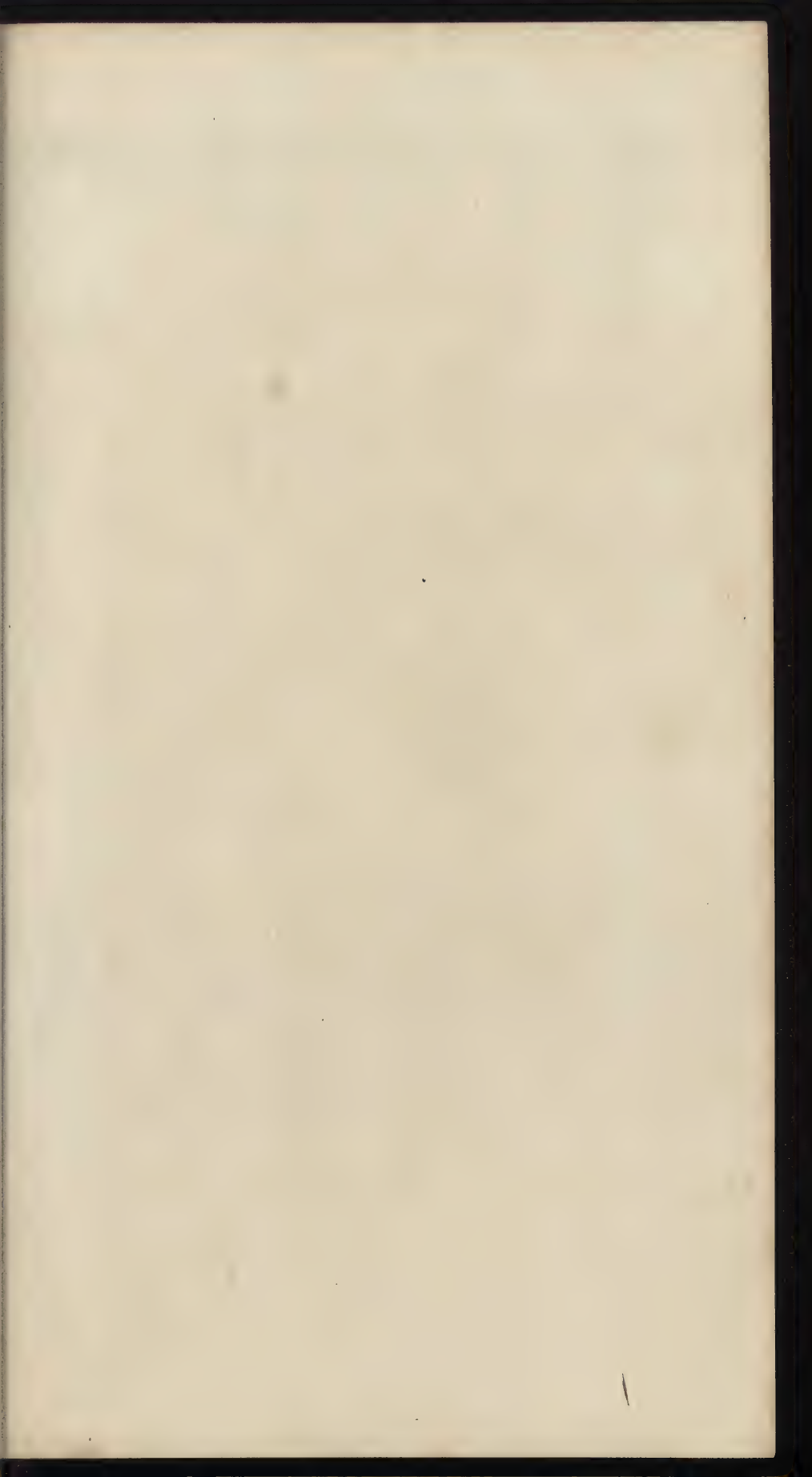
“ They’ll do their best, and I won’t thwart

“ em ;

“ I then shall die,—*secundum artem* ;

“ And not be finish’d by a Dunce

“ Whose Trade’s to KILL and CURE at once.





The Sat.

THE various ways which DEATH contrives,
To put an end to human Lives,
Would, were they told in prose or song,
Make out a tale so very long,
That few, aye very few, would lend
A kind attention to the end:
But e're they reach'd the fiftieth line,
Would the dull, tedious work resign.
'Tis how men live, not how they die,
That stirs up CURIOSITY.
Our thoughts, our spirits we convene
To look upon the living scene.
The Actor comes, he plays his part,
With Comic or with Tragic art;
But if 'tis order'd that he dies,
We leave him to his obsequies,

And the impatient eye expects
The hero that shall enter next.
But still my subject bids me state,
The whims and phantasies of Fate.

For laurell'd Heroes and the brave,
Glory oft digs a distant grave,
Deep in the blood-besprinkled plain,
Cover'd with thousands of the slain,
Whose ghastly, mangled forms invite
The Vulture to delay his flight.
—The scepter'd Monarch yields his crown
In state, upon a bed of down ;
While Poverty doth oft withdraw
From life, upon a bed of straw.
Some die with hemp around their gullets,
And some from balls—and some from bullets :
But 'twas the fate of poor JACK MARROW,
To breathe his last on a *Wheel-barrow*.

JACK had a jolly Butcher been,
No Market had a better seen :

Oft had he led the jovial train,
In Leadenhall or Honey Lane;
But could a courteous visage put on,
Beneath suspended legs of mutton :
With frock of blue, and shining face,
Would welcome all with sprightly grace ;
And had a certain leering eye
To tempt the passenger to buy.
He'd glance the knife across the steel,
And boast his beef, or vaunt his veal ;
Talk of lamb's kidneys for a stew,
And sweet-breads, what a nice ragout :
While shoulders, breasts, and loins and hearts
Flow'd from his tongue, by fits and starts.
Nor was this all :—he had the skill
To manage weights and scales at will ;
And, by a certain slight of hand,
Could a short ounce or two command.
Besides, his tongue was so bewitching
To all the maids who rul'd the kitchen,
That no complaints were ever heard,
Where *Marrow's* daily Tray appear'd.

At length, advanc'd in years and warm,
In added gains, he bought a farm:
He lik'd the mansion as he found it,
With just a score of acres round it,
Where he might fatten sheep, or graze
An added ox, for holidays.
Nay, sometimes, to keep up the knack,
He'd throw a wether on its back
And plunge his knife into the throat,
To let the stream of Life run out:
Or dress a calf, with knife and steel,
Into each well-known form of Veal.
But what was this, to when the stall
Claim'd ev'ry hour, in *Leadenhall*.
—Thus did JACK live a year or two,
But, tir'd of having nought to do,
He sold his cattle great and small,
And thought the GOAT was worth them all,
Now this same GOAT, I must define,
Was nothing better than a *Sign*,
That hung suspended in the air
To tell the Country Bill of Fare,

Which Village Alehouse doth provide,
Throughout the day, by highway side :
For it was best to JACK's own thinking
To've done with meat and take to drinking :
So to the GOAT, on toping bent,
Or foul or fair, he daily went.
The Curate there his pipe would smoke,
Now moralize, now crack his joke.
The merry Miller would prolong
The evening with a cheerful song ;
And chatt'ring Barber, o'er his ale,
Would catch the curious with a tale :
There the Exciseman, clad with power,
Would dignify the social hour :
The trav'ling Pedlar, looking wise,
Would rail at Taxes and Excise ;
While Philpot, with a paunch as round
As his own butts, would bow profound.
Here, JACK by punch and ale subdued,
Smil'd always when they both were good.
Here he his copious draughts would take,
Or smoke, to keep himself awake,

Until his loving wife should come,
To guide her stamm'ring toper home.
Now she was one of those good wives
Who ne'er disturb their husband's lives,
But yet, without much grief attend
The season when those lives may end.

'Twas, as the Village Annals say,
One ev'ning in the month of May,
When, as JACK MARROW dosing sat,
He yielded to the stroke of Fate ;
And some confusion spread around
When He fell, senseless, to the ground ;
But DEATH appear'd—and, on his barrow,
Trundled away with poor JACK MARROW.
Nor was the party much dismay'd :
They plied their jugs, with “ Who's afraid ! ”—
—The Curate, who had, in his day,
Beheld so many wheel'd away,
Calmly look'd on, nor felt much sorrow,
For what would bring him Fees to-morrow.

Besides, his Dame had made it known,
She wish'd to mend her black silk gown;
And the shrewd Parson had in view
The power to do it; as he knew
That scarfs and hatbands did possess
The means of aiding Madam's dress.
So he look'd calmly on, when Death
Put *Master Marrow* out of breath.

—But the fat Landlord shook his head—

“ If that same Gem'man should be dead,

I ought to cry—for, to my cost,

The best of customers I've lost;

And if he don't this bout escape,

Egad, I'll hang the *Goat* in crape.”—

—Thus, let our trade be what it will,

Int'rest is apt to sway us still,

And he in this world will go down,

Who to another yields his own.

But Mrs. *Marrow* strait appears,

In all the rage of grief and tears,

With what's all this? What are you doing?

And where, you Scarecrow, are you going?

—Madam, your Husband's time is come ;

And, as you see, He's going home.

His eyes are now for ever closing—

—You lie, you thief, He's only dosing ;

And, if you rob me of the rest,

I'll take his wig, for that's his best.—

—This instant let your manners mend,

Or I'll the fatal stroke suspend :

If you continue thus to scold,

I will your widowhood with-hold ;

A worser evil shall betide you,

He shall snore ten more years beside you.

And if with me you play the shrew,

He still shall live to bury you.—

—It was my grief, Sir, pray excuse me :

Your pardon, Sir, do not refuse me.

I feel that I have done amiss ;

But such a cruel sight as this,

So sad, so unexpected too,

How could a wife, so fond, so true,

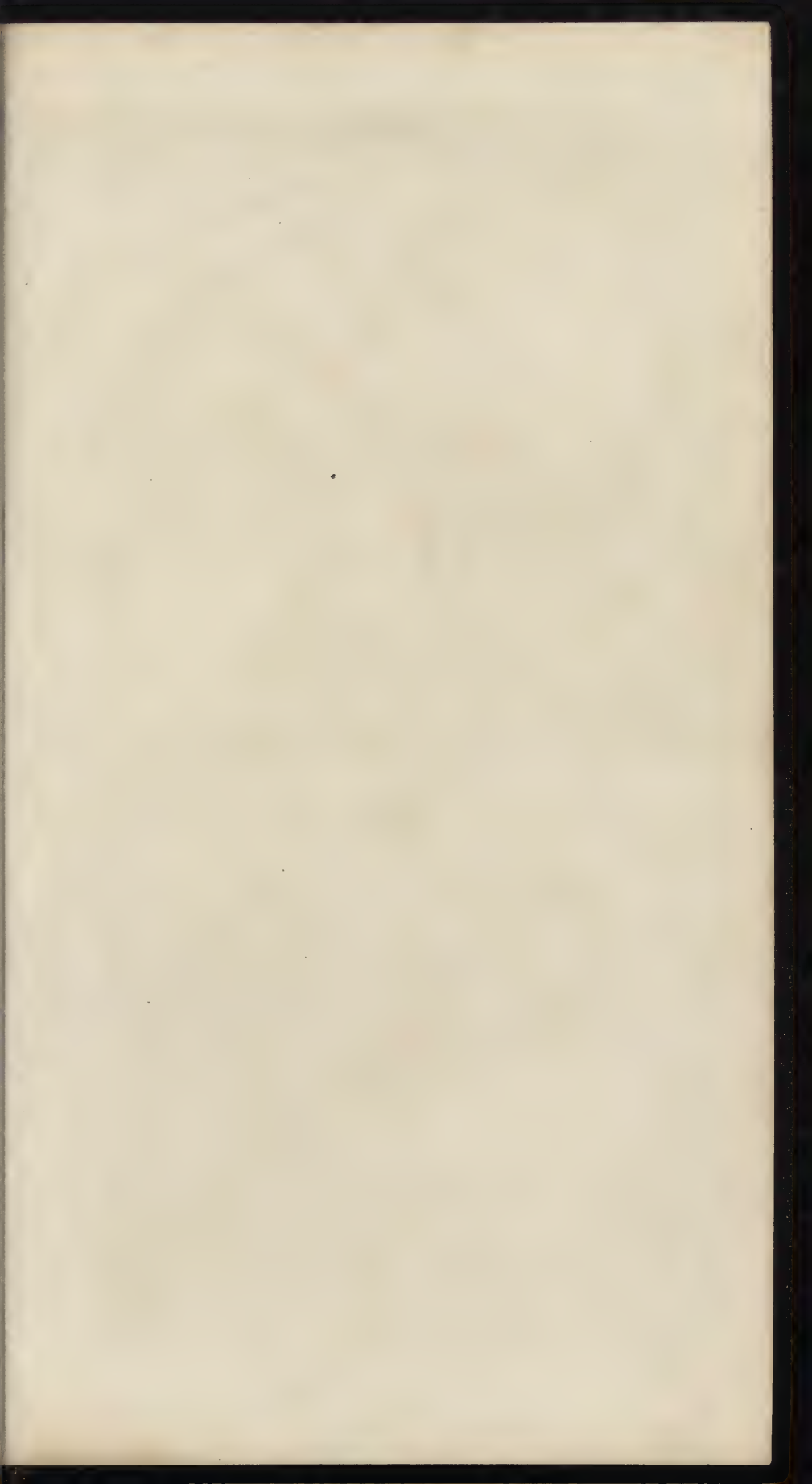
Without heart-rending feelings view !

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And when on such a sight we gaze,
Why, Sorrow knows not what it says :
Ah, vain would be the Doctor's skill ;
So I submit me to your will.—”
“ —Go on before, prepare the way
For this same heavy load of clay :
Discard his wig, and seize his riches :
You now may wear the DEAD MAN'S BREECHES.”

The Honey Moon.

OF all the Follies that disgrace
The progress of the human race,
Few call for livelier ridicule,
Or more distinctly mark the fool,
Than when old age attempts to prove,
That still it has the power to love.—
It asks not youth, it asks not health,
To hoard accumulated wealth :
To the last stage of lengthen'd years,
The love of gold the Miser cheers ;
And, on the day he tells fourscore,
He still can count his treasures o'er.—
While Reason lives, the hoary sage
May feel that Wisdom crowns his age ;
And, to Life's most protracted hour,
He may enjoy the pride of Power.





But *Nestor's* self a fool would prove,
If he should turn his thoughts to love.
When Winter's Form, with trembling pace,
Attempts a sprightly, vernal grace,
Or, with a stamm'ring tongue, to tell,
He loves so true—he loves so well;
Or bids the blushing roses blow
Around his temples white with snow;
The careless, playful world may smile;
But rigid Reason will revile
The wand'ring strange from Nature's plan,
And see the Ideot in the Man.
Bring me the cap that Folly wears,
With jingling bells and lengthen'd ears,
And place it on the old man's head
Who babbles love, and longs to wed.
Youth is the season made for joy;
Let Cupid then his power employ;
Then all his soft delights improve,
While Hymen knits the bands of Love.

SIR PETER had grown old, when Fate
Depriv'd him of his ancient mate.
She was a chaste and careful wife,
Whose temper ne'er engender'd strife:
For she had that commanding soul
Which kept the Knight in due controul.
Between them no one ever heard
An unkind phrase, an angry word;
No one e'er witness'd a dispute;
For when she spoke the Knight was mute.
Thus pass'd their tranquil life away:
When she said *yes*, he ne'er said *nay*;
And would have thought it much amiss,
When she said *nay*, should he say *yes*.
At length this Dame, so good and kind,
Left life—and all the world behind.
SIR PETER wept o'er his disaster;
But, for the wound, he found a plaister;
He felt, at last, that he was Master.
But so it is with mortal state;
Or high or low, or small or great;

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Contentment's seldom known to find
It's mansion in the human mind ;
And soon the Knight began to own
'Twas comfortless to live alone ;
Nay, that to soothe his irksome life,
He e'en would take another wife ;
Would his deep mourning lay aside,
Dress himself smart, and get a Bride.

No sooner did this tale resound
From place to place the country round,
But ev'ry grave and maiden Lady
Who had escap'd her sprightly heigh-day,
Began to think she had a chance
Of joining in the nuptial dance.
The Widows too began to dream
Of a new matrimonial scheme ;
But the old Knight had nought to say
To Maidens grave, or Widows gay :
He fill'd the neighbourhood with laughter,
By fixing on a Lawyer's daughter.

Miss JULIA DOCKET had not seen
Of Summer seasons quite nineteen ;
And 'twas not often that the Spring
Of life produced a fairer thing.
She had been taught, by rod and rule,
The graces of a Boarding-school :
Was of a country town the boast,
And of each neighb'ring 'Squire the toast.
But JULIA had contriv'd to part
With that same Trinket call'd a Heart,
And it was now consign'd to rest
Within a gallant Major's breast ;
Who, at the time, was trav'ling far
'Midst scenes of glory and of war.
But Love—when faithful, just and true,
Our worldly interest may subdue :
So, when SIR PETER paid his vows
And ask'd her to become his spouse,
She star'd awhile—then off she scouted ;
Let fall a shower of tears—and pouted.
“ My Hero is both brave and true,
Whom I love as I ought to do ;

And when his duty call'd him o'er
The Ocean to Iberia's shore,
I pledg'd my faith that ne'er shall fail,
Till Death concludes the flatt'ring tale.
—The doting Knight shall not prevail.—
Thus she exclaim'd, in language bold,
When to her wond'ring Sire she told
The offer of the Man of Gold.

“ Don't be a fool,” old DOCKET said,
“ Nor falsify your father's trade.
Does not a stately mansion wait,
To ope for you its willing gate,
Where wealth invites, and at whose door,
You'll see your daily coach-and-four?
While all the pleasure gold can buy,
A husband's fondness will supply.
Will you from Fashion turn aside,
And all the charms of titled pride,
Those wants and that distress to prove,
Which wait on poverty and love?

For should the vap'ring Major live,
Should he the chance of war survive,
Half-pay is all he has to give.
Besides, to ev'ry eye 'tis clear
Sir PETER cannot live a year.
Your settlements I shall prepare
With a paternal Lawyer's care.
I shall employ my cunning skill
To shape the am'rous Dotard's will;
And then I'll make a swinging bill:
Which, from pure love to you he'll pay
Without deduction or delay.
Be to his fondling follies blind;
Be to his humours very kind;
And take the wealth he'll leave behind.
You then will be, by Fortune's bounty,
The richest widow in the county.—"
Thus *Docket's* arguments assail'd
His daughter's mind, and they prevail'd.

JULIA, at length, consents to wed,
But still the *Major's* in her head.

Hymen performs his formal part ;
But still the *Major's* in her heart.
The wedding o'er, the days are spent
In plenteous feasts and merriment :
While many a minstrel doth unite
In song and dance throughout the night.
SIR PETER, us'd to live in quiet,
Could not maintain this scene of riot :
His health and spirits both were gone,
E'er half the HONEY MOON had flown.
But, thus confin'd to gouty chair,
She nurs'd him with assiduous care ;
Or tun'd her voice, or touch'd the lute,
Or read, as did his fancy suit.

Now, it was one fine afternoon,
That quite alone, and dinner done,
When, while Sir PETER plied the glass ;
JULIA, to make the moments pass,
Ask'd *Fashion* how she told her story
In *Ackermann's* Repository.

Where every month her whims display,
With graceful art, the bright array
That decks the Beauties of the day.
—Thus, as she read, a creaking sound
Call'd her to turn her head around;
When HENRY at the window stood,
All pale, as if by grief subdued.
She was surpris'd,—but did not start.—
“ You ever have possess'd my heart,—”
She fondly said ;—“ there, take my hand,
And mind, my friend, what I command.
Speak not a word,—but give good heed
To the short tale I now shall read.
That Dotard there, will never hear,
For drink has stopp'd his list'ning ear.
Nought but the cup his eye can see,
Which it now views with ecstasy.
Again, I tell you, give good heed
To what I am about to read.
Attend, while on the Page I look,
And hear the Wisdom of the Book.”

“ Fair JULIA lov’d a Soldier brave,
“ Who was, or said he was, her slave :
“ But, by his country call’d afar,
“ To mingle in the toils of War,
“ He, by his well-tried honour swore,
“ That when the toils of War were o’er,
“ Were he preserv’d for joys so sweet,
“ He’d lay his laurels at her feet ;
“ And from the world’s gay scene remove,
“ To live with JULIA and with Love :
“ That he should feel far greater pride
“ To dwell beneath some mountain’s side,
“ Possess’d of her unrivall’d charms,
“ Than keep in awe a world in arms.
“ She heard his vows, and gave her heart ;
“ Nor were her tears the tears of art :

- “ When her eyes wept his fond adieu,
“ Her Words were warm, her Love was true.
“ —At length the nations war no more,
“ And HENRY seeks his native shore.
“ But ah, how great was his despair,
“ What Fury did his bosom tear,
“ When first the strange account he heard
“ That his dear JULIA had preferr’d
“ Another, impotent and old,
“ To her young Soldier, brave and bold;
“ That Age and Avarice had led
“ His JULIA to the Marriage Bed.
“ —He sought her, and requir’d to know
“ What fatal change had work’d his woe.
“ What had he done?—What he should do.
“ He knew too well,—for he was true.
“ His loss he should not long survive,
“ He soon, alas, should cease to live.
“ O that in battle he had died!—
“ —That’s not my wish, she quick replied:
“ But e’er you tell your heart to break,
“ I beg, my friend, you’ll let me speak.—

- “ —Think me not false, for I am true:
“ Nay, frown not,—yes, to Love and you.
“ Reason and Int’rest told me both,
“ To this old man to plight my troth.
“ I had but little,—you had less;
“ No brilliant view of happiness:
“ And though, within the lowest cot,
“ I would have shar’d your humble lot,
“ Yet, when the means I could possess
“ Which would our future Union bless,
“ I gave my hand, th’ allotted price,
“ And made myself the sacrifice.
“ When I was to the Altar led,
“ Age and Decrepitude to wed,
“ The Old Man’s wealth seduc’d me there,
“ Which gen’rous Hymen bid me share;
“ And all, within a month or two,
“ I hope, Brave Boy, to give to you.
“ Behold, and see the stroke of Fate
“ Suspended o’er my palsied mate:
“ For Death, who fills his goblet high,
“ Tells him to drink it, and to die.

“ —And now, my HENRY dear, depart
“ With this assurance from my heart.—
“ —I married him, by Heaven, 'tis true, }
“ With all his riches in my view, }
“ TO SEE HIM DIE——AND MARRY YOU.—” }



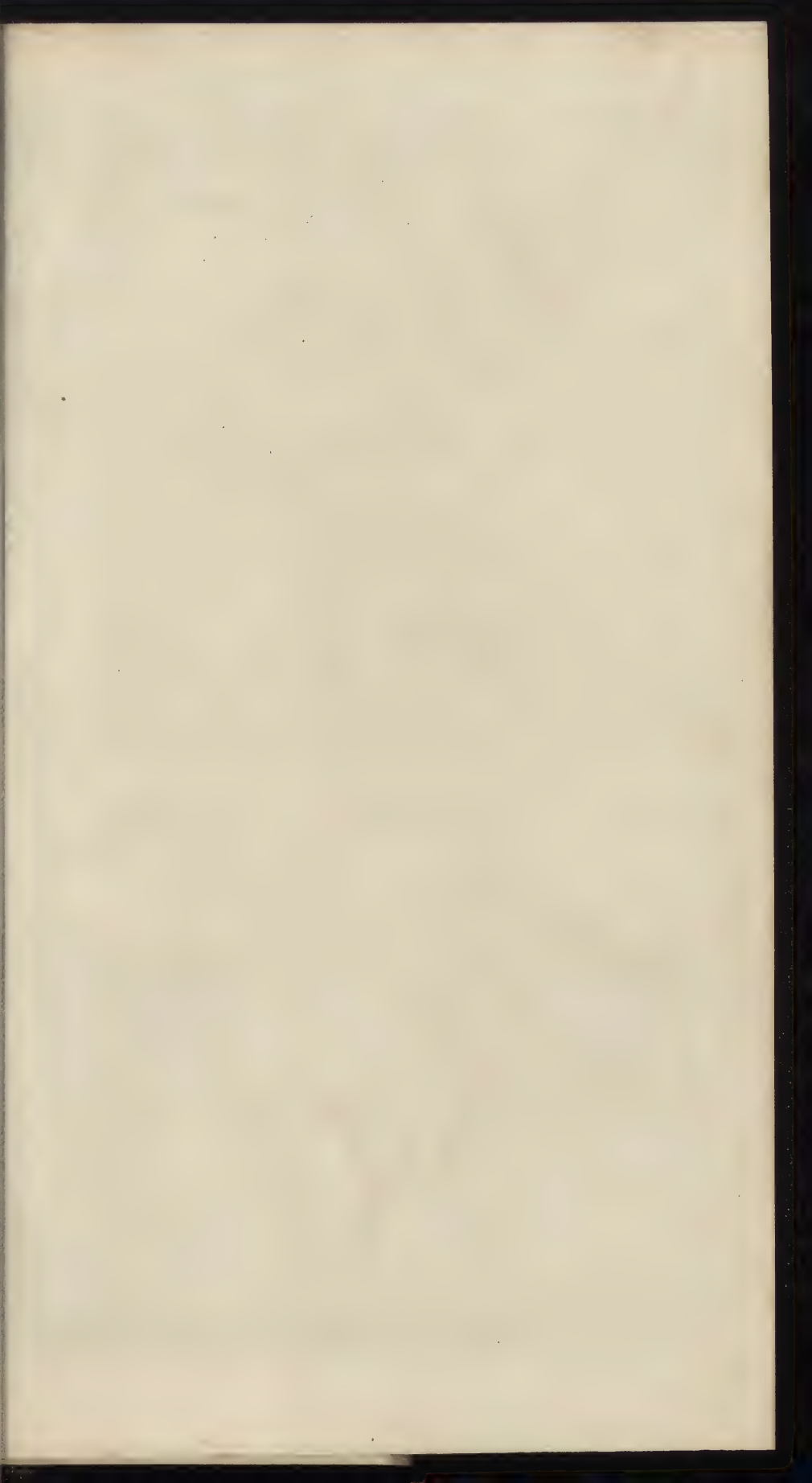
London, 1900. The 1900 to 1901 season. The 1900 to 1901 season.



The Hunter unkennelled.

THE SPORTSMEN sat within the Hall,
Waiting the Huntsman's jovial call,
With active appetite they eat,
The solid bounties of the treat;
And while their various feats they boast,
Some famous Nimrod is the toast.
JACK ROVER, who would never balk
His never-failing love of talk,
With many a foul expression swore,
That but the very day before,
When in full chace, the hounds in play,
A cursed Funeral cross'd the way,
And he, and his horse Frank, together
Leap'd o'er the Hearse, nor touch'd a feather.
The party jeer'd,—again he swore,
He'd tell it till his life was o'er;

That he would boldly state the case,
Though Death should stare him in the face:
When, as attentive to his call,
The Spectre stalk'd across the Hall.
—One seiz'd the knife, another swore
He ne'er saw such a sight before;
Others popp'd off, full helter skelter,
And, on the stair-case sought for shelter;
While JACK, as quick as he was able,
Sunk, slyly, underneath the table,
The Phantom drew the drap'ry back,
And, in a trice, unkennell'd JACK:
When, after crying Tally-ho—
He pois'd his dart and gave the blow:
Then told his friends to shove JACK ROVER
Into the Hearse which he leap'd over.—





The Good Man, Death, and the Doctor.

'THE GOOD MAN dead, this Lesson gives:—
It is another ANGEL lives.
A Star has set for ever here,
To glitter in a brighter sphere.
Earth feels the loss when Virtue dies,
To triumph in its native skies.
The chamber where He breathes his last,
Who, glancing o'er the time that's past,
Feels no reproach, nor calls on Fate
To add a moment to his date;
But, led by smiling Hope, descends
To that dark bourne where Sorrow ends;
That sacred Chamber far outweighs
The brightest scene which Life displays.

The rich, the potent, and the brave
Must reach, at length, the certain grave :
Nor is, alas, the difference great,
Between the monumental state,
That decks the mouldering remains
Of him who serves and him who reigns ;
No more, than that the human clod
Rests 'neath a marble or a sod.
Emblazon'd with a gilded show,
The pomp or fallacy of Woe,
The Rich Man fills the sculptur'd tomb ;
While, where the vernal violets bloom,
And rear their heads on church-yard green,
The poor man's obsequies are seen.

Each duty done,—the world subdued,
How bless'd the DEATH-BED of the GOOD.—
Whether beneath the dome we lie,
Or in the straw-roof'd cottage die ;
At that alarming, awful hour,
No mortal envies wealth or power :—

But he who, with experience sage,
 Has reach'd to life's maturer age,
 And seen and felt the various cares,
 Which man throughout his progress shares;—
 He, who has haply learn'd to know
 Vice as the certain source of Woe,
 And Virtue as our Heav'n below;—
 He who considers fleeting Time
 The passage to some happier clime;
 The stream that bears the virtuous o'er,
 To that eternal, promis'd shore,
 Where Pain and Sorrow are no more;—
 He views the bed from whence the just
 Is borne to mingle with the dust,
 As the fix'd verge, on which 'tis given
 To see the boundaries of Heaven.
 When the world's landscape fades away,
 And night beclouds the closing day;
 When to the heart the blood retreats,
 And the last pulse but faintly beats;

When the soft, whisp'ring sigh is o'er,
Which the calm'd breast repeats no more ;
Each duty done,—the world subdu'd,—
How blest the DEATH-BED of the Good !

EUGENIO liv'd as man should live ;
He gave, as generous man should give.
Whene'er he smil'd, his smile exprest
Th' enliv'ning sunshine of the breast.
Whene'er he wept, the willing tear
Told Sorrow and Affliction near ;
And Sorrow never came in vain,
When he could mitigate the pain.
From his wise mind the counsel flow'd ;
His hand the needful aid bestow'd :
And rich and poor, who liv'd around,
A blessing in his virtues found.
The wife his chaste affections knew,
And round his plenteous table grew
Like olive branches, green and fair,
The hopes of his paternal care.

Learning he sought with pleasing toil,
And sometimes burn'd the midnight oil,
In adding to his copious store
Of modern and of ancient lore :
But still he kept his manners free
From the stiff airs of pedantry ;
Nor did his fancy ever stray
To suit the fashion of the day :
Nor did he flippant wit supply,
Nor cloak his speech with ribaldry.
His well-weigh'd words were ever fraught
With morals sound, and manly thought ;
While each expression, mild and warm,
Was fram'd to counsel, and to charm.
He planted the CELESTIAL FLOWER,
Which grows with Life's encreasing hour,
But never yet was known to blow
Within this vale of tears and woe ;
It waits through endless years to bloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb ;
There forms the everlasting wreath ;—
The crown of Virtue after death.

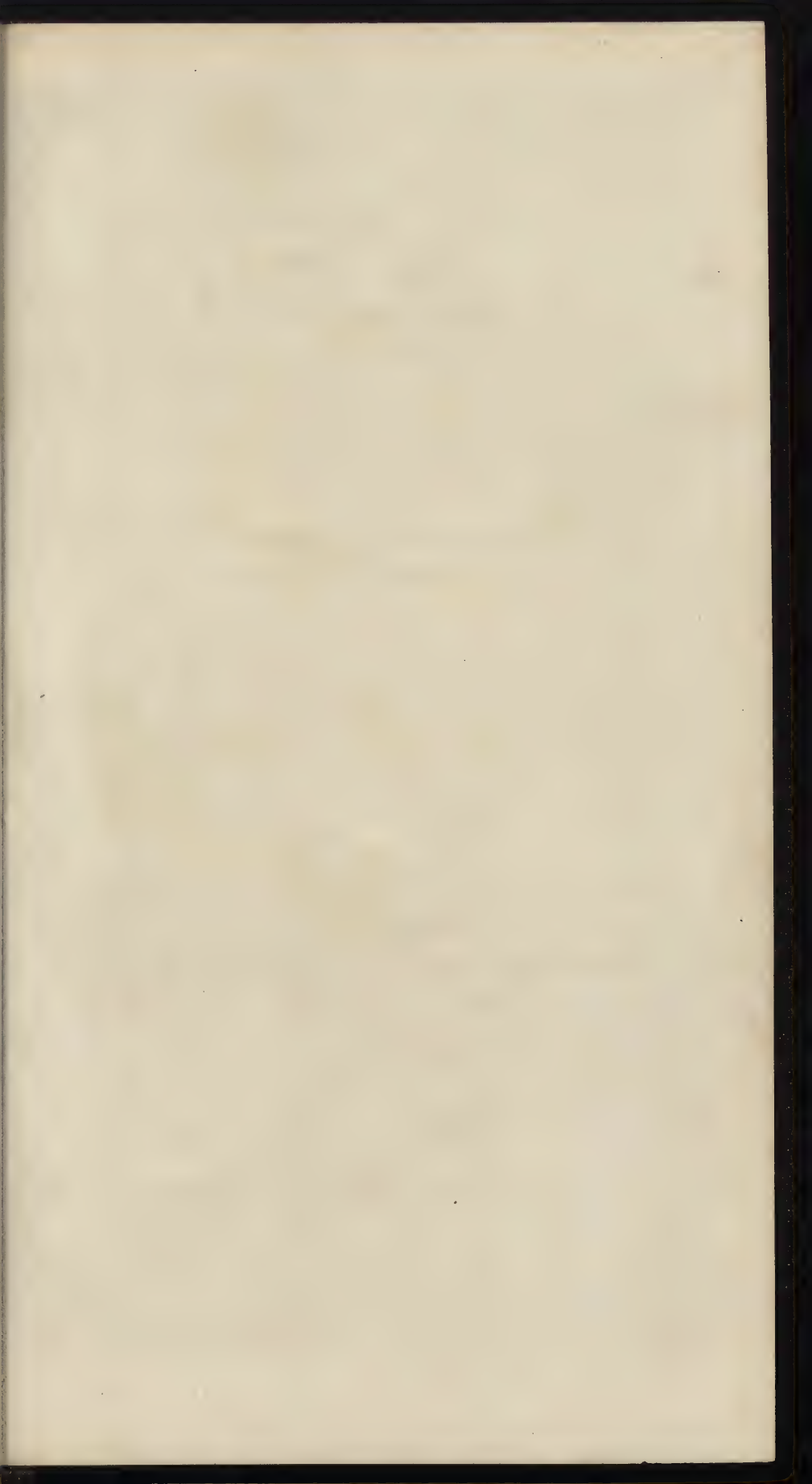
That crown, while health beam'd on his
brow,
And promis'd length of years below ;
That crown, which blessed spirits share,
EUGENIO was call'd to wear :
For so it pleas'd the Almighty power
Who measures out life's mortal hour,
That, e'er his fortieth year was past,
The best of men should breathe his last.
He piously resign'd his breath
In all the majesty of Death :—
One thought to those he lov'd was given,
Then gave his willing soul to Heav'n.
For he, who well his time employs,
Though snatch'd from life's meridian joys,
Feels no reluctance, knows no dread,
When Fate conducts him to the dead.
—Fly, ye profane—if not, draw near,
And what Religion dictates, hear.

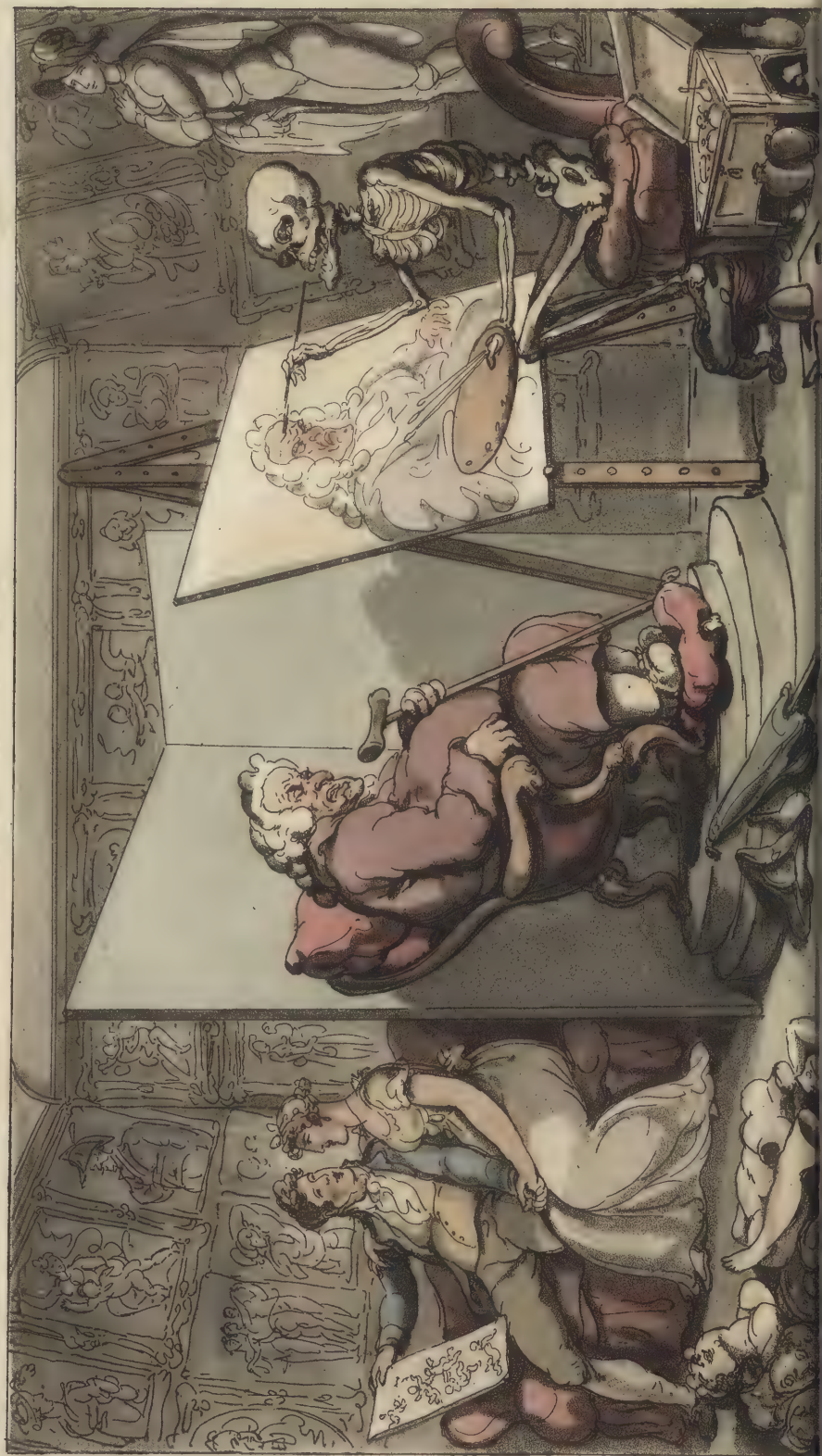
“ Father! to whose all-seeing eye
“ Our thoughts and actions open lie,

“ Thou know’st, in this afflicting hour,
“ We bend before thy sacred power ;
“ And, taught thy pleasure to obey,
“ Bless him who gives and takes away.
“ But while thy justice makes us grieve,
“ Allow thy mercy to relieve :
“ Comfort, we ask, the widow’d heart,
“ And, to the rising race impart,
“ The noble, and the fond desire
“ To share the virtues of their Sire.
“ O grant, that they through life may run
“ The virtuous course which he hath done ;
“ And feel, like him, at life’s last hour,
“ Thy beaming grace,—thy pard’ning
“ power.”

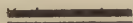
Thus, as the pious Churchman pray’d,
The Doctor, in a whisper said,
“ My skill in vain it’s power applies :—
“ ’Tis Fate commands ; the patient dies.
“ No call requires me now to stay :
“ I’ve something else to do than pray.

“ I feel my Fee;”—“ Then hold it fast,”
Said grinning DEATH,—“ for 'tis your last.”
The DOCTOR heard the dreadful sound;
The DOCTOR felt the fatal wound,
And hast'ning through the chamber door,
Sunk down, all breathless on the floor,
Ah, never more to rise again.—
—Thus DOCTORS die like other men.





Death and the Portrait.



BY Love conducted FLAVIA came,
(I must not tell her other name)
To yield the charms which deck her face,
Her Cherub smiles and Angel grace,
To the accomplish'd Painter's art,
Which to the canvas might impart
The fair resemblance of a Maid,
Whom Nature had so well array'd.
FLAVIA was seated to receive
The Likeness which that art could give,
And while, obedient to his will,
The pencil mark'd its rapid skill,
Enamour'd FLORIO, who sat by,
And trac'd the work with curious eye,
By tender love and beauty fir'd,
And as the faithful Muse inspir'd,

In tuneful accents thus address'd
The fond instructions of his breast.—

“ PAINTER, vain's thy utmost art
“ To draw the Idol of my heart:
“ Thy canvas never can receive
“ The varied charms her features give.
“ When, grave, she wears the awful grace
“ That's seen in regal JUNO's face:
“ When on her cheeks the smiles appear,
“ 'Tis VENUS better self is there;
“ And when she looks with studious eye,
“ Another PALLAS we descry.
“ PAINTER, thy pencil well may trace
“ A JUNO's awful, heavenly grace;
“ Upon your easel may be seen,
“ Chaste Beauty's fair, imperial Queen:
“ E'en Wisdom's goddess may appear
“ In all her native splendor there:
“ But in my breast alone can be
“ The perfect image of the THREE.”

Thus did the Muse the art defy :
The Pencil, eager to reply,
Dash'd on the cloth, in colours warm,
The semblance of the lovely form.
And now her smiling cheeks disclose
The lily mingled with the rose ;
And soon her beaming eyes dispense
The soften'd rays of manly sense :
Her graceful form, her auburn hair,
All, all the magic power declare.
Loose flows the robe upon the ground,
And many a Cupid flutters round :
The bending branches kindly spread
Their verdant beauties o'er her head,
And, far beyond, the hills arise
Which seem to mingle with the skies.
At length, with happiest art array'd,
The canvas' spreading form display'd
The beauties of the charming maid.
The Artist then avow'd his pride,
And thus th' enraptur'd Muse replied.—

“ Ah happy Canvas, that dost bear
The features of my lovely Fair.
Upon thy surface, mild and clear,
I see the heavenly form appear,
With all the glories of her face,
Her winning smiles and gentle grace.
—But where’s the virtue of her mind,
Which makes her of Angelic kind?
Where is the softness of her heart.
To pity prone and void of art?
These cannot on thy bosom shine:
They’re only to be found in mine.”

Thus did the Muse pursue her song;
Nor did she do the Painter wrong.
Whatever bounties partial Art
By Genius aided, can impart,
She knows are his, whose talents bear
The marks of their united care.
But frolic Nature will outdo
The works of Art and Genius too:

Her cunning patterns render vain
The Painter's toil, the Sculptor's pain.
All of the Fair, that Art could give,
Does on the glossy canvas live;
In touches warm and colours true,
As REYNOLDS' pencil ever knew.

Thus FLORIO sung, and FLAVIA heard
The pleasing strain which Love preferr'd
Nor did the Painter's hand refuse
The aiding impulse of the Muse.

The *Sitting* o'er, the pair remove
To talk of Taste, and think of Love.
And while, as objects strike, they praise
The various works on which they gaze;
A far, far different form appears,
Bent with an heavy load of years:
For a short time the Figure stood,
The image of Decripitude;—
Then took his seat:—when Art began
To sketch the good, old ALDERMAN,

Whose Portrait was to grace the wall
Of Cordwainers' or Goldsmiths' Hall.
The Painter mark'd the face of Age,
And dignified the Civic Sage,
With all the force and all the truth,
Which had pourtray'd the grace of youth.
At length, some yawning fits transpir'd
That mark'd the Alderman was tir'd.
" If, my good Sir," the Painter said,
" You wish the work to be delay'd ;
" If, to retire it is your pleasure,
" My pencil waits upon your leisure."—
" I'm in no hurry," he replied,
" But I slept ill last night: beside
" To tell the truth, I cannot say
" But I am out of sorts to-day ;
" I have a feel I cannot name ;
" A kind of chill throughout my frame,
" That seems to pour on ev'ry part,
" And threatens to approach my heart :
" Now, if you could some cordial give
" It might my languid state relieve,"—

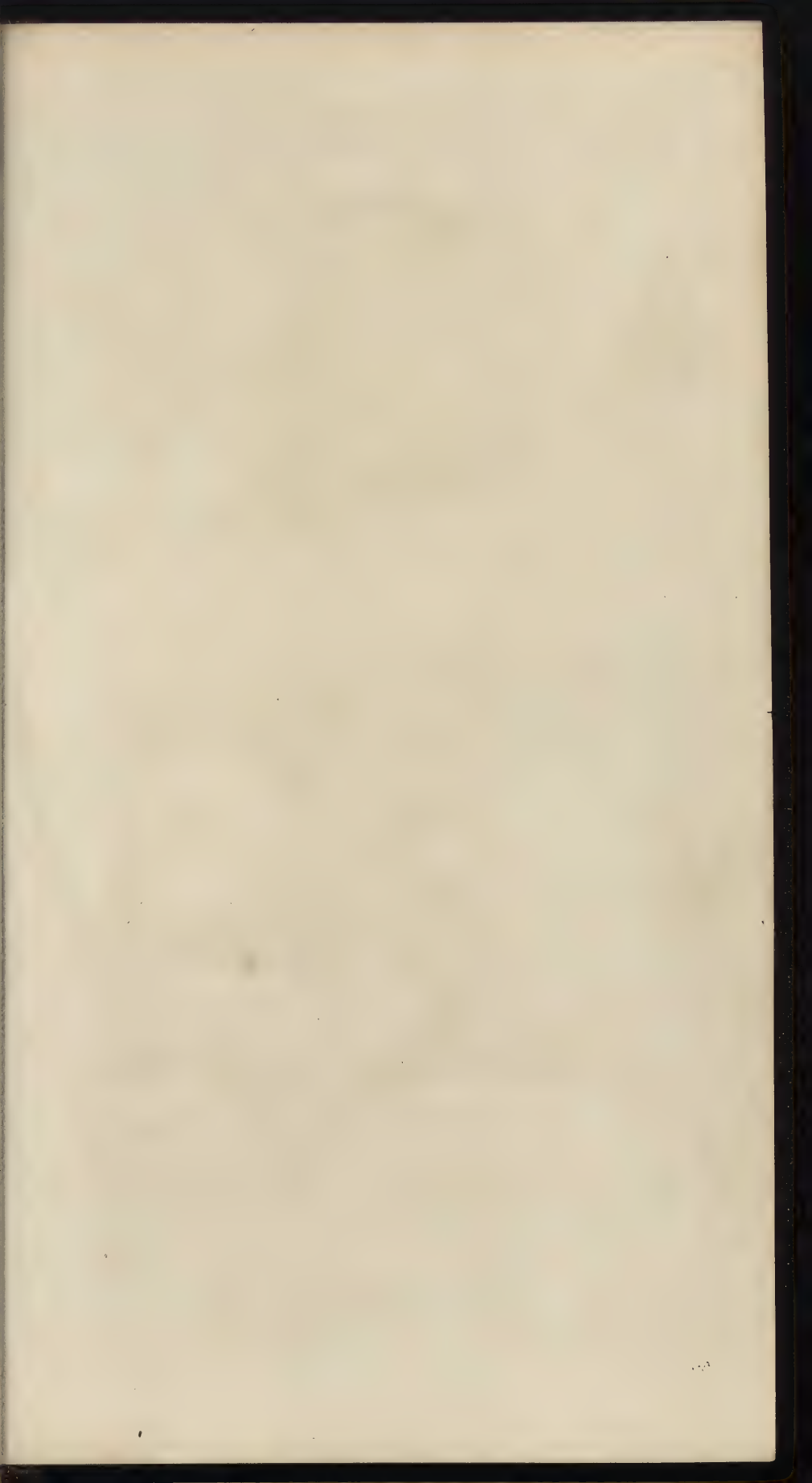
“ That you shall have,” the Artist cried ;
And soon his pallet laid aside :
Then hasten’d, with no common speed,
To do the hospitable deed.

Scarce had he made this kind retreat,
When Death stepp’d in and took his seat :
And soon he chang’d the whole design :—
The lights which had been seen to shine,
Were more than half-obscur’d in shade ;
And dismal tints the whole pervade :
The forehead’s moist with mortal dew ;
The sinking frame appears to view ;
The head reclines in calm repose ;
The lips grow pale, the eyelids close ;
The yielding hand can grasp no more,
The crutch lies prostrate on the floor ;
And, with one stroke, throughout the piece,
All animation’s made to cease.

—The Painter brings the promis’d aid,
And views the change that has been made.

He sees the Picture's alter'd state,
And owns the master-hand of Fate.

“ But, why,” he cries, “ should Artists grieve
“ When MODELS die,—if PICTURES live?”





The Genealogist.

OF all the Passions that infest
The mansion of the human breast,
Which trouble with continual strife
The nobler Charities of Life ;
That which stirs up the greatest pother,
And claims to bear down ev'ry other,
Is PRIDE, which seems to fill more room,
More various titles to assume,
Than any tenant we can find,
Within the chambers of the mind.
The Passion, doubtless, is the same,
Or in the low or titled name ;
And may be trac'd up to the sense
Of what is call'd *Pre-eminence*,
Whether in those who men command,
Or such as drive their *Four-in-Hand* ;

In busy Maid who plies the broom,
Or Dame of Rank in Drawing Room.
Pride may be found in him who creeps
Up chimnies, and those chimnies sweeps;
Or in his breast who day and night
Climbs up Ambition's dizzy height.
But 'tis not here the verse intends
To mark the fair and noble ends
Of *Pride*, too little understood,
Which is a virtue in the good;
That dignifies th' exalted state
Of those who are both good and great :
That, sanction'd by right Reason's law,
Keeps the submissive crowd in awe :—
No, 'tis the *Pride* which makes men mad,
And is a vice among the bad ;
Or, bred in Fashion's motley school,
Is a known folly in the fool,
With vain and idle objects fraught,—
That now awakes the moral thought.
Thus, if we look around, 'tis seen
That some are proud of being mean :

Or, boasting of their various feats,
Are even proud of being cheats:—
Are not Attornies ever vain,
Of cunning, tricking, and chicane?
They're known to have a certain pride,
In cheating all the world beside.
Some vaunt their mighty power in drinking,
As if 'twere praise to banish thinking.
'Tis said, that Cælia has the trick
Of being vain of being sick;
And that she feels superior grace
In languid looks and pallid face;—
That she would think herself a fright,
And charge it as an act of spite,
If Health should give the ruddy hue
That decks the cheeks of *Moll* or *Sue*.
If Shopkeeper or Artizan
Wants to be thought a Gentleman,
The Herald, first he humbly pays;
And then, in order due, displays
His arms upon a one-horse chaise.

}

The new-made Noble in the Gout,
About his titles makes a rout ;
Then bids the Carver ply his tool
To aggrandize a footing stool
With sculptur'd arms, that all may see
The splendid show of Heraldry,
Which, in his new-born honours great,
He treads beneath his hobbling feet ;
While on his gilded crutch is set
The all-ennobling Coronet.
Others, who boast an ancient race,
And to remotest ages trace
Of ancestors a noble line,
Who through successive ages shine ;
Whose proud and honourable name
By Hist'ry is consign'd to Fame ;—
Yet, if by Fortune's fatal frown
The ancient Fabric tumbles down ;
If by profuse or vitious taste
The vast domains are brought to waste,
Lament it as a dire disgrace
To mix with an inferior race,

Whose wealth would happily restore
Their state to what it was before.

Not so the old Lord Freeland, He
Fond as he was of Ancestry,
And ancient name, could not restrain
Of wounded pride the daily pain,
When debts unpaid assail'd his gate,
And his domains refus'd the weight
Of mortgages, whose loud demands
Call'd for the sale of house and lands:
While the axe menac'd all the wood
Which round his noble mansion stood
With stately, venerable grace,
The boast and grandeur of the place.

“ Embarrass'd as I am,” said he,

“ I'll not a noble beggar be,

“ If means of honour can be found

“ To heal my fortune's wasting wound.

“ Ne'er have I England's rights betray'd;

“ No bribe my voice has ever paid,

“ Nor will I e'er my name degrade;

}
}

“ Nor shall its public fame be lost

“ By Pension, or by servile Post.”

In short, Lord Freeland had the wit

To wed a very wealthy Cit;

And, on his golden wedding-day,

All his distresses pass'd away.

The bonny, and the happy bride

Adopts her lordly husband's pride;

And is most willing to forget

All but the charming Coronet;

Nay, with remembrance is at war,

Of all things East of Temple Bar;

While he calls in the Herald's aid

To hide the blot that has been made

In the pure flow of ages three,

The period of his pedigree.

—'Tis all arrang'd in order due,

The splendid Roll's expos'd to view:

The Man of Arms a tip-toe stands,

And the fair scene of Blood expands:

A finer Lineage ne'er was drest,

With Ensign, Quartering, and Crest;

True in all forms—and to the letter ;
Sir ISAAC never sold a better.
The Peer, with much delight explains
The blood that flow'd throughout his veins :
My Lady too began to purr,
That such fine blood belong'd to her.
Thus as th' Escutcheons she survey'd,
Cocking her glass, she gravely said :
But, my dear Lord, are you quite sure,
The Herald has left out the Brewer ?
For 'twould not this fine roll exalt,
To have it smell of Hops and Malt.
My *Uncle's* name I much revere,
But do not wish to see it here.—
—Be not alarm'd, my Lady dear ;
His name your eye will never see,
On any branch of our tree.
Remember I Sir ISAAC quote :
—“ Your UNCLE never had a *Coat*. ”—

}

My Lady in a passion flew ;—
He lies, she cried, and so do you.—

My good old Uncle dress'd as well
(A truth his Taylor's bills can tell)
As any Lord within the land,
And could a little cash command :
This I, his Heiress, do declare :
You know it too, who're simp'ring there.
The Herald, who may please to scoff,
Would wear the cloaths which he cast off.
He talk of dress—a scurvy fellow;—
Except, when dress'd like Punchinello,
He stalks, as proud as he can go,
A shape in some state Puppet show,
His cloaths would scarcely tempt a Jew
The shabby bargain to pursue.
Or if the parsimonious brute
Appears at times in velvet suit,
All know 'tis furnish'd from a Pall ;
His fee at some state Funeral.
I'll drive the sentence down his throat ;
—That UNCLE JOHN ne'er had a COAT.—
Cease, Lady dear, cease your alarms;—
The Herald meant—a COAT OF ARMS.—

—That's not so bad ;—but I can state,
That He had ARMS upon his Plate.—
—My Lady dear, I think 'twere best
That we should let the matter rest :
Our argument will not prevail ;
The plate was purchas'd at a SALE ;
And the good Knight, a little vain,
Thought fit to let the ARMS remain.
'Tis my advice,—your anger cease,
And let the Herald live in peace.
Our Honours will be more secure
To sink the Bearings of the Brewer.

Thus, while they talk the matter o'er,
The splendid Roll sinks on the floor ;
And lo, a sight brimful of fears :—
The HERALD'S gone, and DEATH appears.
His Lordship starts, and shakes, and falls :
My Lady stares, and screams, and squalls.
“ Make not,” said Death, “ this mighty stir ;
“ You're now a wealthy Dowager,

“ And may, perhaps, for many a year,

“ Live on, the Widow of a Peer.

“ But ’twere as well to lay aside

“ This embryo of human pride.

“ Whether from Priam you descend,

“ Or your Dad cried—*Old chairs to mend*;

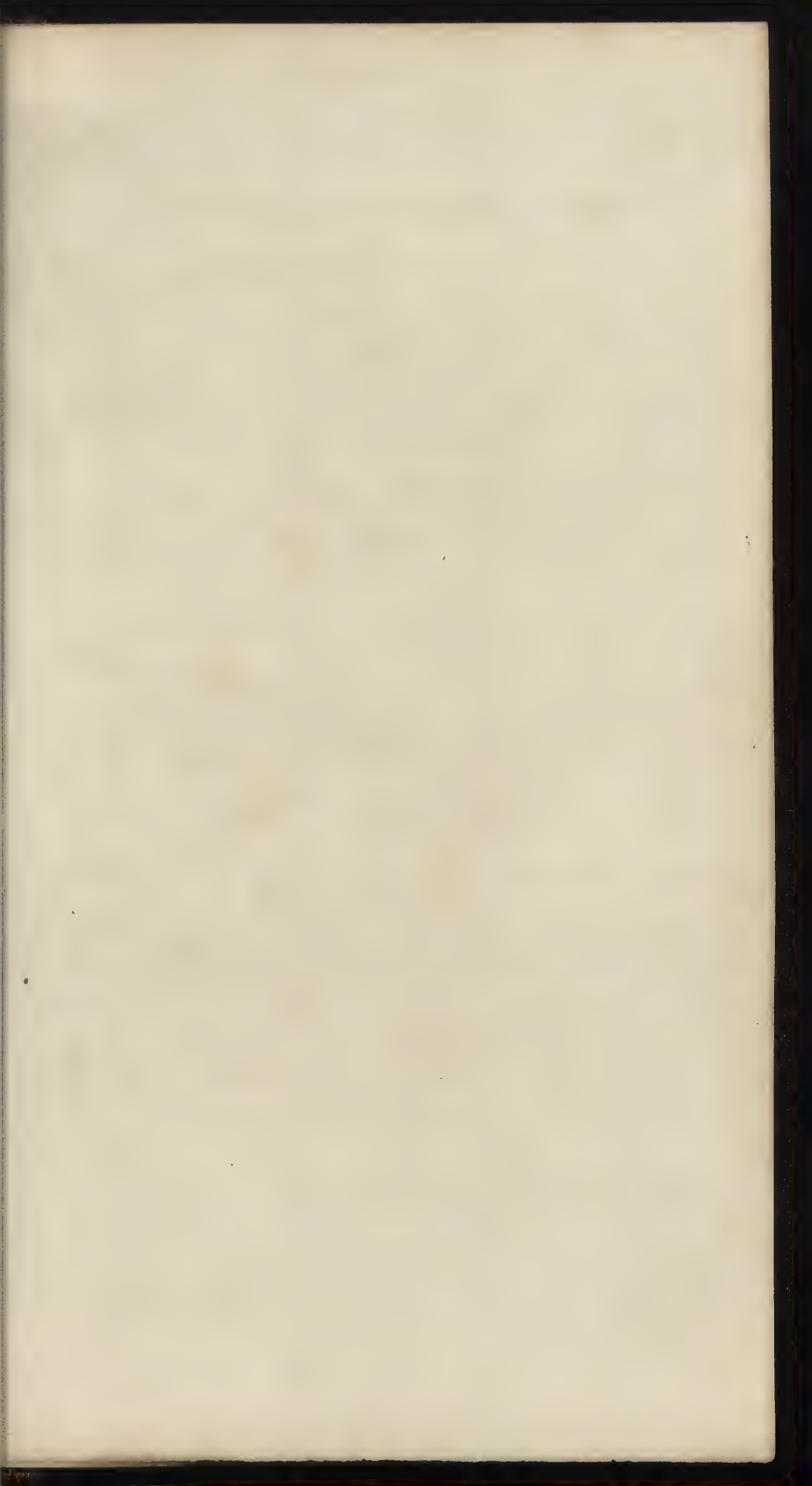
“ When you are summon’d to your end,

“ You will not shun the fatal blow ;

“ And sure, you’re old enough to know,

“ That though each varying Pedigree

“ Begins with TIME,—it ends with ME.”



Two skeletons of a doorman's to stand.



The Catchpole.



LAW is, or should the offspring be
 Of JUSTICE and HUMANITY,
 And prove as plain as A, B, C.
 Should go strait forward on its way,
 Nor e'er be subject to delay :
 No crosses should its steps prolong
 To what is right, or what is wrong.
 The LAW is just,—the LAW is good,
 While suffer'd to be understood ;
 But, 'tis the PRACTICE that confounds it,
 Winding its mystic Nonsense round it;
 And such fallacious arts possessing,
 It to a curse converts the blessing.

PRACTICE, the fruit of am'rous sport,
 In *King's-Bench Walks*, or *Fig-Tree Court* ;

What time *Contention* did constrain
To his embrace the Fiend *Chicane*;
When, drugg'd with Pleadings, Justice slept,
While Reason saw the deed, and wept.
Then issued forth the Parchment brood
Of *Writs*, ill-fated brotherhood;
Born to entangle and perplex,
Their Cradle,—the Attorney's desk:
Fi Fa's, Ca Sa's, and all the fry
That fill the CATCHPOLE'S Diary:
Then crabbed *Special Pleading* comes,
With all its *Clerks*, and all its *Bums*.
O *Special Pleading*!—what an Art
T'enlarge the mind, and mend the heart!
O *Special Pleading*! what a Science
To bid all Common Sense defiance,
Which not an head can understand,
Unless 'tis deck'd with wig and band.

But He, perhaps, is worth the knowing,
Who sets all these fine things a-going.

Your foul Attorney is a wretch,
That's far inferior to JACK KETCH.
—When grave, lamenting Law has done
Its justice on some wicked one ;
That Minister performs his part
Or on the scaffold, or the cart :
Life's the due forfeit of the deed :
The Felons hang—the Traitors bleed :
Convicted crimes their fate endure,
And life and limb are more secure.
—But, 'tis the Pettifogger's art,
With practis'd craft, and flinty heart,
With Fictions, Quirks, and tardy Pleas,
To aid th' accumulating Fees.
He lifts his head at others' ruin,
Nor fears to profit by undoing :
Of his whole Life the great intent
Is to perplex and circumvent ;
He guides his keen, voracious sense,
With all the zeal of impudence ;
And pledges it a just vocation
To quicken by *Procrastination*.

—With the vile *Catch-pole* at his heels,
Think you the *Pettifogger* feels
For aught, but how the *Suit* proceeds?
Nay, he will mock the heart that bleeds.
He idly jokes, or pertly prates
O'er the distress he meditates;
And cheers, with looks alert and gay,
The blood-hound to his destin'd prey.
Will he not smile when Knavery gains
The pelf which Honesty disdains?
Think you he frowns when Rascals thrive,
And Virtue struggles hard to live?
What's it to him though orphans mourn,
Though husbands from their wives are torn,
Though houseless children, turn'd abroad,
Ask alms, or pilfer on the road,
So that low-born Contention reigns;
The Dæmon that rewards his pains.
Such Caitiffs vile will risk their souls
In cheating honest men and fools.
Had I the pow'r, as I've the will,
My patriot wishes to fulfil;

Justice at length should fully meet 'em,
And with the *Laws of Turkey* greet 'em :
To such as these I'd give no quarter,
But pound the Rascals in a mortar*.

To cure these evils REDESDALE came,
An ever venerated name ;
Who, for his labours to improve
The rights of Justice, and remove,
With wise reform, the cruel power
That prey'd on Freedom's rightful hour,
And save Misfortune from the thralls
Which dwell within the Prison walls,
Deserves as well the sculptur'd stone
As e'en the laurell'd Wellington.
—The one, amid the Fields of War,
Chain'd Fortune to his rapid car,
And to blest Britain's cherish'd name,
Adds a resplendent wreath of Fame:—

* The Lawyers in Turkey, in certain cases of criminality, suffer death in this manner.


—The other forms his well-wrought plan,
To aid the civil rights of Man;
And through his country to increase,
The blessings of domestic Peace.

But 'twill appear, in every view,
As the Muse doth her tale pursue,
Tho' much is done—there's much to do.

Honest *Tom Frolicsome* was known
At ev'ry Coffee-house in Town.
No one more free from pride or art,
Or e'er could boast a warmer heart :
He never saw a luckless friend
To whom he did not give or lend ;
Nor e'er was known to be unwilling
To share his guinea or his shilling.
—It so fell out that one fine day,
He met *Jack Shiftly* in his way ;
Who told a melancholy tale,
How Lawyers threat, and Duns assail.
So *Tom*, to save him from the paw
Of the fell *Myrmidons of Law*,

Consented kindly to be bound
In the vast sum of Twenty pound.
Jack, with profound professions, said,
“ Within the month it shall be paid.”
The month soon pass’d, and it occur’d
To honest *Jack* to keep his word ;
But, as his debts he could not pay,
Why *Jack* took fright and ran away,
And left his friend to be the debtor,
With all the threats of Lawyer’s letter.
But *Nathan Shark* not only wrote,
He paid a visit with the Note :
For e’en a rap at any door,
Would tell for *Six and eight-pence* more :—
But friendly *Tom*, whene’er at home,
Was ne’er denied, let who would come.
—Good Mr. *Shark*, says *Tom*, d’ye see,
This is a trifling sum to me :
But it so happens that, just now,
My Banker’s book is rather low ;

And, as the Debt is not my own,
A fact to you so clearly known ;
And as I'm sure, you won't deny
My honour and ability,
If till Monday next you wait,
Th' indulgence will not be too great :
At ten o'clock, you'll send or come ;—
I will engage to be at home,
When your demand I'll truly pay,
With thanks, for your four days' delay.
Shark bow'd and smil'd ; for here he saw
There was a loop-hole for the Law.
To wait would never make a bill,
Nor help the Lawyer's purse to fill ;
So the next day, as *Tom* was walking.
And with two charming Misses talking,
Dick Catchpole did the party meet
And, with a *Writ*, his Honour greet.
—You are arrested now you know,
And so with me you e'en must go,
Whether it is your will, or no.

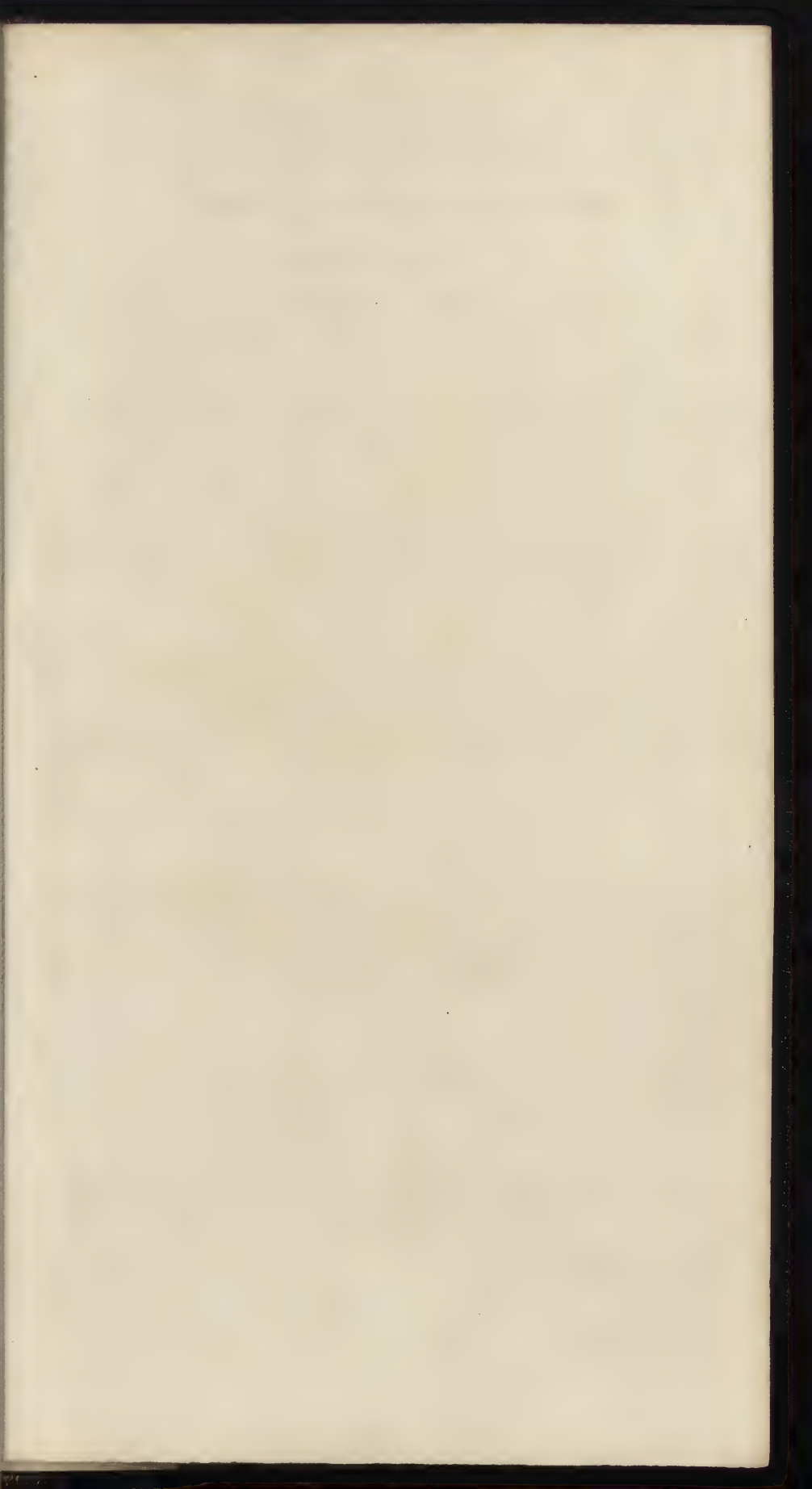


This fellow was a perfect brute,
A Sheriff's vilest substitute :
His wishes base, his purpose dark,
Just a fit instrument for *Shark*.
His housebreaking, burglarious Sire,
Did before Newgate wall expire ;
And his Dam kept a *Little-Go* :
When, for a trifling trick or two,
She, by due course of law was sent
Safe to *Port Jackson*, to repent.

Tom's ruddy cheeks lost all their blood ;
But when he found how matters stood,—
Why then, said he, the debt I'll pay ;
And let me go, without delay.
No, no, said *Dick*—that will not do ;
I know a better thing or two :
I can't tell what the costs may be ;
And, till they're paid,—you'll rest with me.
So no more words,—for you must come—
—Then send to *Shark*.—He's not at home :

He to a Ven'son feast is gone
At Wandsworth, or at Wimbledon :
Therefore, come on, and rest in peace,
To-morrow you'll have your release.

Thus, as he told his stern command,
A griesly Spectre's fleshless hand
His shoulder touch'd :—It chill'd his blood,
And at the sight he trembling stood.
—You long have ow'd, the Phantom said,
What now must instantly be paid.——
—O give me Time!——Thou Caitiff Dun,
You know, full well, you gave *him* none.
Your Life's the debt that I am suing ;
'Tis the last process, Master Bruin.——
—I'll put in Bail above ;——No, no :
OLD NICK shall be your BAIL BELOW.



James A. Fiske, Ltd.'s entry at K. Aldermann's, 201 Strand.



The Insurance Office.

SELF-INTEREST by some is said,
To be the universal trade
Which men of ev'ry rank pursue ;
And if, what some folks say, be true,
Of ev'ry kind of Woman too. }
For wealth the Sailor ploughs the main,
The Merchant thinks of nought but gain ;—
We even see superior sense,
And all the powers of eloquence,
Nay, ev'ry impulse of the breast,
Yield to the calls of Interest.
But if nor base, nor sordid view
Blends with the purpose we pursue,
If sage Discretion's cautious art
Corrects the errors of the heart ;
If Prudence o'er the plan presides,
And for its ends the means provides,

Which, pointed to some rightful use,
Shall tranquil Happiness produce :
'Tis that Self-Int'rest—that Self-Love
Which Truth and Virtue must approve ;
And gives perfection to the plan
That ought to govern social Man.

How easy then to draw the line
Between the motives that combine,
To guide the intellectual power
Whose regulation rules the hour
Which fills the short, uncertain span
Allotted to the race of Man.
'Tis Good or Evil.—Passion's flame
That lights to deeds of splendid name,
Or the temp'rate warmth benign,
Whose rays on humble Virtue shine,
Alike, by different means, possess,
The varied boon of Happiness.


Beneath her roof domestic Care,
The daily labour doth prepare.

The Father, anxious to provide
For the young Offspring by his side ;
The Mother, with her infant press'd,
In doting fondness, to her breast ;
The bounteous Man whose open door
Receives the wand'rer and the poor ;
The Hero, in his banner'd car,
Smiling amid the scenes of war ;
The learned, philosophic Sage
Who toils to teach a list'ning age,
And Piety, that points the way
To regions of eternal day ;
Each has an Int'rest to pursue,
And keeps the fav'rite point in view,—
The Interest, well understood,
In each condition, to be Good ;
And that true Happiness to know
Which Virtue only can bestow.

But less exalted views, we trust,
May still be honest, and be just ;
And Int'rests, less refin'd, may be
Pursu'd with strict propriety.

Wealth may be sought without a vice,
For Prudence is not Avarice.
The gen'rous, independent spirit,
Which 'tis a blessing to inherit,
In all its energies depends
On the right use of means to ends.
Nay, 'tis the use of these same tools
Distinguishes Wise Men from Fools.
—A reason soon will rise to view,—
Why we may add *Wise Women* too.

Tir'd of a stupid, single state,
NED FREEMAN took a charming mate.
He was a man of some degree,
Renown'd for hospitality :
And all those virtues we admire
In him who's dubb'd a Country 'Squire.
Health beam'd upon his smiling face ;
His cheeks display'd a ruddy grace.
His jolly form, and visage, bore
The marks of thirty years, or more,
And look'd as he might reach threescore.



Such was the subject of their chat
One ev'ning as this couple sat,
And ponder'd o'er, like man and wife,
The prospect of their future Life.
She was a tender, faithful Spouse,
Obedient to her marriage vows;
Nor, like some wives, was fond to boast,
That, she at home, could rule the roast.
But Mrs. *Freeman* ne'er would balk
Her fancy, when she chose to talk.
And then dear *Ned*, but not through fear,
Would hold his tongue, and lend his ear.
This evening she had much to say,
And told it in her usual way.

—I know, my Dear, you love me well,
As I am very proud to tell;
And to confess, I am most willing,
You married me without a shilling:
But what disgrace 'twould be, you know,
Were you to die and leave me so:

Nature, in all her freaks and fun,
Has never given us a Son ;
And there's no jointure, Sir, for me
Without that same Contingency.
For your Estate's so bound and tied,
So settled and transmogrified,
(A thing one scarcely can believe)
You've not a thousand pounds to leave.
—To you, my Love, I trust in Heav'n,
The promise of long life is given,
And were I sure 'twas Heaven's intent
To take me first, I'd be content :
But you, I fear, my dearest Life
Are ten years older than your wife.
Besides, your spirit in the Field :——
To you the boldest Hunters yield ;
And should He not his ardor check,
My *Ned*, perhaps, may break his neck ;
And then, in that impoverish'd state,
Say, what would be your widow's fate?—
I know it well,—I act no part :—
Your Widow then would break her heart.

Is't not enough that, o'er the grave
Of him I lov'd my grief must rave ;
But I, to aggravate my cares,
Must be dependent on his Heirs !
They hate me now,—illiberal men !
Nor can I think they'd love me then.
'*Squire Freeman's Relict* must not live
On any thing they chuse to give,

—The tears now flow'd, and honest *Ned* }
Pinch'd her plump cheek, and kindly said, }
Weep not yet, Girl, I am not dead :
And, if we live another day,
The Mail shall bear us on our way,
With rapid haste, to London town,
Where all you wish for shall be done.
To prove how much I love my wife,
By Jingo, I'll insure my Life ;
And if kind Fate is pleas'd to give
Ned Freeman but ten days to live ;—
Then, if he dies ;—why, I'll be bound
You shall be worth ten thousand pound.

At length arriv'd,—with spirits light
From the refreshments of the night,
The parties leave the Two-neck'd Swan,
Or for the **GLOBE**, or **PELICAN**,
When they explain, with all due care,
The object of their errand there.

The Doctor's call'd—his eye to throw
On the good 'Squire from top to toe.
The sage Director stands beside
In dictatorial pomp and pride,
Th' important Scrutiny to guide.
—Doctor,—you'll now be pleas'd to scan
The features of that Gentleman ;
And tell us, whether that round paunch
Has been nurs'd up by ham and haunch :
Say, if that vast protuberance
Comes from ill habits, or from chance.
Think you that crimson glow is health,
Or form'd by drink, or made by stealth.
Those legs, which now appear so stout,
Have they been tickled by the Gout.—

—And, Doctor, for your private ear,
Does not this Country 'Squire appear
Older, at least, by half a year
Than what he has been pleas'd to state?

—May we trust the Certificate?—

To this the Doctor sage agreed :—
The Office then was duly feed ;
And sign'd and seal'd each formal deed.

Now Death, who sometimes loves to wait
At an Insurance Office gate,
To baffle the Accountant's skill
And mock the calculating quill,
Had just prepar'd his cunning dart
To pierce *Ned Freeman's* tranquil heart :—
But lest the stroke should cause dispute,
And Lawyers conjure up a Suit,
Death was determined to delay
Ned's exit to a future day ;
And the dull moment to amuse,
He turn'd—and kill'd a pair of Jews.

Thus was the Husband's life insur'd,
And the Wife's future wealth secur'd.

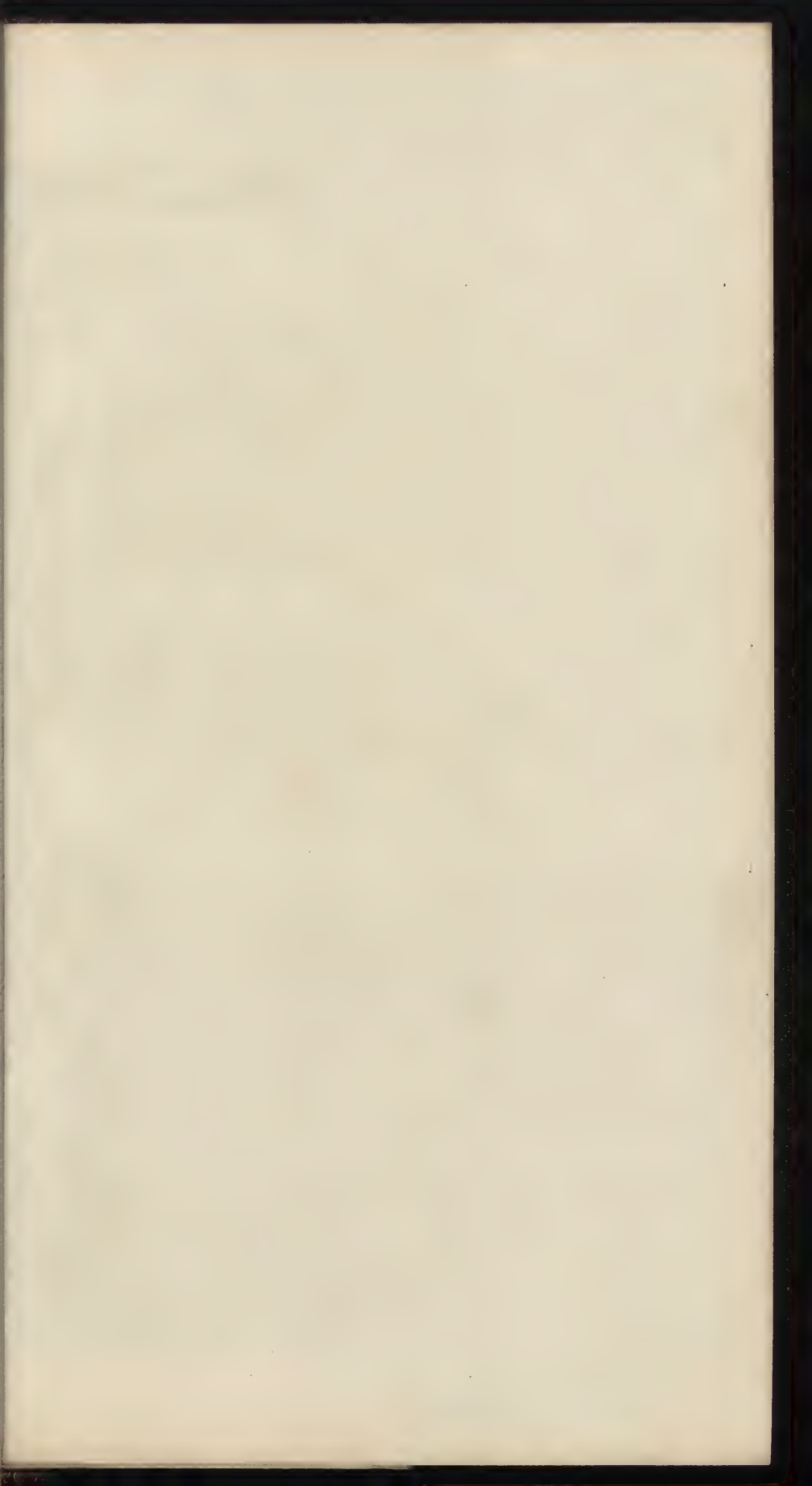
Then to their Inn they went to dine ;
And while the 'Squire enjoy'd his wine,
Madam, thus thought she might impart
The secret wishes of her heart.
—Now, my dear *Ned*, as we're in Town,
And all this happy bus'ness done,
We may as well a fortnight stay ;
Go to Vauxhall—and see a Play ;
With every sight which now occurs :
The Grand Illustrious Visitors,
Princes, and Cossacs, and Lord Mayors,
And flaming Fire-works, and Fairs ;
With all the noble, splendid train,
Which London may ne'er see again.
It will, no doubt, respect command
To've had an Emperor by the hand.
How great the boast, 'mong country folk,
To say we've seen old *Blucher* smoke.
How, at my head they'll stare, when on it
They see an Oldenburghian Bonnet.
—Hunting, you know, has long been done,
And Harvest is not yet begun :

Let us the interval employ
These recreations to enjoy.
'*Squire Freeman*, with his heart at ease,
Happy and proud his wife to please,
To grant her ev'ry wish consented,
And smil'd to see her so contented.
But DEATH had not forgot his Fiat—
So bid a Fever set him quiet ;
And e'er, alas, ten days were past,
Honest *Ned Freeman* breath'd his last.
The Doctor call'd, to certify
His glowing health, now saw him die.

Thus she, who lately came to Town,
With not a doit that was her own,
Weeping attends her Husband's hearse,
With many a thousand in her purse ;
And proves that she's of Wives the best,
Who knows her REAL INTEREST.

The Schoolmaster.

HERMIPPUS, as the Story's told,
A *Schoolmaster*, in times of old,
Is said to have drawn out his days
As long, as *Horace Walpole* says,
The *Countess Desmond's* Annals ran—
To twice the common Age of Man
And that his Life did thus extend
Beyond what Nature might intend,
By the balsamic Breath of those
Who did his youthful School compose.
And while their Lips new health exhales,
He drove in Learning at their Tails.
Whether Ma'am *Desmond* did employ
The Respirations of a Boy,
Or blooming Girls, who breath'd perfume
To purify her dressing-room,





We neither know, nor shall we strive
Into those hidden powers to dive
That kept the Dame so long alive.
Nor shall we yet attempt to seek 'em
In the old Age of DOCTOR GREEKUM.
For years he now had reach'd fourscore,
And yet he was for adding more;
Nay, envied ev'ry rosy boy
Who did his learned care employ,
Whene'er his Fancy might conceive
How long the Child would have to live.
But then the Rev'rend Pedant said,
It was not that he felt afraid
Of Death, or of his future fate,
In that unknown and awful state,
Which 'twas Religion to believe
Would wait on those who cease to live;
But that he might secure his fame,
Might eternise a learned name;

As one more *Lustrum** would produce
A work of such acknowledg'd use—
So full of deep, recondite knowledge,
That ev'ry School and ev'ry College
Would, both in Greek and Latin lays,
His Genius and his Learning praise.
That finish'd, he would go to bed
With joy, among the Honour'd Dead.

Such were the Doctrines of the Sage,
Whene'er he talk'd about his age;—
And such, at length, he had to plead,
Where mortal reas'nings ne'er succeed:
For, as he held the Sov'reign sway
Whose rod submissive Boys obey,
And look'd around him from his throne,
Whose pow'r no subject dare disown,
He, nor without emotion, saw
A Shape who did that pow'r o'erawe,

* In Classic Authors, it appears,
A *Lustrum* occupies five years.

Who bade him from his seat descend,
And on his Visitor attend.

I know you well, the Doctor said,
And that your will must be obey'd.
The circling hours that in their flight
Consume the day and waste the night:
The circling hours and varying year,
Convince us all is mortal here *.
In Spring the Winter melts away,
The Spring is lost in Summer ray;
Then Summer dies in Autumn's reign,
And slow-pac'd Winter comes again:
Again the balmy Spring returns;
And the fierce sultry Summer burns:
The Autumn fruits again abound,
And Time thus makes its yearly round:
The Moon renews her silver light—
But when we seek the depths of night,

* *Imortalia ne speres, monet annus & alium
Quæ rapit Hora diem.*

Frigora Mitescunt Zephyris, &c.—HON. LIB. iv. Od. 6.

Where all the rich, the brave are laid,
We're only ashes and a shade.
—I know you well, and understand
To what you point your fleshless hand ;
I see you mark my final hour,
And bend me to that awful power
Which tells me I must soon be laid
In the dark Tomb's eternal shade.
That I may wish to live, is true,
But not that I'm afraid of you ;
My only care's to leave behind
A stock of Learning for mankind ;
Which, had I some few years to live
It would be GREEKUM's pride to give :
But, though it is your will, I see,
To rob the world of that and me ;
You might have come without intrusion,
Nor caus'd this bustle and confusion.
No warning given :—'Tis quite shocking
That you should enter without knocking,
In spite of the *Horatian* rule
That's taught in ev'ry Classic School.

Mors Pulsat, which, if I am pat in,
 The purport of the Poet's Latin;
 And which, believe me, I who quote it,
 Know full as well as him who wrote it,
 Means that you should some notice give,
 E'er that you bid us cease to live;
 That you should knock, at least, and wait,
 Till some one opes th' unwilling gate*.

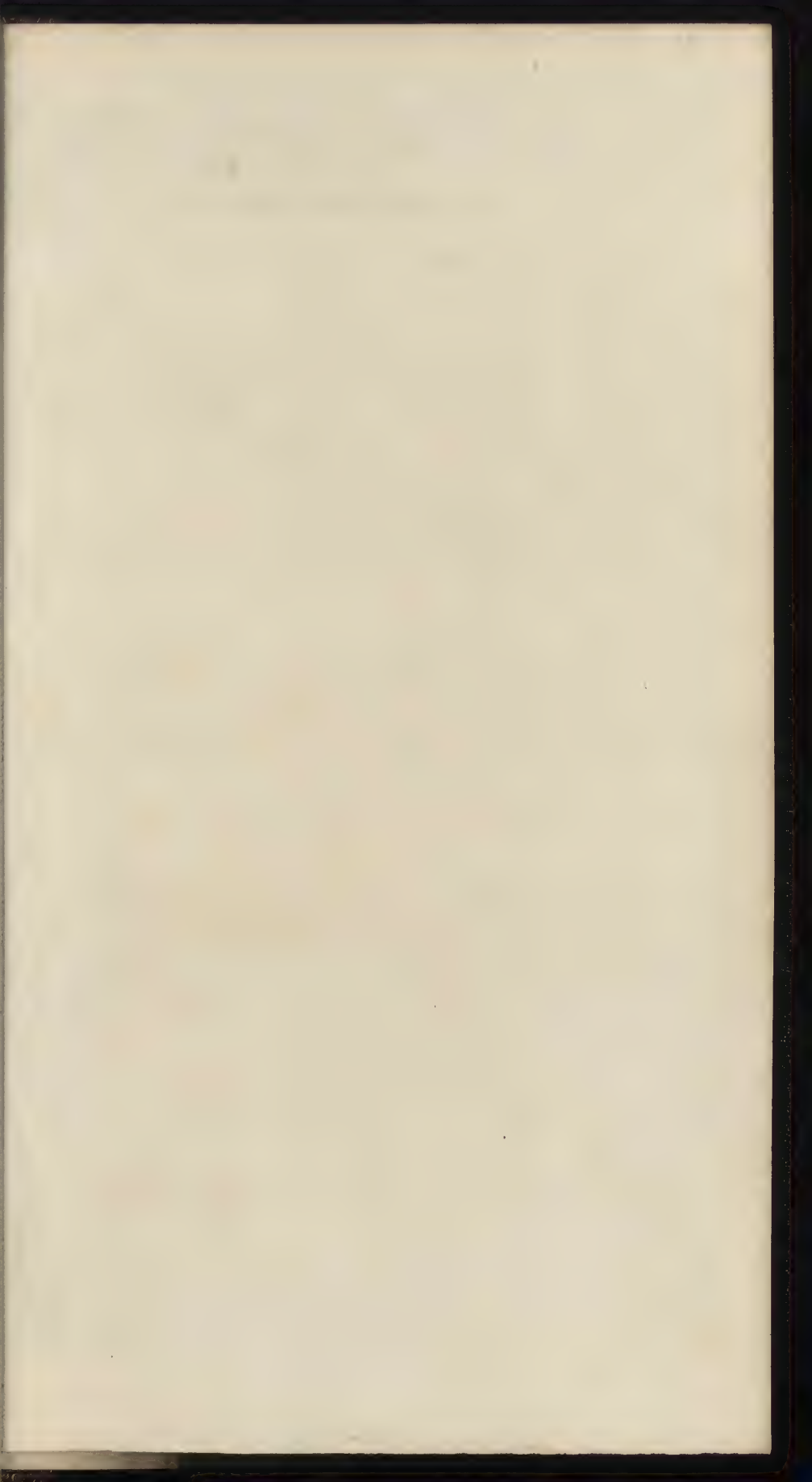
Doctor, this Dart will neither speak
 In Hebrew, Latin, or in Greek;
 But has a certain Language known
 In ev'ry age as in our own;
 Which ev'ry clime will comprehend
 Until the world itself shall end.
 —Now, *Horace* had no other warning
 Than you receive this very morning;
 When eighteen hundred years ago,
 Of this same dart he felt the blow.

* *Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
 Regumque turres, &c.* —Hor. Lib. i. Od. 4.

————— Pale-fac'd Fate
 Knocks at the Palace as the Cottage gate.

Besides, to him by Fate 'twas given,
To quit this Life at Fifty-seven ;
And you, sage Sir, have reach'd Four-score,
E'er that your mortal Journey's o'er.
I ne'er but once my visit pay ;—
My errand ne'er allows delay :
But Time, you know, with his bald pate,
Has long been knocking at your gate.

—But you'll at least these Urchins spare,
They are my last—my only care.——
—I'll hurt them not,—I'll only scare 'em :
So die,—and *Mors est Finis rerum*.
Which, for your Scholars, I'll translate—
DEATH strikes the Learn'd,—the Little, and the
Great.



London, Pub (let) (big at R. Ackermann's, 101 Strand.



The Coquette.

DEATH is a very PROTEUS—He,
(Where shall we find a simile
To give a clear and proper notion
Of the Scare-crow's perpetual motion?)
Sometimes, amid the fields of war
Grimly rolls on his iron car;
Where, as he guides its rapid wheel,
Thousands his bloody jav'lin feel:
Then spreads his pinions to dispense
The mortal breath of Pestilence;
And where his distant flight is sped,
He gluts on regions of the dead.
Then he the pois'nous sickle wields,
That desolates the fruitful fields,
Where meagre millions look aghast,
And Famine aids the mortal blast.

—Upon the foamy wave he rides,
And the resistless whirlwind guides :
So fierce the angry torrents pour,
So loud the furious billows roar,
That the brave Seaman's cheek grows pale :
Fearless no more, he quits the sail,
And the proud Vessel, that defies
The strength of mortal enemies,
Yields her to the all-powerful blow,
And sinks into the gulph below.
—In the deep caverns of the Earth,
He gives those dire commotions birth ;
Which, by their elemental power,
Shake down the Temple and the Tower,
Whose lofty tops approach the skies ;
While Man beneath the ruins dies.
—From hence we turn.—To these vast deeds
The common Episode succeeds :
And now we view his hourly plan
Against the general Life of Man.
Here he assumes the Fever's heat ;
The blood flows quick, the pulses beat ;

There, in the trembling Ague quakes,
When ev'ry chilly member shakes ;
Or in an Asthma heaves the breast,
That night and day refuses rest :
Or racking gout wrapt up in fur,
That suffers not a limb to stir :
And thus his various power employs,
And thus the race of Man destroys.
—But, 'tis not merely by DISEASE
He doth his hourly victims seize ;
He claims the PASSIONS that impart
Their impulse to the Human heart :
They barb his dart with hopeless care
Or the sharp fury of Despair,
Or plant the ling'ring Sorrow there : —
Ambition's sleepless lust of power,
And Disappointment's madd'ning hour ;
Or, in the form of raging Pride,
He views the gasping Suicide.
In the world's cares he plays his part,
And, with a Law-suit, breaks a heart ;

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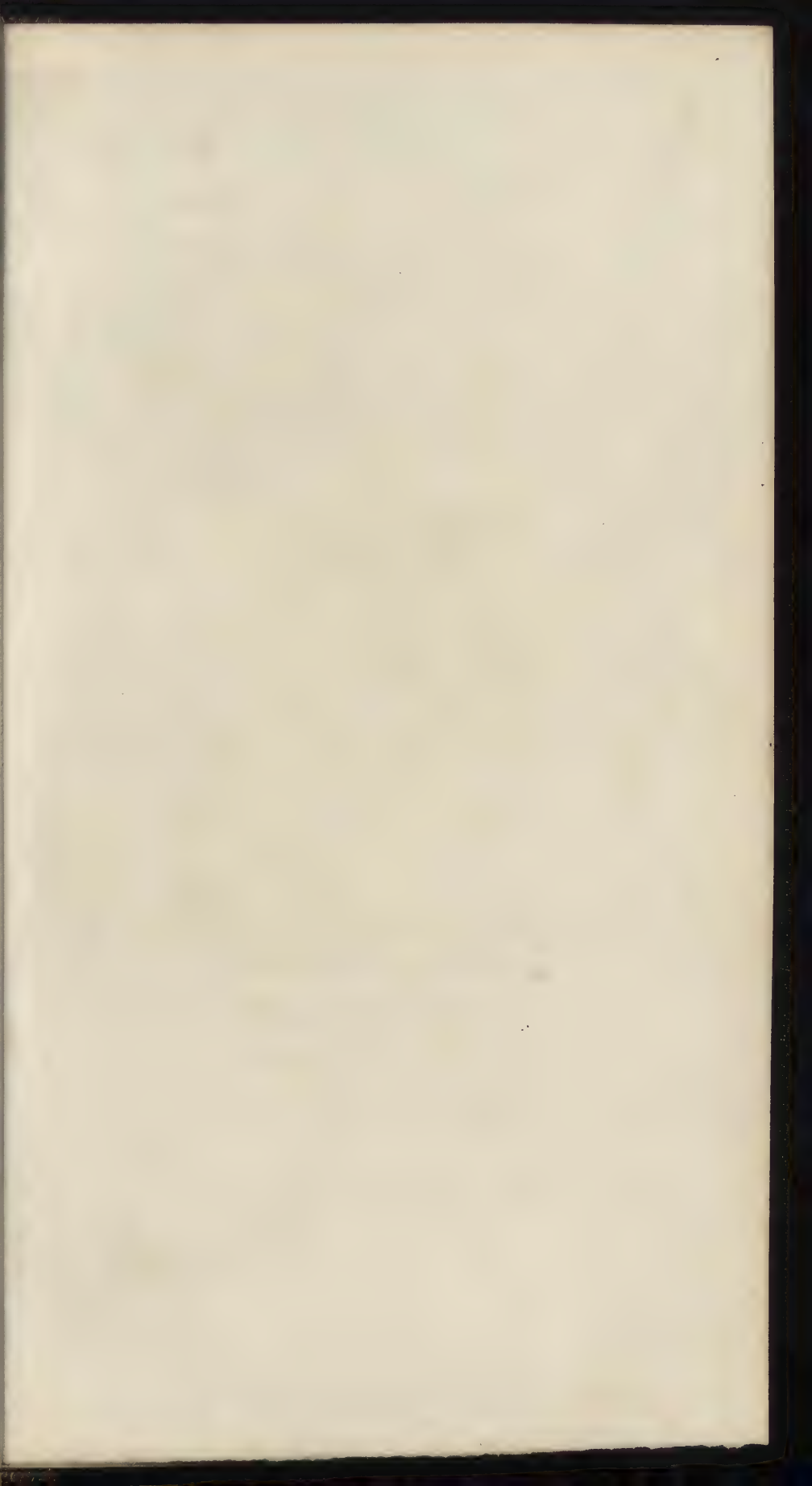
Or makes e'en Pleasure, light and gay,
A trap to catch th' incautious prey.
Thus Flavia, in her early bloom,
Was summon'd to the silent tomb.

Beauty was her's, and ev'ry charm
That can the youthful bosom warm :
She was the very soul of Pleasure,
And Fashion's dear and darling treasure.
She waited but the hour to fix
A title, and a coach and six :
For that she studied ev'ry grace
Which aids the shape or decks the face,
For that arrang'd her auburn hair
In ringlets here, in tresses there ;
How in the dance she best could move,
To fan desire, and waken Love.
These all her serious thoughts employ ;
Nor does she guess at any joy,
But what she thinks is to be found
In the gay world's enchanting round :

She never sought Reflection's aid,
In Reason's ballance never weigh'd
Or good or ill ; the law alone
That govern'd Flavia was—the Ton.
Her sister died ; the tears she shed,
Did not lament Corinna dead :—
They flow'd that, for a month to come,
She was forbid to stir from home ;
And that for six, her form divine,
Black crape and sars'net, should enshrine :
For she ne'er heard that Beauty's queen
Had e'er appear'd in bombazine.
She little thought the sable dress
That did upon her spirits press,
That did the keen vexation stir,
Would soon, alas, be worn for her.
That she who could the town enslave,
Would soon be sleeping in the grave.

It was past twelve—but not yet one
When sober folks to bed were gone,

That Flavia, at her Toilette's duty,
Receiv'd the aid that's claim'd by Beauty ;
Expecting Lady Jane to call
To go to Lady Mary's Ball :
But, as her lovely form receiv'd
The robe which Fashion's hand had weav'd,
A shape appear'd, of such a mien
As Flavia's eyes had never seen :—
How dare you enter here, she said,
And what's this saucy Masquerade ?
Who are you ?——Betty, ring the bell.
The Shape reply'd——'Twill be your knell.
I'll save you from the swelt'ring crowd
Form'd by the vain, the gay, the proud,
For which your tawdry mind prepares
Its fruitless, its coquettish airs.
Lady, you now must quit your home,
For the cool grotto of a tomb.
Be not dismay'd ; my gallant dart
Will ease the flutt'ring of your heart.
He grinn'd a smile——the jav'lin flies——
When Betty screams——and Flavia dies.





Time & Death, and Goody Barton.

A CAUSETTE.

DEATH.

WHENCE come you, and where are you
going?

TIME.

My old Friend Death!—why, I've been
mowing:

And here have got a pretty crop

Within my common, trundling Shop.

Nay, I am hastning now to sow:

Though, at the Harvest, as you know,

WE never shall be call'd to mow.

For when that's ripe, my ancient Friend,

We shall shake hands, and find an end.

In the mean time, I'll play my part,

And try to fill my daily cart:

For full or empty I proceed,
Or with the living or the dead.
I trudge on, my old steady pace,
But yet I always win the race ;
And though I'm sober in my gait,
You know, I never stop to bait.
Let whip, or spur, the courser goad,
I shall o'ertake him on the road :
For though he paces like the wind,
At last, he will be left behind :
Wind-gall'd, or spavin'd, or broke-down,
He will my better bottom own :
And you'll take care, with all your heart,
To find me Luggage for my Cart.
Aye—partners in one common toil,
We still shall share the mortal spoil.
—But what's your present burden, pray?
The man's dispos'd to disobey ;
And while he shows that living face,
With me he cannot have a place.—

DEATH.

'Tis true, the Fellow makes a riot:
There's one jerk more—and now he's quiet.
—But, Goody Barton, what's this pother?

GOODY BARTON.

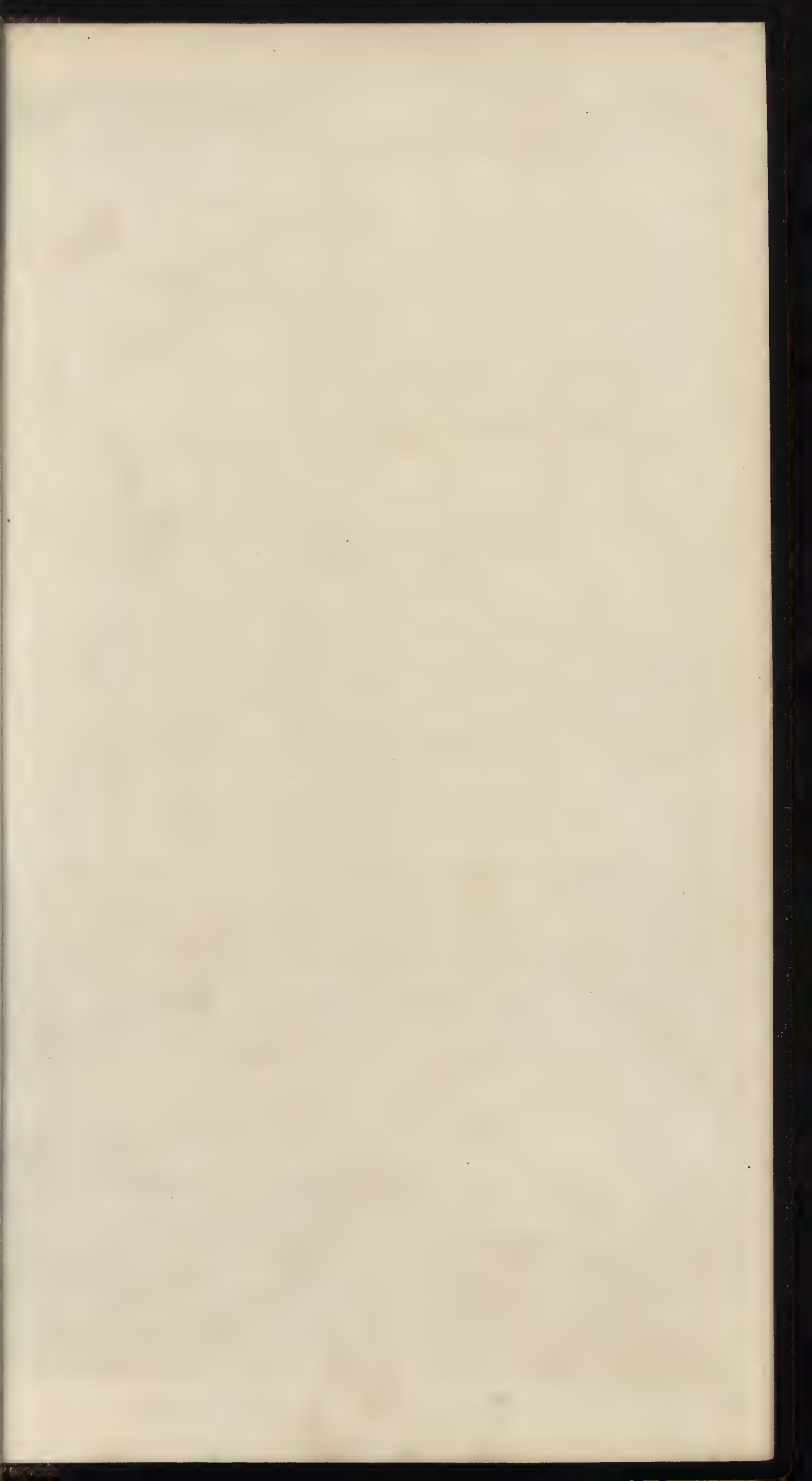
Pray stop the Cart, and take another.
For since your Worship's been so good
To snatch old Simon of the Wood, }
The plague of all the neighbourhood, }
Take this old Man; for, to be free,
He long has been a plague to me.
He married me at past threescore,
When I was blooming twenty-four :
And, as I've testimony here,
He swore he should not live a year ;
But now, as true as God's in Heaven,
The lying rogue has liv'd eleven :
While this brave Soldier, on his sword
Has sworn, that he will keep his word.
And he, bedeck'd with martial grace,
Has promis'd to supply his place.

—Now, take an injur'd woman's part,
And shove him into yonder Cart.

—I hope my freedom you'll excuse,—
But I shall weep, if you refuse.

DEATH.

My Goody, 'tis too late to-day
Time's moving on, and will not stay;
But be at rest, and save your sorrow;—
The Cart will come again, to-morrow.





The Undertaker & the Quack.

I WISH I were among the wise,
Who can the mind anatomise :
Trace to its source, with certain art,
Each impulse of the human heart :
Of ev'ry action find the cause,
By certain and unerring Laws ;
And thus be qualified to state,
Among the Little and the Great,
What are the motives that precede
Each private, or each public deed ;
Or for what just or selfish end
Man plays the foe, or acts the friend.
This, I must own, I don't possess ;
And, therefore, I could never guess

The reason why I see JOHN BULL,
This day a Wit, the next a Cull ;
At times a Sage—and then a Fool.
Examples, I'm afraid, are plenty ;
But, I must pick out one from twenty.



It has been said, that Man's best wealth,
And truly said, consists in Health ;
Yet, what a Spendthrift of the blessing,
As if it were not worth possessing ;
And then the folly is as plain,
In means to get it back again.
From hence there springs the Quacking race,
Of Medicine the foul disgrace ;
And such the folly which prevails,
Though angry Reason frowns and rails,
That oft th' Empiric cuts and carves,
While Science, in a garret starves.
What the Disease, or where the wound,
For which a cure may not be found ?
If you believe the boasted scrawl
That's pasted on each public wall.

The Undertaker, passing by,
Views it with no unwilling eye,
Nor doth the idle vaunt upbraid,
Which promises increase of trade ;
And all the Med'cine Shops he sees,
He thinks are Banks, for Sextons' fees :
A personage to Church-yards known,
Whose welfare's blended with his own.

In some old Town—no matter, where,
SCREWTIGHT had long possess'd the care
Of building houses for the dead,
Either of elm, or oak or lead,
According to the various state
Of those who felt the stroke of Fate ;
And, during thirty years, that He
Had dealt in Man's mortality,
He had consign'd to Holy Ground,
Half of his country neighbours round.
A jovial Fellow too, was NED :
He'd drink your health, and wish you dead ;

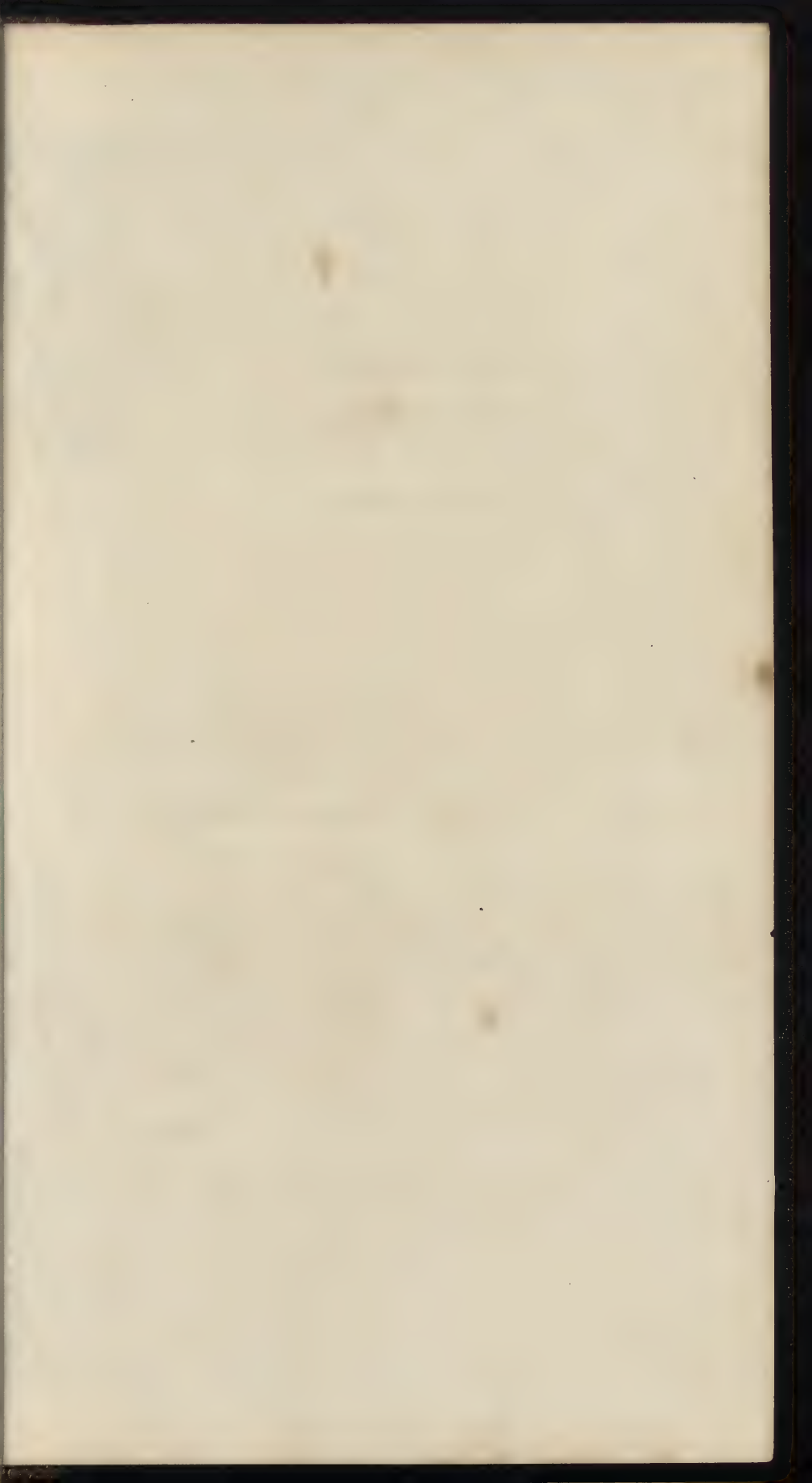
But, that was in the way of trade,
Whose interests he duly weigh'd.
He o'er the dead ne'er shed a tear
But once, as you shall quickly hear.—

A Doctor, who the art had found,
Sometimes, to make a sick man sound;
And also had a cunning trick,
As often, to make sound men sick;
While his Specific, Sov'reign Pill,
To cure all ails—would sometimes kill;
As he was one day riding home,
DEATH fancied to be frolicsome:
And leaping on the Doctor's hack,
Sat close and snugly, at his back;
And, as they reach'd NED SCREWTIGHT's door,
Death sneez'd—and NOSTRUM was no more.
NED bellow'd, as he view'd the sight,
Which put the street into a fright,
This day I never wish'd to see—
Unlucky for my trade, and me.—

—His wife exclaim'd—what's all this rout?—
 Here, bring him in, and lay him out.
 What's got into your foolish Nob?
 The man is dead—and you've a Job.—
 SCREWTIGHT hung down his head and sigh'd.
 —You foolish woman, he replied,—
 Old Nostrum, there, stretch'd on the ground,
 Was the best friend I ever found.
 The good man lies upon his back;
 And trade, will now, be very slack.
 —How shall we Undertakers thrive
 With Doctors who keep folks alive?
 You talk of jobs:—I swear 'tis true,—
 I'd sooner do the job for you.
 We've cause to grieve—say what you will;—
 For, when Quacks die,—they cease to kill.

The Masquerade.

“ LIFE is a Farce, and all things show it.”
Thus far JOHN GAY,—a pretty Poet.
While others, I believe, have said,
“ That Life is but a Masquerade.”
Some nervous people may conceive it:
But hang me, then, if I believe it.
These simple questions I would ask,
If Honesty e’er wears a mask?
If Piety takes borrow’d airs,
And in a Visor says its prayers?
When Charity serenely smiles,
Is it a Virtue that beguiles?
When Public Men support the cause
Of Justice and their Country’s Laws,
Can I suppose that they are brewing
Some Mischief for that Country’s ruin?



Or when the Soldier guards the throne
As if its power were his own ;
Should I consult or Truth or Reason,
To fancy there is lurking Treason ?
Suspicion, or Lord Bacon lies,
From Ignorance doth take its rise ;
And vain would be the various knowledge
Which I have gain'd at School and College,
If I should have that wretched failing
Which ends in Calumny and Railing.

'Twas thus I mus'd, at close of day,
As I upon the sofa lay :
When Morpheus o'er my senses crept,
And all my yielding nature slept.
The subject of my waking hour
Was carried on by Fancy's power ;
And my fine Philosophic theme
Was now transform'd into a Dream.

I thought, I somehow, was convey'd
To join a splendid Masquerade ;

And that my youthful form was drest
In some such mantle, robe or vest,
As when Philosophy was gay,
Might have bedeck'd old Seneca.
—Some rang'd aloft—and some below
Compos'd the motley, crowded show.
The lights, in parti-colour'd blaze,
Darted around their dazzling rays.
Here ev'ry aromatic flower
Sweeten'd the gay inviting bower;
And there the festive board appear'd,
While animating Music cheer'd.
With all its bustle, singing, flirting,
The scene to me was not diverting;
And calling Reason to my aid.
I thought, I rather loudly said,
Life cannot be a Masquerade.
Thus, as I spoke, a Rev'rend Sage,
As he appear'd, bent down with Age,
In a commanding, solemn tone,
Made his superior Knowledge known.

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Though you assume, with so much care,
A grave and Philosophic air ;
It is your inexperience'd youth
That glosses o'er the real truth :
This is the place where you may scan
The portraiture of social man :
Nor will your time be pass'd in vain,
If you attend, while I explain.
—See Falstaff's form ;—pray look at him,
So full of ribaldry and whim :
And yet that paunch shields from the sight,
A lean, pale, fawning Hypocrite ;
Who feeds upon the daily care
Of preaching penitence and prayer :
Nay, to his groaning Saints will tell,
A Masquerade's the way to Hell.
—What think you of that blooming fair
Who wears the crescent in her hair,
The semblance of a Virgin chaste,
With Dian's zone around her waist :
But little do these emblems suit :—
She's an abandon'd Prostitute.

—There's a Peruvian Chief, so fine—
He seems the Master of a Mine,
Whose envied Treas'ry would unfold
Ingots of silver and of gold.
There's Momus too, that foe to sorrow :
—They'll meet in the Gazette to-morrow.
—Regard that Beggar, on her crutches :
She is a young and lively Duchess.
Present her alms, and she'll receive 'em ;
Though she has not yet learn'd to give 'em.
—That stout, and well-made Pugilist,
Who stalks about with well-clench'd fist ;
And challenges to left and right,
Inviting all to come and fight ;
With this same very noisy fellow,
A squeaking, hunch-back, Punchinello.
Though their foul clamours never cease ;—
At home they're paid to keep the peace.
For so, 'tis order'd by the Fates,
They are two Police Magistrates.
—Behold Apollo, with his Lyre,
And hear him breathe Poetic Fire :

But not a couplet is his own.—

He is, in truth, the dullest drone,

That palms his nonsense on the town.

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}

—See that gay Nymph, with what a bound

She nimbly rises from the ground :

Alas, those cheeks, where Health appears

In gay disguise, are us'd to tears.

What though her arms, with am'rous rant,

Give their embrace to each gallant ;

Next week she bids adieu to men,

And goes into the Magdalen.

—There's Justice, who expounds the Laws,

And talks about the poor man's cause :

Displays the scales, and shows the sword ;

But you'll not take the rascal's word.

A Lawyer he, you may rely on't ;

Who never fails to squeeze a Client.—

—Those Lords set out in Liv'ry gay

Of red, and white, and blue, and grey ;

With tassel'd hats, and shoulders proud,

On which the epaulette's bestow'd ;

Who, thus array'd in Footman's dress,
Would every Dame of rank caress;
As they salute the passing fair,
But shew us what their Fathers were.
—You may suppose, deck'd out in pladdie,
He is some bonny Highland Laddie,
Who his bold, war-like clan can trace
Full as far back as Ossian's race,
Whose broad sword would attack a cannon;
No,—he's an offspring of the Shannon.
—That busy rogue, with rosy mien,
His night-cap white, and apron clean,
Who sharps his knife, has just forsook
His banking shop, to be a cook.
But, in his kitchen-dress, I scan
The figure of an Alderman.
Oh 'tis a gormandizing sinner,
Who's life's chief object is a dinner.
—There's the Eighth Henry, all in state,
So fat, so haughty, and so great,
Who grunts command, and cries out—Ha!
He's a spare member of the Law,

Who, having not the power to kill
A wife he's tir'd of, at his will,
Is glad at home to read a brief
That bids him strive to hang a thief.
The artful baggage who is pulling
His tinsel'd sleeve, is *Anna Bullen* :—
By her the Tyrant is not dreaded,
Nor does she fear to be beheaded.
She is a Lady at command,
Who oft has strok'd a Lawyer's band.
—Look at the nymph, so light, so slim,
Array'd in all the flow'ry trim,
In the half-transparent dress
Of some Arcadian Shepherdess :—
With what an air, her crook she waves,
As if to awe her Shepherd slaves,
But not as if she wish'd to keep
In Arcady, a flock of sheep.
Then view the Turk, who now pursues her,
And with such am'rous motions woos her,
Not words alone his passion prove :—
A proffer'd purse proclaims his Love.

Charm'd with her shape, and winning grace,
What would he give, to see her face!
In keen Resentment's ready pride
She turns the painted Mask aside,
And shews that face;—away he flies,
As if some Dæmon in disguise,
Had aim'd a dagger at his life :
'Twas no such thing, unless a wife,
From such an husband to escape,
Can shew at will some horrid shape.
'Tis but two years, since they were wed,
When Love its crimson roses shed
Around their couch ; and deathless vows
Were breath'd by each enamour'd spouse,
But so it was, that, e'er the Sun
Had his allotted circuit run,
She to the Laws address'd her suit,
To save her from the horrid Brute.
The Laws were kind to her entreating,
And she no longer fears a beating ;
But, as you see, at large can prance,
Clad in a separate maintenance.

—That figure there, with look profound,
 His eye commercing with the ground,
 Whose beard so long, so white with age,
 Is the fit Costume of the sage:
 Would, as it seems, appear to be
 The essence of Philosophy.
 But He's no Clerk,—though, arragh burn ye,
 PAT was brought up as an Attorney;
 And now his Fame and Purse encreases,
 By writing Rhymes instead of Leases;
 Of other Authors makes a hash,
 And thus works up the flimsy trash,
 That each revolving month is seen
 To flourish in a Magazine.
 He meditates how he shall write
 On all he hears, and sees to-night;
 That in some Journal, he may say,
 How this Diversion past away:
 And be assured, the pond'ring elf
 Will not omit his pompous self.

—Regard that sighing love-sick swain,
Who, in the cloak and plume of Spain,
To ev'ry damsel doth complain,
And, to the lute's respondent strings,
Some tender, am'rous ditty sings :
The youth has stole a march from College,
Without his surly Father's knowledge ;
Who, while he sings his am'rous strain,
Is fast asleep in Philpot Lane.
His pride is to be thought a Poet,
And here the Student comes to shew it.
Again he sings, 'twere well to hear him ;
And, if his verse is good, we'll cheer him.

RECITATIVE.

As I wander through the grove,
Thus I sing in praise of Love.
Ye powers of Harmony inspire,
And aid me as I strike the Lyre.
All my heart's secret pulses move,
While thus I hail thee—Heavenly Love.

SONG.

Thee feels the rough Norwegian in his cot,
Thick ribb'd with ice and pil'd with snow ;
The fine-nerv'd Persian, stretch'd in sultry grot,
Feels thee a fiercer sun within him glow :
And wild with Love, and flaming with desire,
Feeds, self-tormented, feeds, the soft Idalian
fire.

To thee the pale-ey'd cloister'd fair
With fond devotion fills her eyes :
'Tis not to Heav'n she wafts her sighs,
To thy embower'd altar flies the prayer.

For thee, the azure-ey'd Circassian pines,
What time in all her youthful grace,
And Beauty's bloom, unto the loath'd embrace
Of some proud Sultan, she her charms resigns ;
For thee, her cause and end, celestial Love she
pines.

'Tis not the heat of rash desire,
Midst banquets born and floods of madd'ning
wine,
When Love's soft passion first appears divine,
Nor what the Harlot's glances can inspire ;
Nor ought perfum'd that breathes the high-born
dame,
Whose painted cheeks, Fashion's fond fools
admire :
Love's more sublime, a far more sacred fire.

RECITATIVE.

Begot by Beauty on the eyes,
From the heart produc'd in sighs ;
On smiles it feeds, on smiles the pride
Of reason, to the brute deny'd.
—As I wander through the grove,
Thus I sing in praise of Love!—

Well done, my Bard,—your verse is true :
You sung it well,—and wrote it true.

—Such is the scene,—and, trust to me,
Of Life such is th' Epitome :
Whether your years are few or many,
You'll find this is Life's miscellany.
Yes, you'll remember who display'd
The moral of the Masquerade.
—I'm like the rest,—my game I play,
I wear a mask as well as they :
And not a moment I'll defer
To show my real character.
—'Twas DEATH himself, and by my side,
He rose in grim and griesly pride.
The music ceas'd—the lights burn'd blue,
And all was horrid to my view.
He pois'd his dart, and danc'd along,
With rattling step, amid the throng.
Some scream'd their fears, and others fled,
While the Shape pac'd it o'er the dead.
At length, methought, I felt his stroke ;—
And glad I was, when I awoke.

—Though I'm grown old, I've not forgot
The lesson which the Vision taught;
And own, though with a sigh or two,
Too oft I found—THE VISION TRUE.

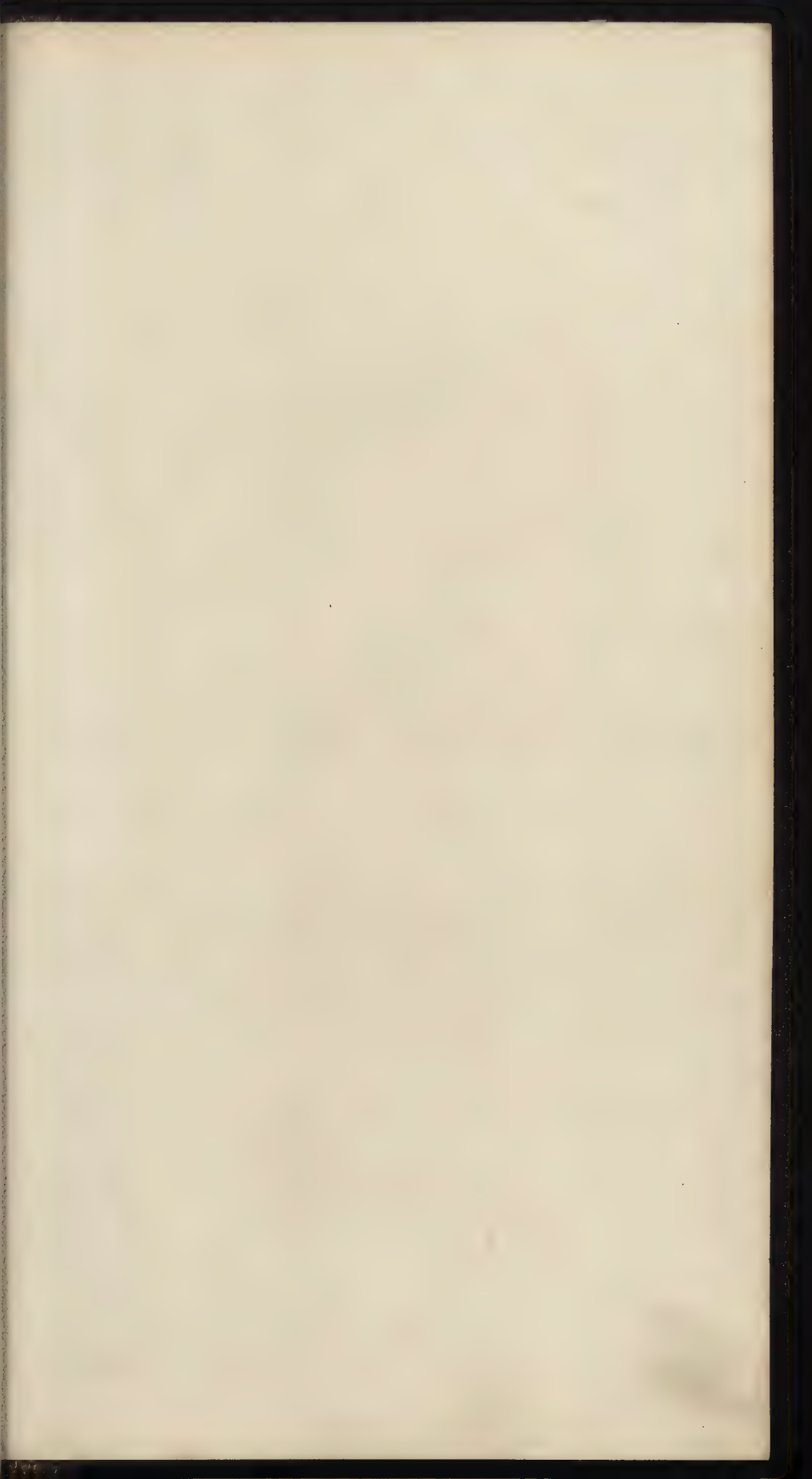


Figure 1. The skeleton of John Brown, 1859.



The Death Blow.

TO what does Britain owe her Fame,
Her honour, and superior name,
With all the splendour of her Glory,
In ancient, and in modern story?
Where'er her Colours are unfurl'd,
Where'er her war-like Thunder's hurl'd,
Or on the Land, or on the Sea,
She is the Child of Victory.
—Is it to Commerce that she owes
The name which all the world bestows?
Wealth may afford its pow'rful aid,
But Glory is not gain'd by Trade.
Cowards, 'tis true, are sometimes bold,
To shield from Force the treasur'd gold;
Nay, half-starv'd Av'rice will be brave
From pilf'ring hands his bags to save:

But this strange passion of the hour,
Derives from Fear its transient power.
Say, is it Freedom that inspires
The bosom with its early fires?
That is a motive to incite
The embattl'd Phalanx to the fight:
But *Boys* are brave, while in their teens,
Before they know what Freedom means:—
No, though the cause I cannot scan,
'Tis NATURE forms an ENGLISHMAN.
'Tis Nature's powers that impart
Its courage to the British heart:
'Tis the *Home Combats* that prepare
The Hero for the feats of War.
It is the triumphs of the Fist,
The contests of the Pugilist,
'Tis these that discipline the Will
To future darings, and instill
The Spirit that ne'er knows to yield
In contests of the tented Field;
And teach the Seaman to sustain
The bloody conflict of the Main.

How oft we see JOHN BULL delight.
To court the fierce, domestic fight,
Where no base, angry passions lead
To murd'rous act, or vengeful deed :
Where Honour is the darling Meed :
Tho', sometimes, to reward the bold,
The Conq'erer shares the wager'd gold.
From Art, no cov'ring he receives,
His arms are those which Nature gives :
In native strength, he scorns to wield
The Spear, the Broadsword, or the Shield.
No helmet glitters on his brow,
His brawny breast is bare below.
The well-cropt hair his temples crown,
Or brown, or fair, and all his own.
The blows proceed from well-clench'd fist,
The strong-nerv'd arms those blows resist ;
And though by some judicious knock,
An eye is clos'd—a jaw is broke :
Or by some well-directed blows,
The blood comes gushing from the nose ;

And tho' the ribs may change their hue,
On being beaten black and blue;
Or lifted up, 'twixt earth and Heaven,
A fierce cross-buttock may be given
To him who, whatsoe'er his science,
When strength commands, must yield compliance:

But, when the Battle's lost and won,
And all th' enliv'ning Hubbub's done,
Peace soon resumes her former reign,
And all is harmony again.

What, tho' the vanquish'd Hero's led
Hobbling away to seek his bed,
And e'en the Conqueror, opprest
With weighty blows, has need of rest;
Yet here the short-liv'd fury ends,
And the fierce foes are instant friends.

One of our modern Statesmen thought,
A man, with various wisdom fraught,
That this same pugilistic art
Did courage to the mind impart;

And that each battle which is seen,
'Mong country folks upon the Green,
Where tender smiles might be the prize
Of him who clos'd a rival's eyes,
Would urge the Youth to seek the fame
Which waits upon a Soldier's name.
—I am delighted to agree
With this great Man's philosophy ;
Which, to confirm, I've got a story,
That tells of Death, as well as Glory.

HARRY from *Sheffield*, TOM from *Town*,
Experienc'd Boxers of renown,
Had met to fight near *Epsom Down*.
Who the keen Bottle-holders were,
Or who the Champions did prepare,
Were names too crabbed to rehearse
In the soft melody of Verse ;
And they who kept the well-fenc'd ring
The Muses do not chuse to sing.
Thither the Amateurs repair,
The noble *Fanciers* all were there—

And thousands from the country round,
Were seen on the enchanted ground.
Smart Gigs and Curricles appear,
While slow-pac'd Carts bring up the rear.
That glorious day, 'twas who could get
A Horse, or Chaise:—they all were let.
In *London*, many a sooty Son
Of Labour, left his work undone ;
And trudg'd through heat, and dust to see
The Pugilistic Chivalry.
And all the *Kiddies* were awake,
The Bets to offer, or to take.

The Combatants at length appear'd—
A thousand tongues their presence cheer'd.
They stripp'd, and to the eager eye,
Display'd their strength and symmetry.
HARRY, Herculean shape possess'd,
While TOM's superior form was dress'd
In those proportions that might grace
A Figure of Celestial Race ;

Such as the Bards of ancient days
Have sung in their immortal Lays,
And to the Sculptor might impart
The antique beauties of his Art.
Both stood erect, in manly tread,
An AJAX and a DIOMEDE.

At length, th' impatient Fight began :
'Twas hand to hand and man to man.
Some lively sparring first took place,
And then a blow on either face.
Again for mastery they try,
And then a hit on either eye.
Each Hero for advantage watches:
TOM aim'd a blow which t'other catches ;
Then, as they both th' occasion seek
Strongly to strike, TOM's ruddy cheek
Receiv'd a Hit beneath the eye,
That made the crimson fluid fly ;
And the conclusion of the round
Is TOM from *London* on the ground.

A *Facer* is the term that's us'd,
Nor would the *Slang* have been refus'd
But that the Muse, though fond of chime,
Capriciously denied a rhyme.

In various way the Betting ran,
But HARRY was the favourite man.

Now TOM broke through his rival's guard,
And of this movement the reward
Was, with the quickness of a bullet,
To force a hit on HARRY's gullet.
His ev'ry effort seem'd to tell;
And the round clos'd when HARRY fell.

Five minutes now had pass'd away,
In sparring, and such cautious play,
When HARRY, all his strength address'd
To place a blow on TOMMY's breast.
The stroke resounded like a drum:
It seem'd as if TOM's end was come;
But no—for he contriv'd to place
An active Hit on HARRY's face.

And of this round, no more's to tell—
Than that they clos'd, and that they fell.

NOW HARRY seiz'd his rival's thighs,
And forc'd him from the earth to rise;
Then did his utmost vigour strain,
To throw him to the earth again;
And, with his own incumbent weight,
Oppress'd him, in that helpless state.
But, like Antæus, as we're told
By those who sung in days of old,
TOM seem'd, when he had touch'd the
ground,
With strength augmented, to rebound,
Prepar'd to take another round.

A desperate Rally now took place,
TOM fix'd a Hit on HARRY's face.
HARRY inflam'd, with anger burn'd,
And such a Leveller return'd,
So fierce a blow upon the head
That TOM fell, and profusely bled.

The time was past,—nor could he rise,—
His breath heav'd short, clos'd were his eyes :
To save him—vain was each endeavour—
For he had given in for ever.

HARRY, though Victor, look'd aghast,
As TOM, from *London*, breath'd his last ;
And wish'd that he had gain'd the day
In some less inauspicious way.
I have, he said, the Battle gain'd,
And my known character sustain'd ;
But, TOM has taken such a banging,
'Tis well if I escape from hanging.
All I can say for grief is vain,
That I my purpose will maintain,
Never, I swear, to fight again.

—But DEATH appear'd!—" Once more, my
" friend—

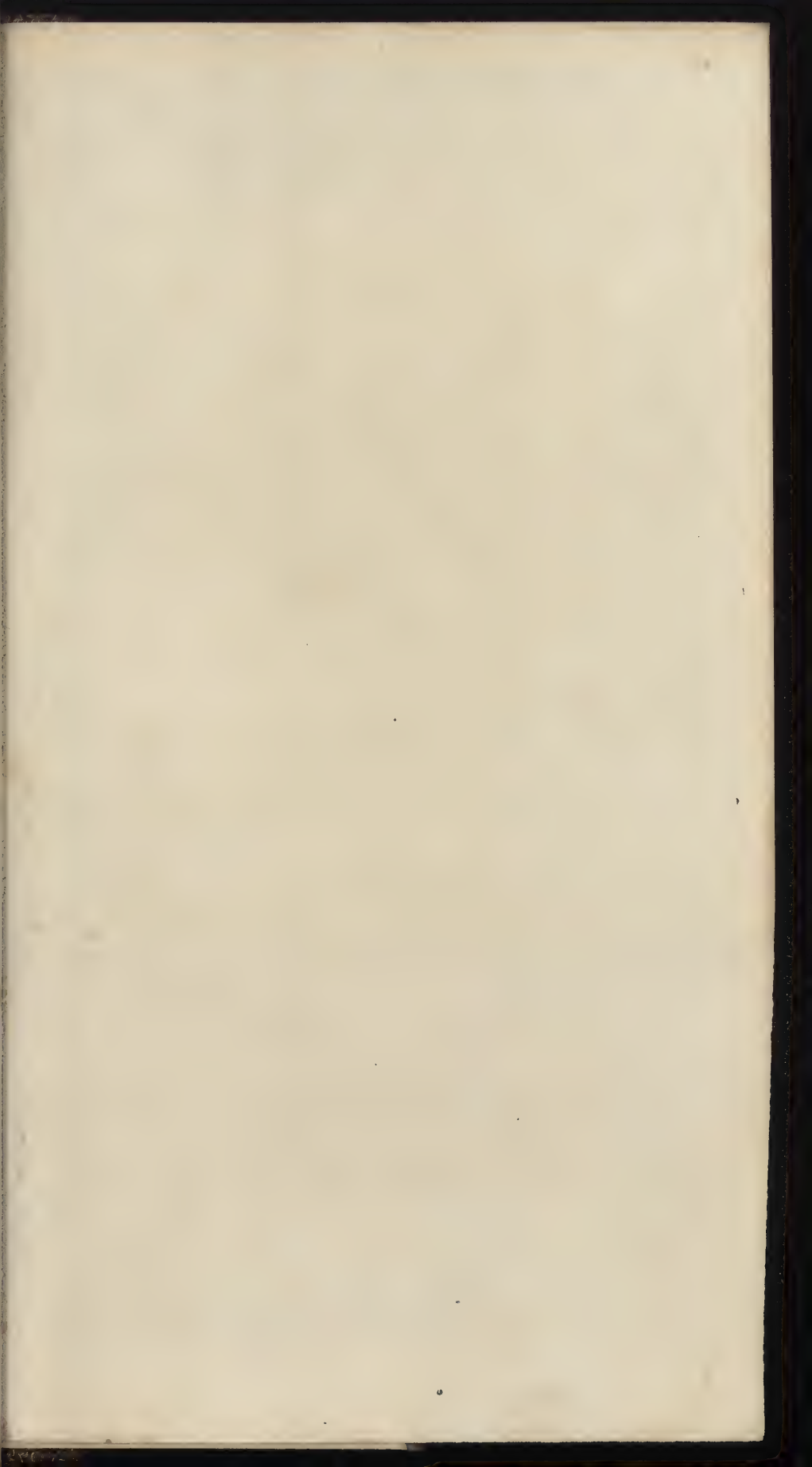
" Yes, one Round more, and all will end."

The Seconds now, were fill'd with dread :
Umpires, and Bottle-holders fled :

Confusion reign'd throughout the scene,
And the Crowds hurried from the Green.
The roads were quickly cover'd o'er
With Chaise and pair, and Chaise and four.
While Curricles, and Gigs display
The rapid fury of their way ;
And many a downfall grac'd the day.
As *Playgame* claim'd a flying Bet,
His new-built 'Tilbury was o'erset :
Lord *Gammon's* Barouche met its fate,
In contact with a Turnpike-Gate ;
And *Ned Fly's* Gig, that hurried after,
Was plung'd into a pond of water :
While *Tom*, to prove the proverb sound,
Though he was wetted, was not drown'd.
—But, would it not be vain to tell
The various chances that befell
Horsemen and Footmen, who that day,
From DEATH's dread Challenge ran away ?
For when the affrighted Crowd was gone,
And DEATH and HARRY were alone,

The Spectre hasten'd to propose
That they should forthwith come to blows ;
But HARRY thought it right to say,
As no one's here to see *fair* play
I'll try your strength another day :
Besides, I know not how you're made :
I look for substance—you're a shade—
A bag of bones:—for aught I know,
Old *Broughton*, from the Shades below :
And though alive, I should not dread
His power—I war not with the dead.
Thus, keeping well his guard, he spoke.
When grinning DEATH put in a stroke,
Which did the short-liv'd round decide,
And *Sheffield* HARRY, in his pride,
Was laid by TOM from *London's* side.

'Tis thus the Muse begs leave to close
The History of Knock-down blows.



La danse de la mort. A four-matras is returned.



The Vision of Skulls.

WHAT is MATTER, what is SPIRIT?
What are the powers which they inherit?
Or how act they upon each other,
To live as Brother should—with Brother?
An Answer, clear and full, I should
Be glad to offer, if I could.
—It is a metaphysic doubt
How the mind frisks, and plays about,
And sometimes makes a motley riot,
When Morpheus keeps the body quiet;
And, by no worldly care oppress,
Our every sense is laid at rest.
No sounds then reach the deafen'd ear,
To the clos'd eye no forms appear:
Feeling, and Taste, and Smell refuse
Alike, their tributary dues.

When Sleep has been invok'd to shed
Its opiate poppies o'er the head,
Then do strange figures oft arise,
In various forms, to Fancy's eyes ;
Which from the senseless body breaks,
And in some wild vagary wakes :
Pleas'd, in Night's umbrage, to display
Caricaturas of the day.
—Now she o'erlooks the giddy steep,
Or sails along the foamy deep :
Delighted roams through Fairy bowers,
Bedeck'd with never-fading flowers ;
Or bound in damp and darksome cave,
Or struggling with th' impetuous wave.
—Now rais'd to pinnacles of Fame,
Or damn'd by some inglorious name :
Grasping a friend in warm embrace,
Who long has run Life's eager race ;
Or following to the Tomb, with sorrow,
Those who will glad the eye to-morrow.
Sometimes we wake, from wealth and power,
To Disappointment's painful hour ;

And from the velvet couch arise,
To the flock-bed, where Sorrow lies.
From falling rock and fancied billow,
We joy to hug a real pillow ;
And smile, though still the bosom beats,
To find we're safe between the sheets.

Exterior objects do not give
The cause by which such Fancies live :
No real subject can be brought
To fill the mind, or aid the thought,
When all the powers of vision lie
Beneath the lids that close the eye.
Matter, 'tis plain, as all agree,
By any Laws of Sympathy,
Cannot, with a suspended sense,
To thought or feeling make pretence ;
And if the Spirit could disown
The Body's power, and act alone,
It would proceed by sober rule,
And never frisk, or play the fool,

Nor turn the actions of the day
Into Phantasmagoria.

—Here then, I close the puzzling theme
With my faint notion of a dream ;
And leave to others to express,
If I have made a lucky guess.

'Tis from the senses that the soul
Derives its power to controul
The scheme of Life: for when they sleep
It does not the least order keep,
But moves with its fantastic train,
In frolic sportings o'er the brain,
And seems to strive, with all its clatter,
To separate itself from matter.
There are machines which owe the State
Of all their movements to a weight:
If the weight moves, they all go on
Progressive, and their work is done ;
But, if it stops, they either cease,
Or work confusion through the Piece.

The clock struck eight—and, at the stroke,
Sir Simon Bullion groan'd—and 'woke.
The groan was follow'd with such sighs
As made my Lady ope her eyes:
With speed the curtain she undrew,
Of her dear Knight to take a view,
When she beheld him pale and wan,
As if he'd been a murder'd man:
But soon her fears he did beguile,
When he turn'd round, and seem'd to smile.

“ I've had a dream,” Sir Simon said,
“ That still affects my mind with dread;
“ And if, my Love, you'll lend an ear,
“ Its frightful hist'ry you shall hear.”—
My Lady, having smooth'd the bed,
In listening posture plac'd her head:
When, having given a Hem, or two,
Sir Simon did the Tale pursue.
—“ I've dream'd I was—I know not where,
Nor what strange bus'ness led me there;

But, hurried by a crowd, I thought
I saw the Portals of a Vault
Which some uncommon sight possess,
So I went in with all the rest.
The spacious Cave which met my view,
Was like a Church without a Pew.
What I saw there was wond'rous strange:
Around the place, in various range,
On ev'ry side, above, below,
In order due, a dismal show
Of skulls innumerable stood;
As if the dead from Noah's flood,
Had, with successive, constant care,
Sent all their Pericraniums there:
But, whether moderns, or of yore,
They now one solemn visage bore:
No difference now discern'd the eye—
All grinn'd in grim equality.

“ Some of the curious, bustling croud
Rush'd back, while others scream'd aloud;

But, while their terrors they betray'd,
I did not feel myself afraid :
Nay, by my side were two or three,
Who seem'd as brave and bold as me :
They took their quizzing glasses out,
Quite at their ease, and look'd about.
—Beneath the deep-roof'd vault there stood
A Figure, neither flesh nor blood ;
Of horrid shape, and ghastly mien,
Such as in pictures I have seen,
To represent that foe to breath,
Distinguish'd by the name of DEATH.
Around there blaz'd a flaming brand,
Which, in the stalking Spectre's hand,
Wav'd, to and fro, a meteor bright,
That fill'd each dark recess with light.

“ I thought, that now I wish'd to know
The meaning of this mortal show :
So ask'd the guide about the Tomb.—
Call it, he said—a CATACOMB.

But though I do not know the word,
I'll swear 'twas what I thought I heard;
And, after breakfast, I'll go look
If 'tis in Tommy's Spelling-book:
And will it not be strange, my Dear,
If in the Book it should appear,
And that I, sleeping in my Bed,
Should dream a word I never read."
—The Figure wav'd his torch around,
And, in a voice, whose hollow sound
Did, through the echoing vaults rebound,
He bid us listen, as he read,
The awful Hist'ry of the Dead."

“ Those are the Kings who sceptres bore:
Those Sculls the Crowns Imperial wore.
—The Beauties of a former day
There grin the passing years away.
—These are the heads within whose bone
The solemn light of Wisdom shone,
And will diffuse, with Science sage,
Its radiance o'er each future age.

—Beneath this arch, in many a row,
Valour displays its dismal show.

They were all Knights of great renown
Whom Honour cherish'd as its own:
Nay, some of them shall tell the story
Of what they did for Fame and Glory."

—The Phantom gave three heads a stroke
With his fierce Torch, and thus they spoke.

—Said one, "I was a soldier brave,
Who found in war an early grave;
But, e'er in Honour's field I died—
I slew the Hero by my side."

The Hero, by his side, exclaim'd,

—" 'Twas my right arm your prowess tam'd:
It was my sabre's well-aim'd blow,
That laid your glittering figure low."

"Ho," cried a third, "pray cease your pother,
I saw you both kill one another."—

—Thus, though no arms, or legs had they,
I thought they threaten'd an affray;
And seem'd, without alarm or dread,
To long to play the Loggerhead.

I thought their clamour ne'er would cease :
But the Torch wav'd, and all was peace.
It seem'd most strange the sight I saw,
That heads should speak 'gainst Nature's
law,

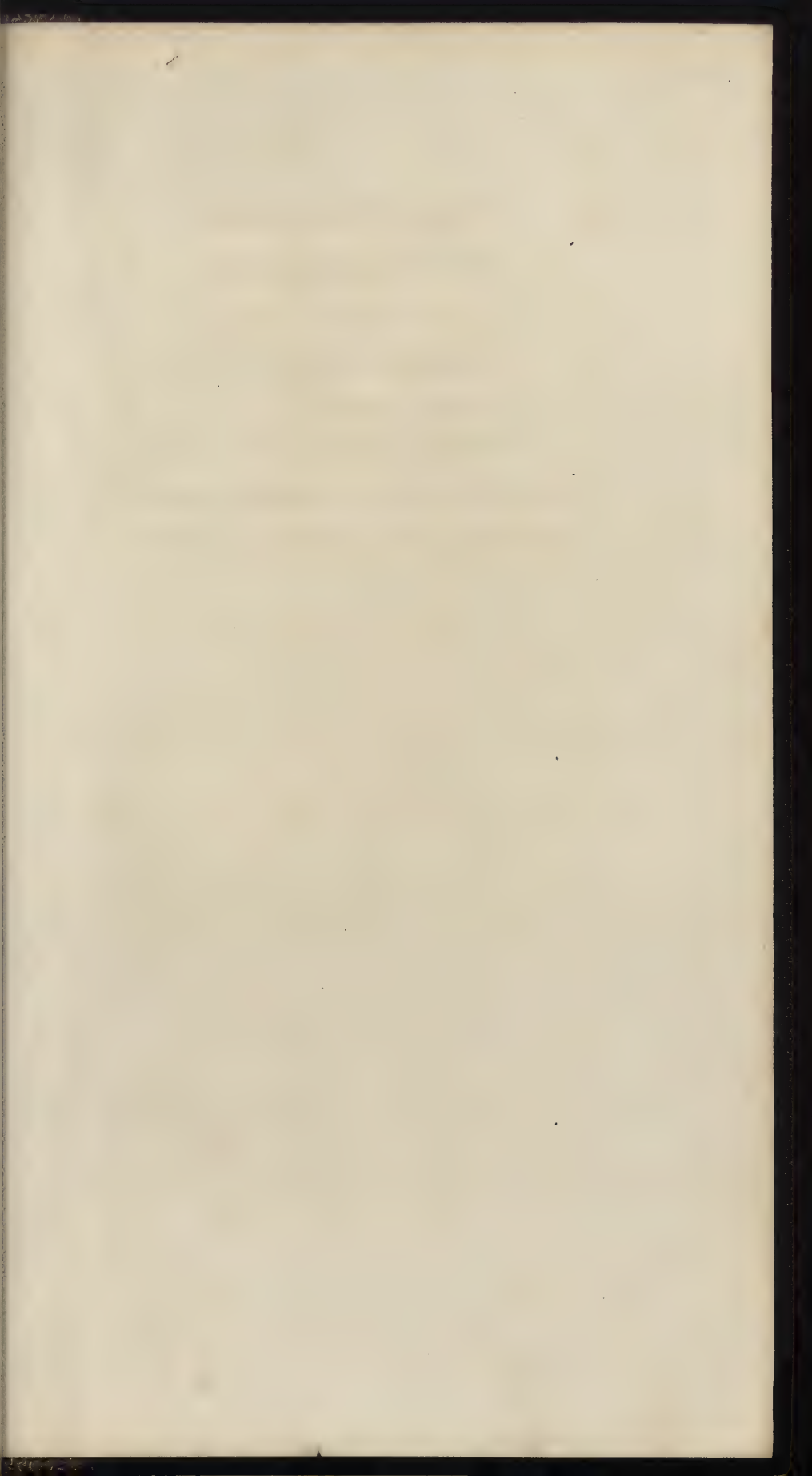
Without a Tongue,—nor move a Jaw.”

“ I humbly told the Guide, that I
Was of the class of Chivalry.
But that I was a Civic Knight,
Who had much rather eat than fight.
—Turn and look up, methought he said,
At the huge Sculls above your head,
Which are so thick, they might defy
The balls of any musquetry.
Those which there meet your curious ken,
Belong'd to Knights and Aldermen,
Who to the Sword's heroic work
Preferr'd the feats of Knife and Fork ;
And, as they grin, the Jaws between,
Their well-us'd, worn-out teeth are seen.—
But all these mortal remnants stood,
In such exact similitude,

I could not see, with all my care,
If any of my friends were there.
—I then enquir'd, if no offence,
And hop'd 'twas not impertinence,
If he might tell whose fleshless face
Was to fill up an empty space,
Which seem'd so large, that I could swear,
It was preserv'd for some Lord Mayor.
He wav'd his Torch, and lost in smoke,
'Twas thus I thought the Spectre spoke.—
—That place, Sir Simon, is your due:
And shortly will be fill'd by you:—
I felt his grasp around my neck,
While the main bone it seem'd to break:
And though I dream'd I was not dead,
I thought that I had lost my head,
—Then I awoke.—What joy to hear
My Dolly snoring in my ear!
To view her—what a charming sight!
And O, th' unspeakable delight
To find, when I could thus behold her,
I had a head upon my shoulder.”

My Lady now, with tender grace,
Calm'd his alarms in her embrace.
“ I like this dream,” she said, “ my dear:
'Tis a good omen—never fear.
I'm sure you cannot have forgot,
When once you dream'd that you were shot;
And then you 'woke, alarm'd and frighted:
But three weeks after you were knighted.
—I'm quite enchanted! and forebode
The prospect of great future good.
Not long a simple Knight you'll be,
And mark my certain Augury:
For, in the Spectre's flaming brand,
I see the Herald's BLOODY HAND;
And soon shall read in the Gazette—
Sir SIMON is a BARONET.”

“ I hope, that you divine aright,”
Replied the half-recover'd Knight:
“ But though my tale so lucky seems,
“ I'd rather sleep without These DREAMS.”





The Porter's Chair.

OF Things to Notions when we see
A regular Conformity,
(Such was the lesson of my youth)
We may suppose we see the *Truth*.
And when the contrary prevails,
'Tis *Falshood*, with its lying tales:
But, the refinement of the day,
Has settled it another way.
Some men may now, nor do a wrong,
Tell ready Falshoods all day long:
Nay, 'tis the duty of their place,
To utter practis'd Lies with grace;
And, that their wants may be supplied,
They keep them ready, cut and dried.

John Lockfast had, for years, kept sentry,
The Guardian of some Great Man's Entry,

Which, not to give offence, we call
By the more stylish name of Hall :—
Prepar'd, at ev'ry sounding knock,
The harrass'd Portal to unlock;
And there or YES—or NO—to say,
As was the order of the day,
—The tenant of an Easy Chair,
His Life was free from bustling care :
There, when by watchful nights distrest,
He could recruit himself with rest.
There he would sit and hear the News,
With which the liv'ried train amuse
Their fellow varlets, and relate
As they in due attendance wait;
The lucky fortune, or disasters
Which happen to their Lords and Masters,
And tittle-tattle of the heigh-days
Of all the high-bred, tonish Ladies.
Nay, in a language of their own,
Talk o'er the scandal of the Town.
Thus *John*, who had, for many a year,
Been used the daily Tales to hear,

The state domestic, could declare
Of ev'ry house in ev'ry square.
Nay, such was his experience thought
In ev'ry thing which Service taught,
That all the shoulder-knots in town
Did his superior knowledge own,
Nor fail'd the Porter sage to greet,
As Oracle of *Harley Street*.
—He knew the policy that waits
On vigilance at Great Mens' gates;
And how to gloss the daily lie
With a soft, smiling gravity.
Of all his bows would give the best
To him who was a welcome guest ;
But could reply, in surly tone,
To those he wanted to be gone :
In short, he could adapt his face,
As well as voice, to ev'ry case ;
And had the art, the first I know,
When to return a YEs—or No.
Nor was this all.—He could unfold
The Language which the Knocker told ;

From Fashion's proud, imperious rap,
To the poor Suppliant's humble tap :
Whether 'twas Form, or Friendship came,
Or disappointed Tradesman's claim :
The sons of Frolic, and of Fun,
Or the stroke flippant of a Dun .
—Besides, John, though he did not know it,
Was no mean Casuist,—and I'll show it.

From living well, and sitting still,
And of strong beer a daily fill,
With other habits that combine,
The props of Life to undermine,
By slow degrees, *John* was, at length
Diminish'd, both in health and strength ;
And, as he one night thought of dying,
The thirty years he'd pass'd in lying,
Came cross his mind, with the intent
To quit his service, and repent.
But after a full glass of Gin,
He ask'd how it could be a sin,
To do what ev'ry Servant did,
And what his Lord and Lady bid ?

So while he whiff'd th' inspiring smoke,
John, to himself, thus thought and spoke.

“ I say, what I am told to say,
And 'tis my duty to obey.
Nay, I believe it true, that I,
When I am lying, do not lie :
For, if I utter Falsehood's words,
The Lie's my Lady's or my Lord's ;
And, though it may not be so civil,
I think 'tis they should fear the Devil.
I well remember, t'other day,
I heard a rev'rend Prelate say,
As from my Lord he went away,
I am, indeed, with truth most fervent,
Your Lordship's most devoted Servant ;
And that's a swinging one, I hold it,
Though my Lord Archbishop told it.
But that is call'd a mere expression,
No sin at all, nor wants confession ;
And let me ask then, if I'm worse
Than him—for using words of course?

Besides, why should I feel alarm
For saying what does no one harm?
I've heard our Chaplain say, *Denying*
Is not *bona fide* Lying:
At least, that it will be forgiven
By ev'ry Law that's made in Heaven *."

But a most strange event drew nigh,
To cut short this Soliloquy.
—The clock struck twelve, a gentle knock
Bid *John* the Mansion door unlock:
He took a light, and left his chair,
To see who ask'd admittance there.
A horrid Figure met his eyes.—
John instant thought of all his Lies.
And struck with fear, aloud he squall'd:
Murder, and Fire, and Thieves he bawl'd;
Then hobbled off at helter skelter,
And in the cellar sought for shelter.
—My Lord and Lady were gone out,
To some Fandango, Ball, or Rout,

* Paley's Philosophy, Vol. III. p. 164.

And all the upper Servants too,
As second-table gentry do,
Had, to ape their betters gone
To a smart party of their own.
—The maids up stairs with *Tom* were sitting;
For he was sick, and they were knitting.
They heard the noise;—*Tom*, with a grin,
Said thieves were somewhere breaking in :
Then seiz'd a pistol and a sword,
And swore that none should rob my Lord.
As Betty shriek'd, said jolly *Nell*,
There are no thieves, I sure can tell;
'Tis that fool *John*, who, in a dream,
Sees some strange thing that makes him scream :
And if down stairs we gently creep,
There we shall find him fast asleep.
'Twas but last week that he was found
Bawling and sprawling on the ground,
Swearing he dream'd that he was drown'd,
—They went, and what a sight was there?
DEATH sitting in the Porter's chair:

While some strange bird was heard to squall,
And flapp his wings around the Hall.
Tom dropp'd the pistol from his hand :
Nor could his strength the sword command.
Bet shook with fear, nor was she slack,
To trace her hurrying footsteps back ;
While poor, fat *Nelly*, in her fright,
Fell from the stair-case, at the sight.
It was a most tremendous fall,
As she plung'd headlong to the Hall :
Her forehead struck the marble floor :—
She heav'd a sigh, and spoke no more.

The Spectre calmly turn'd around,
And saw his victim on the ground :
Then grinn'd a smile, and wav'd his dart :—
'Tis done, he said,—and I depart.
The door gap'd wide, as he withdrew ;—
When the Bird shriek'd, and with him flew.

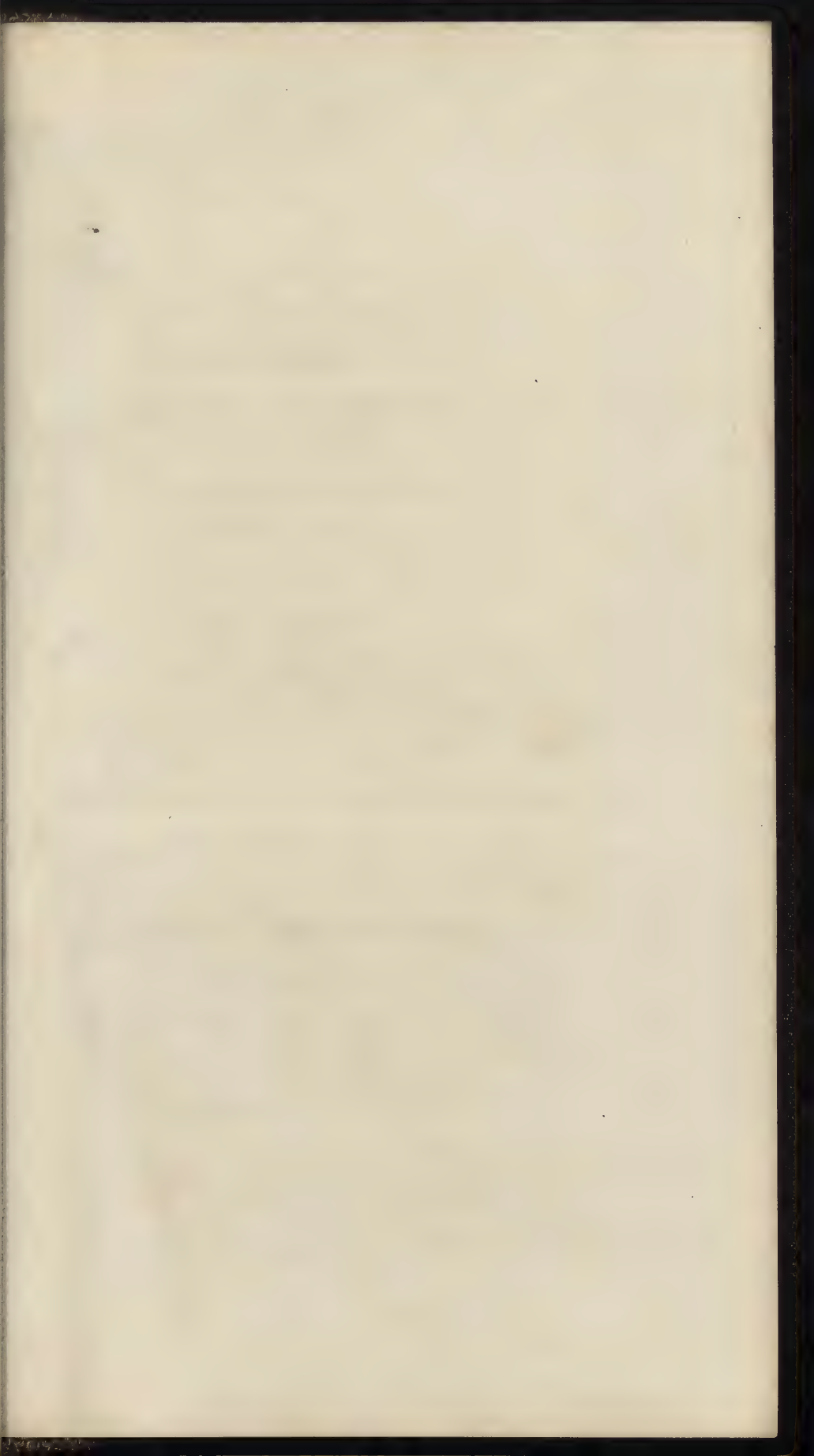
John, though still trembling with affright,
Stole up, and view'd the dismal sight.

DEATH still indeed possest his chair,
For *Tom* had plac'd poor *Nelly* there.
Said *John*, I ne'er again will stir,
To let in such a Visiter ;
—And, if I live,—to-morrow morning,
I'll surely give his Lordship warning.
—In your warm place, good *John* remain :—
Be where you will, he'll come again ;
Whate'er may be your future lot,
Whether in Palace, Hall or Cot.
Whene'er his hand salutes our gate,
No lie will serve to make him wait :
Whene'er he puts us to the trial,
The scare-crow will takè no denial ;
For, at the time he's pleas'd to come,
We all of us, must be at HOME.

The Pantomime.

JOKE, and Fun, and Frisk, and Folly,
And ev'ry Foe to Melancholy,
With airy step and smiling mien,
Fill up the Pantomimic scene.
Frolic spirits, light and gay,
Chase the ev'ning gloom away :
While they their lively whims pursue,
What have we with Care to do ?

Tragedy is blood and slaughter :—
A Tyrant's wife, or Prince's daughter,
With some bold Lover in her train,
Who by a rival's hand is slain ;—
With, right or wrong, a spice of reason
To thwart Conspiracy and Treason :
A fav'rite Slave, an infant Son,
A battle lost, a battle won ;





Tears, shrieks, a dagger and a bowl,
Of Tragic Dramas form the whole.
Though, to add horror to the woe,
And give the last Scene all its show,
It were as well the Stage to spread
With a slight sprinkle of the Dead.

The Comic Muse, who in her freaks,
With Life's domestic bus'ness seeks
To call attention and to please
With all man's *home* varieties,
Will sometimes think it not a sin,
With DEATH's grave pers'nage to begin.
—But he's not seen:—she thinks its better
To introduce him in a Letter;
Or, to create a future laugh,
In a Newspaper paragraph.
An Uncle rich may be suppos'd,
Perhaps in India, to have clos'd
His mortal Life, which may produce
Plenty of hopes and fears, for use;
Turn up a score of odds and ends,
Make friends of foes, and foes of friends.

Besides, it ought not to be known,
What he with all his wealth has done.
In the third Act, perhaps, he'll come
At some untoward moment home;
And the whole Plot takes its complexion
From this unlook'd for resurrection.
Alarm and Joy, and Tricks and Lies,
With a few snug perplexities;
A subtle Valet, and a Maid,
Who are well nurtur'd in their trade,
With an outwitted rogue or two,
To be expos'd to public view:
A song so fond and so complying,
In a fine strain, that's all but dying;
Or with nice equivoques well stor'd,
Which will be sure to be encor'd,
Work up the int'rest of the Piece:
Then all at once the jarrings cease.
They yield to joy, and asking blessing,
Some shaking hands, and some caressing;
Till Hymen comes to say "good bye;—
" I hope you like the Comedy."

Farce is a comic view of Nature,
Caricatur'd in plan and feature ;—
Nor does the Critic blame the scene
If it but robs him of the spleen.
The Unities may all give way,
If it but makes the Audience gay.
Vice, Virtue, Folly, Youth and Age,
May form the bus'ness of the Stage ;
Sing-song and Dance may join their power
To hasten on the laughing hour.
But Death's too solemn to appear
In all his sad apparel there ;
Unless he lends his dismal show
To form a mockery of woe,
And make a louder laugh succeed,
When Life resuscitates the Dead.

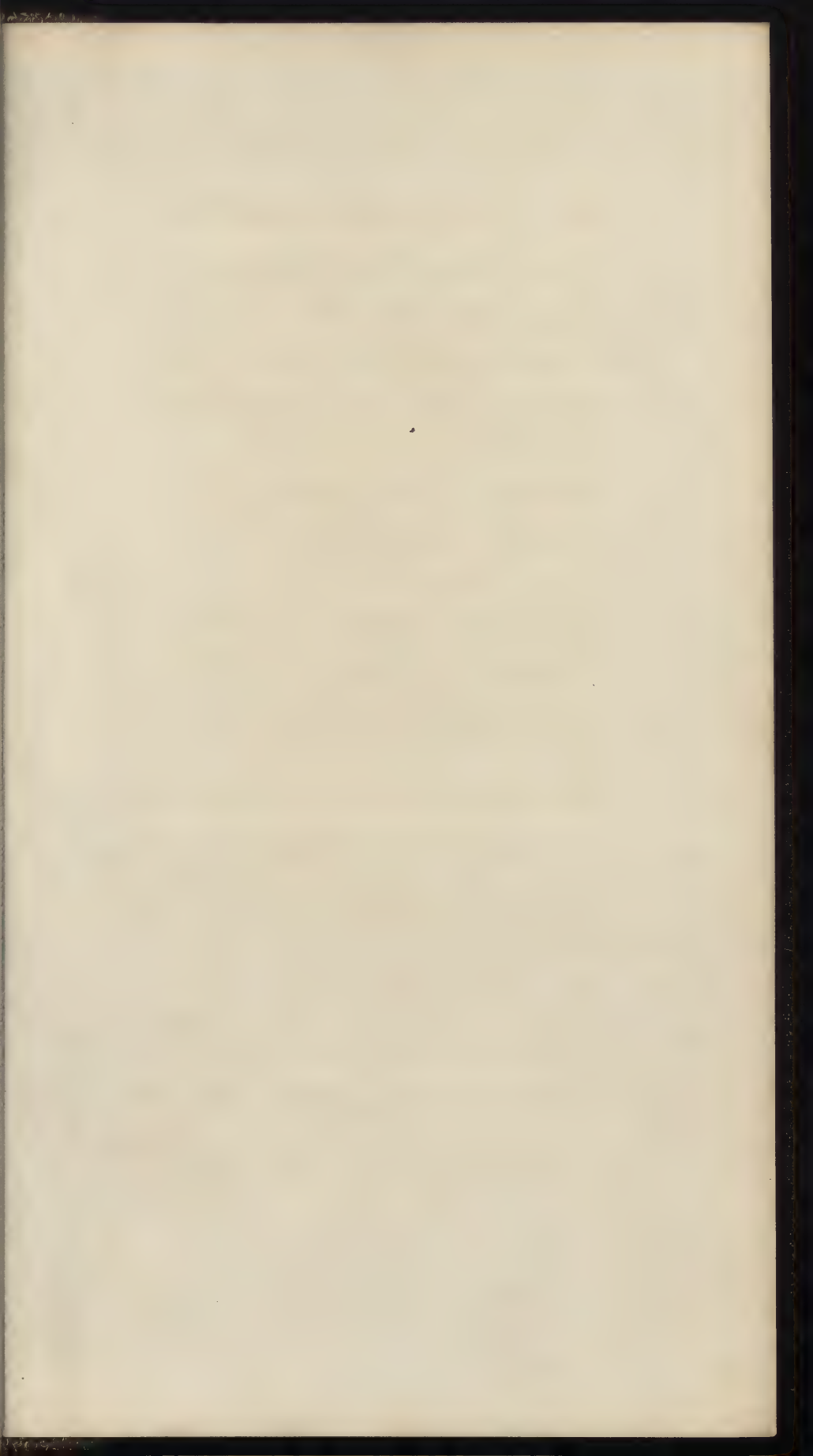
Some may remember well the time
But it was in a Pantomime,
When Death was seen to play his part,
To grin a smile and wield a dart :

Now upright in the tomb he stood,
Now mantled in a sable hood :
Then he would strut, stand still, or sit,
And well nigh frighten half the Pit :
He next, to follow up the Joke,
Would take a pipe and gravely smoke.
Pierrot and Pantaloon amaz'd,
At the familiar Phantom gaz'd :
Who, with his hideous grimaces,
Would work up Terror in their faces ;
While Columbine with welcome glance,
Invites him to the graceful Dance :
At length his Frolics make it known—
'Tis *Harlequin* turn'd *Skeleton*.
But soon the magic strip of wood
Restores him all his flesh and blood,
And makes the wond'ring children gape
At each variety of shape :
They almost doubt the astonish'd eyes
Which views the tricks his sword supplies.
Mountains that touch the clouds are seen
To sink into the Ocean green ;

While on their sides the yielding trees,
Transform'd to vessels, plough the seas.
By the same metaphysic power
The Rock melts to a Rosy Bower ;
The Rosy Bower, where Lovers meet,
Passes away, and lo, a Street,
With all its busy, bustling train,
Which cities, rich in trade, contain.
That's whirl'd away—and, in its stead,
A stately building rears its head :—
But still more strange when mortal man
A Lion growls or swims a Swan.
So quick the change of human nature
To ev'ry form of living creature ;
That e'en Pythagoras might stare,
Had he been a Spectator there.
—Pierrot and Pantaloon pursue
With all their clumsy retinue ;
But vain the toil with which they strive
T' o'ertake the Motly Fugitive ;
Till kick'd and cuff'd in ev'ry place,
They're forc'd at length to yield the chace ;

While Harlequin, each danger past,
Enjoys his Columbine at last.

Thus may Death's image aid delight
'Mid the gay scen'ry of the night :
But, in the Pantomime of years,
'Tis serious all, when Death appears,
For then no grin can Pierrot save ;
He finds the trap a real grave ;
Old *Pantaloön* with all his care,
Will cease to be an Actor there.
Lun's magic sword, with all its art,
Must yield to Fate's resistless dart ;
And when Life's closing scene is o'er,
The Curtain falls to rise no more,



Tendrás, tub. lani. y. 1866 at R. A. de marn's. 101 Strand.



The Horse Race.

I own the Simile is trite,
But then it is correctly right ;
For ev'ry learned Critic knows
That on all-fours it glibly goes,
When the ever-varying strife
That gives activity to Life,
Is in its proper time and place,
Compar'd to what is call'd a RACE.
For when we see each high-bred Horse
Stretching for Conquest on the Course,
What does he but man's toil display
Through ev'ry hour of ev'ry day.
—But we postpone the moral strain,—
And call the Reader to the PLAIN,
Where the assembled croud are met
To wrangle, jangle, and to bet.

'Tis not to see the noble Steed
Pace o'er the Down with matchless speed ;
'Tis not to view the Rider's art
When from the Goal he's call'd to start ;
Or where the contest may begin,
That makes it doubtful who shall win ;—
'Tis who, in *honourable* way,
Shall of his neighbour make a prey :
For this same curious, motly meeting
Is somewhat of a *Race* for cheating.

JACK TRIMBUSH, in the country bred,
To nothing useful turn'd his head ;
Cock-fighting, Racing, and the Games
That sober Prudence never names,
He long had practis'd, and was able
To figure at a Billiard Table.
An Uncle left him an estate
That was not either small or great ;
But it was thought to bring him clear,
At least a thousand pounds a year ;—

And, as 'twould be unjust to spare
The praise where he can claim a share,
Of that he took especial care.

}

He sav'd what others give in bounty,
And though he gambled round the county,
'Twas thought the conscientious sinner,
Somehow contriv'd to be a winner.

Now JACK was making to the Post
The busy scene of *Won* and *Lost*,
When to all those he saw around,
He cried, " I offer fifty pound,
" That to yon gambling place I get
" Before you all."——DEATH took the *Bet*.
The 'Squire's Mare was *Merry Joan*,
And DEATH rode, *Scrambling Skeleton*.
They started, nor much time they lost
Before they reach'd the gambling Host :
But e'er they pass'd the betting Pole,
Which was the terminating Goal,
O'er a blind Fiddler *Joan* came down ;
With fatal force poor JACK was thrown,

When a stone, on the verdure laid,
Prov'd harder than the Rider's head.
—DEATH wav'd aloft his dart, and fled.

Upon the ground JACK senseless lay,
And turn'd the bus'ness of the day:
Horses and Jockies were forgot,
'Twas whether He would live or not.
Says HIGH-GAME, "I'll lay five to one,
" And who, among you, answers—DONE?
" That with JACK TRIMBUSH 'tis all over,
" And that he never will recover."
Cries BLACKLEGS, "Why, I'll take the Bet,
" I think that He'll recover yet,
" But then I must assistance get."
"I bar all aid," exclaims the other;
"No Doctor, if He were my Brother:
"If a lancet breathes a vein
"I recall my Bet again."
Such was the language round the Post,
Till TRIMBUSH yielded up the Ghost.

The racing o'er, a Party met
Neither to gamble nor to bet,
But to enjoy the flow of soul
Around the full, capacious Bowl.
There was, howe'er, a dismal dearth,
That evening, of their usual mirth:
For Trimbush, and his fractur'd scull,
Somehow or other, made them dull;
Till thus Sir Jeffrey Graveairs spoke.
“ Since we are not dispos'd to joke,
“ I, who to-night possess the chair,
“ Call on our Friend the Doctor there,
“ To give us, nor will he refuse,
“ Some Ditty from his moral Muse.
“ 'Twill be a lack and well-a-day,
“ Which we to poor JACK's mem'ry pay.”
— The Doctor smil'd consent, and soon
Began his sentimental tune.

SONG.

Nor Humour, nor Wit, I pretend to re-
hearse,
My strain is all moral, and sober my verse;

A subject to suit you, my song shall embrace ;
I sing of the Jockies in Life's busy race.

Derry down, &c.

The Croud of Mankind in Contention we
see,
The High and the Low, of ev'ry degree ;
The King and the Beggar, the weak and the
strong,
E'en the blind grope their way, and the lame
halt along.

Ambition high mounted on Courser so fair,
Who pants with impatience, and snuffs up the
air ;
As he strains for the prize, behold, with a flirt,
He falls from his horse, and is laid in the dirt.

Great monarchs contend in destruction and
wars,
And strive for the Laurels and glory of Mars ;
But how oft, as they run through this perilous
strife,
This loses his Crown, and that loses his Life.

The Miser now trembling, now sturdy and
bold,
As he thinks he shall lose, or may add to his
gold,
While heaping up treasure, he sinks 'neath the
toil;
And some profligate Spendthrift runs off with
the spoil.

The Sage who, in Schools and Academies
bred,
With store of deep learning has furnish'd his
head,
If he lets it not forth to embellish mankind,
The Dunce and the Blockhead will leave him
behind.

The Virgin who full of her smiles and her
charms,
As she glides smoothly on scatters Love and
alarms;
Assisted by Prudence, should hold tight the
rein,
Or her charms and her beauty will conquer in
vain.

Tho' the young boast their strength, and the
wealthy their gold ;

Tho' the Hero looks big 'cause He's valiant
and bold ;

Tho' Kings wave their sceptres, Death strides
on apace,

And sooner or later will finish the Race.

Where Reason directs let us haste on our
way,

When Discretion commands, let us wisely
obey ;

And though, as we run, we may sometimes be
past,

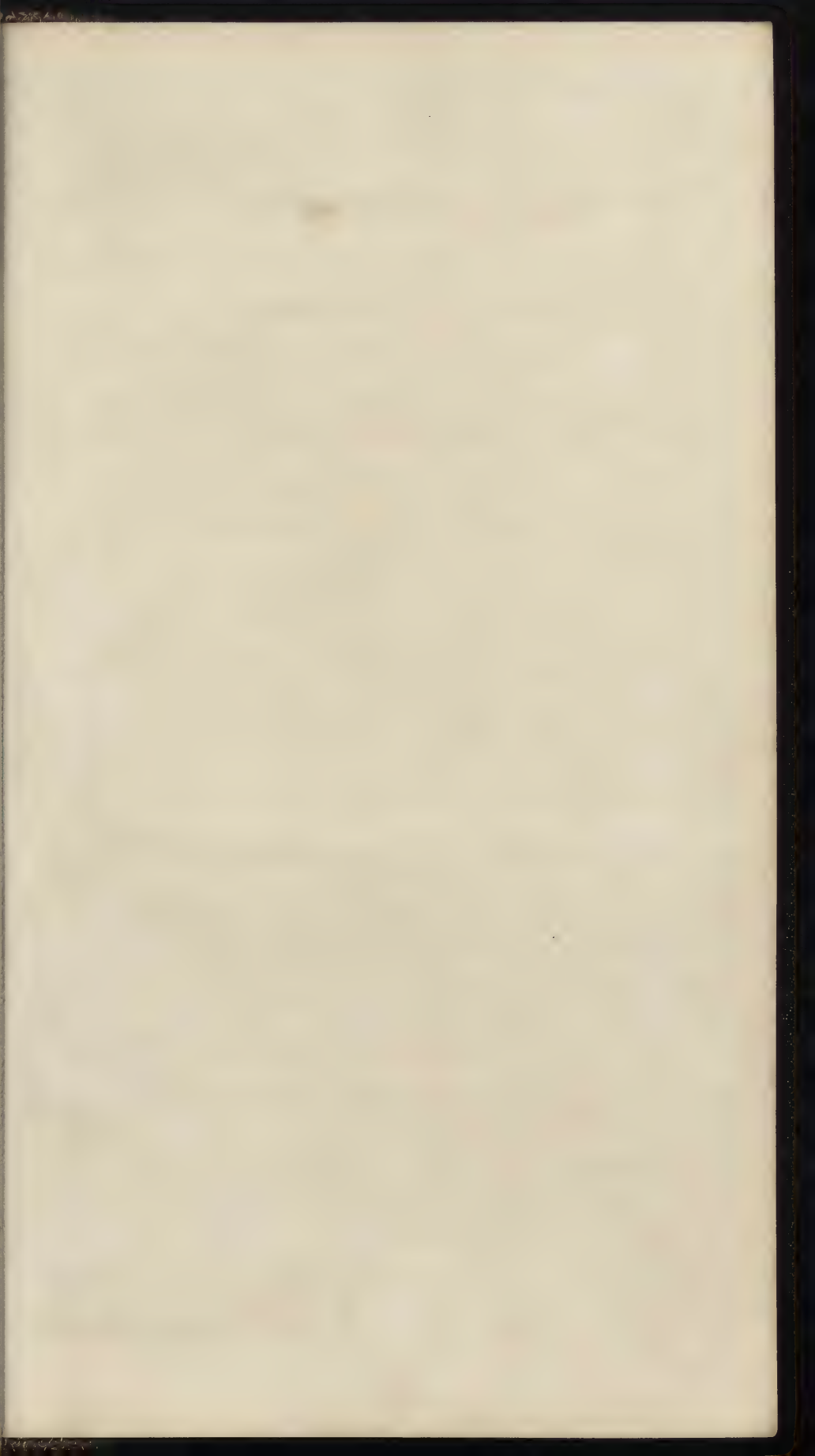
We shall certainly win the best prize at the last.

Then let not the contests that happen in life,
Engender Confusion, Disorder and Strife ;

Let us run where bright Virtue distributes the
prize ;

Tho' we lose it on earth, 'twill be found in the
skies.

Derry down, &c.





The Dram Shop.

A PREACHER, I remember well,
Whose fashion was blunt Truths to tell,
Harangu'd his Audience how to shun
Old Nick, as round the world he run ;
And thus the fav'rite haunts defin'd
Of the great Enemy of Mankind.

“ Avoid the place where the profane
“ Their faithless Mysteries maintain ;
“ Nor let those mansions be explor'd
“ Where the Dice rattles on the board.
“ Nor risk your Labour's fair reward
“ By shuffling the deceitful Card.
“ In haste, pass by the tempting street
“ Where the alluring wantons meet ;
“ For thus, as sure as Evil's evil,
“ You'll meet that Spirit call'd the Devil.

“ But above all, as you would shun
“ In Life and Death to be undone,
“ Indulge not in the liquid ill
“ That flows from the empoison’d *Still*,
“ Thither the Fiend loves to repair,
“ And Death, too oft, attends him there ;
“ Who, in his never-ceasing rounds,
“ The *Still-man* aids as he compounds
“ Each mixture that’s in daily strife
“ With Health, with Honour, and with Life.
“ The *Dram-shop* is the spot that yields
“ More various ills than all the fields
“ Where grow the Vices that disgrace
“ Th’ existence of the human race.
“ The *Town* with beggars it supplies,
“ And almost fills th’ *Infirmaries* ;
“ Gives half their inmates to the jails,
“ And multiplies the Hangman’s vails.
“ —Question the sturdy Lab’rer, why
“ He wears the rags of Poverty ?
“ Wherefore his well-paid, daily task
“ Denies the Bread his Children ask ?

- “ It is the DRAM’s alluring cup
“ That swallows all his earnings up.
“ —Behold the squallid Mother’s breast,
“ By the faint, sickly infant prest,
“ That ne’er the milk of Nature gives:—
“ Instead, the Suckling’s lip receives
“ The sad Infusion which at length,
“ Destroys its puny, struggling strength;
“ Till Life its ev’ry aid denies,
“ And the poor, shrivell’d pigmy dies.
“ —Bid the Procuress mark the way
“ To make th’ incautious Maid her prey,
“ The guards of Virtue to remove,
“ And smooth the path to lawless love;
“ ’Tis the same deleterious power,
“ That crowns Seduction’s fatal hour.
“ —Look at a shop whose windows show,
“ On ev’ry side, above, below,
“ The *pledge* of many a former day,
“ Of pressing Want the sad display.
“ Does it not wound each tender sense,
“ To see the poor who issue thence,

“ As to the Dram shop they repair,
“ And spend the borrow’d pittance there*?
“ —Behold, th’ uplifted hand is seen:—
“ What threat’ning looks and angry mien:
“ While the foul execrating tongue
“ Does the fierce, clam’rous war prolong:
“ While e’en from female lips proceed,
“ The threat of many a bloody deed.
“ Thus Virtue’s drown’d and Health de-
“ stroy’d,
“ For the vile habit’s seldom cloy’d.
“ Are then our Legislators loth
“ To curb the ills that ruin both;
“ Or wherefore do we daily meet
“ Such scenes as these in ev’ry street?
“ Do they then tempt the poor to pay
“ Their health and virtue to defray
“ The Nation’s wants, and urge the STILL,
“ The rav’nous Taxman’s book to fill.

* A Pawnbroker made the following reply to a Friend who expressed his surprize that he did not remove to a better Situation.—“ I don’t know a better: for it is within a very convenient distance from *three Dram Shops*.”

" If they protect such baneful evil,
" Nought will protect them from the DEVIL."

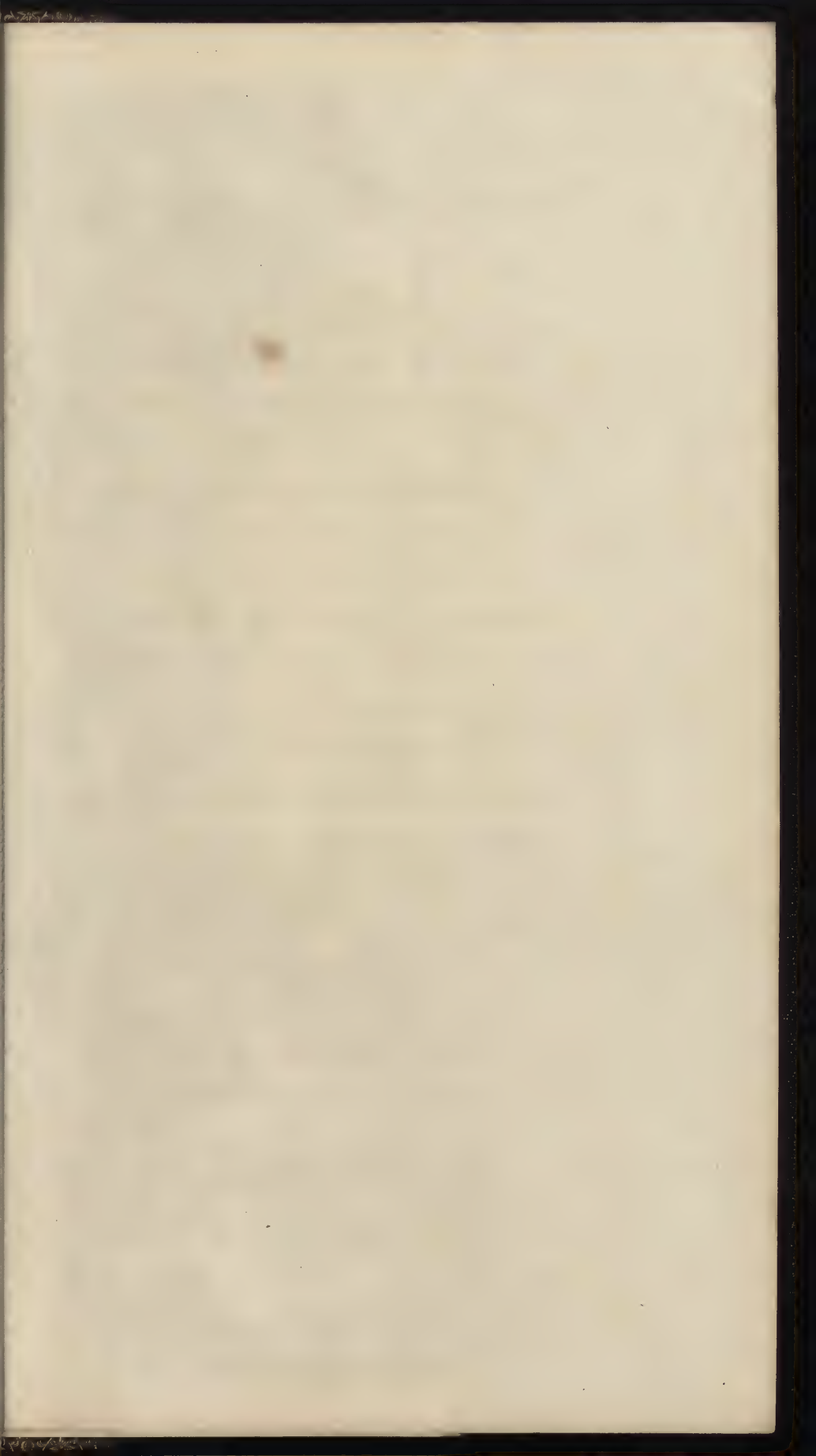
The Preacher thus his thoughts display'd:
The Congregation groan'd and pray'd:
And some few thought it not a sin,
To go and toast his health—in GIN.

—How oft' the sons of riot find
Pleasure the poison of the mind:
In Life, by Fire and Famine, less
Sink to their Graves, than by excess.
'Tis Temperance gives the richest wealth;
Contentment, Peace, and lasting Health:
'Tis Temperance that forms the sage:
Is youth's best Guardian, and the Friend
of Age.

The Gaming Table.

IF it were questioned of the Sage,
Whose reas'ning mind, to hoary age,
Has with a keen and curious ken,
Examin'd well the ways of men,
What is most likely to impart
The worst of Frailties to the heart,—
He would not hesitate to say,
It is the excessive love of play :
That Gamesters are but birds of prey ;
Who, like the vultures, as they fly
Through the calm region of the sky,
Look down with a rapacious joy,
Eager to seize and to destroy.
—Gaming, at first, a pleasure made,
Becomes, at length, a rav'nous Trade.

When the hand shakes the treach'rous dice,
The heart's the seat of ev'ry vice,





HASARD ROOM

The most abhorrent from the plan
That Virtue has mark'd out for man.
In that fell moment Friendship dies,
Love, startled, from the bosom flies,
And Nature—Nature's self belies :—
Nay, does not the fierce Lust proceed
To consecrate the blackest deed.

}

—BACON, that first of Men, has said,
The Gamester's to each virtue dead,
And with th' accursed rage endued,
Has not a sense of what is good ;
While his predominance in ill,
Bears just proportion to the skill,
With which his practic'd mind can guard
The doubtful throw, the casual Card.

How oft the Youth, to virtue bred
And born to wealth, whose parents dead
Have left him, through the world to stray ;
In blooming Manhood's early day,
Becomes the wily Sharper's prey.

}

At first He's taught to find delight
In those amusements of the night,
Where men of courtly manners meet
To ply the progress of deceit.
Led on, at length, by slow degrees,
All unsuspecting, and at ease,
To ev'ry earthly comfort blind,
The love of Play absorbs his mind,
Nor suffers any other care
To find a free Admission there.
Then, to supply the wager'd gold,
His woods are fell'd, his trees are sold;
And the last hazard of the die
Leaves him to want and misery;
While the false friend, who caus'd his ruin,
Sits, careless of the foul undoing:
And, should Despair attempt the blow
That calms at once all human woe,
'Twill scarce arrest th' impending throw.

Is he, who by Despair is led
To give a wife and infants bread,

By a mere threat'ning to purvey
From Trav'lers on the public way?
Is such a deed, which, when 'tis done,
May frighten some, but ruin none ;
Is such a deed, which, like a dart,
Pierces the trembling Culprit's heart,
And, springing from no vile intent,
To find the fatal punishment?
Is such a wretched man to die
On Gallows tree in infamy?
While he, who in gay plenty lives
On the vile gains which gaming gives,
Shall be received with ease and glee,
And marks of polish'd courtesy,
In those bright circles, where the train
Of Fashion hold their splendid reign ;
Though many a Dupe may curse the hour,
When Fortune's false, insidious power
Allur'd them to his treach'rous hand,
That could th' obedient eard command,
Or tell the fabricated die
To aid the well-plann'd treachery.

Is there in Reason's view a scene
Of a more fell and horrid mien ?
Is there to calm Reflection's eye
A nest of greater villainy,
Than where the Pandemoniums meet,—
Or to be cheated, or to cheat * ?
Is there a vice that is not there ?
Is there a sense that good men share ?
Is there an oath that is not heard ?
Is there a curse that's not preferr'd ?
Does not the disappointing die
Call forth the horrid blasphemy ?
And in the smile of him who wins,
Each feature, as it brightens, sins.

If any one should wish to scan
The God-like countenance of man,
When Passion shapes it to descend
Into the visage of a Fiend ;

* The Gaming Houses of an inferior kind, in the neighbourhood of St. James's, are denominated "HELLS."

To haunts like these he may repair :—
He'll find the frightful picture there.

But DEATH, who as he roams about,
May find the *Gaming Table* out ;—
And, when he shows his ghastly grin,
The knowing ones are taken in. }
—The lucky Phantom's sure to win.
He enters,—when the fearful shout
Echos around, of—turn him out.
No, he replies—that Gold is mine :—
Gamester, that Gold you must resign.
—Now LIFE's the Main, the Spectre cries :—
He throws—and lo !—The GAMESTER dies.

The Battle.

LIFE's frail and perishable hour
Has oft been liken'd to a flower,
Which first a verdant leaf displays
Amid the showers of vernal days,
And Summer opens to the Sun;
But Autumn sees its beauty gone:
Chill'd by Winter cold it lies,
To be renew'd 'neath milder skies.
Such is the whole progressive span
That marks the longest life of Man:
But, by experience, we are taught
The various means that make it short.
Disease, with its destructive Train,
And all the Family of Pain;
These are the Ministers that wait
Upon the dread commands of Fate.





—Fever's fierce and burning heat
Which makes each pulse with fury beat ;
Pallid Ague that, by turns,
Shakes with tremors cold, or burns
With parching pain ;—the Stone,
That parent of the heaving groan ;
The Gout, and all its racking pains,
Or Frenzy, writhing in its chains,
And many an ill of doubtful name
That harrasses the human frame.
Nor these alone: Heart-breaking Care ;
With pining Love, and fell despair ;
Or Passion's unreflecting rage,
Which Reason trembles to assuage ;—
They, in their various natures, pave
Man's passage to the gloomy grave,
His mortal destiny: but these
Waste mankind by slow degrees,
While Nature's all-prolific power
Supplies such losses every hour.

—No, 'tis the vast, ensanguin'd plain
Cover'd with thousands of the slain,
Where the fell Deity of War
Drives onward in his fatal Car :
'Tis there th' affrighted eye can trace
The power that thins the human race.

The Sun his early beams displays
And tips the hills with golden rays ;
Then glitters on the martial show,
That covers all the vale below ;
Where the embattel'd armies wait,
Impatient for the word of Fate ;
While DEATH expects, in dire array,
The victims of the bloody day.
Thousands who saw the Sun arise,
And with its bright beams streak the skies,
E'er his orb sinks into the main,
In ghastly shapes will strew the plain.
E'er his allotted Circuit's run,
What glory will be lost and won,

Glory, the dearly purchas'd prize
Of widow's tears, of orphans' cries ;
Of matrons—shrieking wild with woe ;
Of cities, and their walls laid low ;
Of chrystal streams bestain'd with gore ;
Of the rich vallies, that no more
Their plenty to the sickle yields ;
While Blood's the Harvest of the fields.

Man could not be by Nature made
For War's destructive, cruel trade ;
To change the joys of social Life,
For savage deeds of martial Strife.
He who is born to weep with those
Who feel the weight of human woes ;
He, whose first joy is to relieve
The aching hearts of those who grieve ;
He, whose happier passions move,
Faithful to Friendship and to Love ;
Is He by Nature form'd to wield
The sabre in the tented field ?

What though he may the battle try,
Summon'd by stern Necessity ;
What, though his country's wrongs may charm
The patriot citizen to arm,
And join the cohorts to oppose
The darings of his country's foes,—
He, born with Love to be endued,
And Charity, Life's real good,
Was never form'd to deal in blood.
It cannot with his virtues suit,
For the stern trump to change the lute ;
Or quit, without a deep-drawn sigh,
The scene of peace and harmony.

The mother, when she lulls to rest
Th' unconscious infant on her breast ;
When, as she views the Babe, her eye
Glances with tender extasy :
She offers up the secret prayer
To Heaven, for its protecting care ;
To guard him from the ills that wait
Upon his weak and helpless state.

Give him strength, and grant him health ;
Give him Virtue, crown'd with wealth ;—
That thus her Infant may be blest,
Is the maternal, fond request.
She thinks not of the woe that springs
From the ambitious pride of kings ;
Nor looks, with premature alarms,
To hostile feats and deeds of arms ;
Nor are her wishes e'er beguil'd,
To see a Hero in her child.
With the pale lily and the rose,
She decks the smiling Urchin's brows ;
Nor does Affection's hand prepare
To place the verdant Laurel there,
Emblem of Honour gain'd in war.
Virtue, she knows, may find its meed,
Where daring warriors never bleed ;
And Honour may enjoy renown
Without the Victor's laureate crown.
For added evils wherefore roam,
All find enough of ill at home ;

If ill it should be call'd that proves
The noble Heart which Virtue loves.

WAR's the Disease of nations, sent
By Heaven, as awful punishment,
At once to chasten, and chastise
Mankind's combin'd enormities ;
And when its standard is unfurl'd,
What wões assail the trembling world.
Murder, and Massacre and Spoil,
Pursued with unremitting toil
In ev'ry clime, on ev'ry soil.
Amid the Battle's bloody hour,
DEATH brandishes his utmost power ;
And thousands in a moment fall,
Beneath that Strength which conquers all.
When He his potent arm uprears,
In ev'ry shape his dart appears,
Which the fell arts of War employ
With deadly genius to destroy.
When the sword strikes the struggling foe,
'Tis DEATH directs the fatal blow :

When the shaft makes the bosom bleed,
'Tis DEATH directs the fatal speed :
When the loud cannon breathes, its breath
Is the destructive fume of Death.
Where'er he waves his torch on high,
The victors and the vanquish'd die ;
And Fame's too oft the only meed
Or of the living, or the dead.
—O blest be that benignant hour,
When chast'ning Justice calms its power :
Bids all the warring contests cease,
And gives the humbled Nations peace.

The Wedding.

THERE is a proverb that is known
By ev'ry lively Miss in Town,
For whom Love lies in ambuscade,
—*That Marriages in Heaven are made.*
Thus, when the Fair, resolv'd to wed,
Receives the Captain to her bed,
Whose only fortune is his pay
Of nothing like a pound per day,
A father's anger to assuage,
And calm an humbled Mother's rage,
She says, in hopes to be forgiven,
The nuptial knot was tied in Heaven.
How could she help it—when her Love
Was govern'd by the powers above;
And therefore would Papa persuade
That this same match was wisely made;





Nay, asks the Dower he would accord,
As if her Spouse had been a Lord.
—But 'tis not Birth, nor is it gold
That does the sacred Union hold
In that firm fondness which will last,
When Beauty, and when years are past.
Affection is the Knot that binds
In silken cord, congenial minds;
And, e'en, in with'ring age will bloom,
To grace the confines of the tomb:
Thus Hymen often doth beguile
The Heart, though Fortune does not smile;
And turns, disgusted, from the great,
Beneath the domes of Wealth and State.

If HYMEN would with PLUTUS rove,
And always seek the God of LOVE;
Nor ever quit the common shrine,
When they the Nuptial Contract sign:
If CUPID ne'er would make pretence
Unless to BEAUTY, WIT, or SENSE,

And PLUTUS ever ready be
 To crown each faithful Votary,
 And HYMEN, not a step proceed,
 'Till his Associates were agreed,
 Who would not seek the Nuptial State,
 Who would not be a married mate?
 Nay, scarce upon this earthly round
 Would one old Bachelor be found.
 But 'tis not form'd by Nature's plan
 To give such Happiness to Man:
 It would be folly then to wonder
 That LOVE and PLUTUS keep asunder;
 For HYMEN's ever at their will
 Their sep'rate pleasure to fulfil;
 Though PLUTUS seems to take the lead
 Of LOVE, in matrimonial deed:
 Such is, at least, the gen'ral creed:—
 And such AMELIA's tale will prove
 Who married Wealth, nor thought of Love.

She was, 'tis true, in Fashion bred,
 With all those whimsies in her head,

With all those hopes, within her heart,
That High-life fantasies impart.
Her glass return'd the lovely face,
Her ev'ry motion beam'd with grace,
Which might the ardent wish inspire,
And bid each gazing eye admire ;
So that she thought, let who will woe me,
'Tis some *Adonis* shall subdue me ;
For I'm not yet so foolish grown,
To wed a form unlike my own.
But 'twill not do, unless his door,
Beholds each day, the coach-and-four ;
Or, if 'tis just to take the air,
The sprightly Curricl and pair,
Or the groom with the high-bred mare. }
Nor must the dear *Adonis* stint her,
To one grand Fete through one long winter ;
But, by the splendour of each treat,
To lay all Fashion at her feet.

Thus did her flatt'ring hopes go on
From seventeen years to twenty-one :

But no ADONIS yet appears,
And all her hopes were turn'd to fears.
—Instead, an ancient tatter'd Beau
Who totter'd on threescore, or so,
Resolv'd to close his rakish Life,
With a young fashionable wife.
AMELIA caught his gloting eye,
And heard his fond Idolatry ;
When all that could her pride content,
In figure, wealth, and settlement,
Was plac'd at her supreme command,
To bribe the Fair to yield her hand.

AMELIA conn'd the matter o'er,
Sigh'd *twenty-one*, and then *threescore*.
The offer she would say is fair,
But then there's no ADONIS there ;
And for ADONIS should I stay,
'Till all my Beauties fade away ;
Should I refuse the offer'd Lot
I might e'en live to be forgot.

—Besides, my dear, prolific mother
Gave me five Sisters, and a Brother;
So that my Dower will ne'er invite
A match beyond a country Knight;—
My Fortune may not e'en inspire
The Courtship of a mortgag'd 'Squire.
—All things consider'd, 'twill be wise
My love-lorn hopes to sacrifice,
And take SIR JOHN, let who will flout him,
With all his wealth and years about him;
Nay, should the Veteran not survive
The day when I am twenty-five,
So wealthy, and yet handsome still,
I shall have Lovers at my will,
And stand a better chance to find
A young ADONIS to my mind :—
But that the world may not upbraid me,
It is my mother shall persuade me;
And thus to give the matter weight,
I for a week will hesitate.
This interval Mamma employs
To influence her Daughter's choice,

And urges in a different way
The self-same reasons ev'ry day.

“ I own, my Dear, it is too true,
“ SIR JOHN’S a horrid form to view.
“ But he pays nobly for the pride
“ Of having such a lovely Bride,
“ And in the matrimonial dish,
“ We can’t have all that we can wish :
“ Let Fortune cook it how it will,
“ There will be something wanting still.
“ —A proverb oft the truth displays,
“ And think on what this proverb says—
“ *You’d better be an old man’s darling*
“ *Than hear a young man’s constant snarl-*
“ *ing.—*

“ He says, indeed, he’s but threescore,
“ But I know that He’s something more ;
“ While from the Life which he has past,
“ The Doctors say he cannot last.
“ It seems, that more than half the year
“ He has the Gout, and can’t appear ;

- “ At least, his limping form is seen,
“ Shelter’d within a gilded screen.
“ In this same calculating age,
“ When Int’rest is the growing rage,
“ A prospect, with such golden views,
“ It would be madness to refuse.
“ There’s many a Dutchess cannot prove
“ Such splendid marks of gen’rous Love
“ As he proposes:—count them o’er,
“ And tell me, would you wish for more.
“ Envy may scoff, and some may smile,
“ But think on what you’ll gain the while.
“ Few, few, among the world’s gay throng
“ Will say, dear Girl, you’ve acted wrong,
“ If you with prudence play your part,
“ Nor let the world corrupt your heart,
“ When as a Widow you appear
“ With twice three thousand pounds a year,
“ And all the fine things which the pride
“ Of doting Love, will give beside.
“ My counsel is, the proffer’d boon
“ Should be receiv’d this afternoon:

“ This moment let your mother write
“ To ease the gallant, suff’ring Knight;
“ To tell him, that at length, you yield,
“ And leave him Master of the field;
“ But, to conclude this long debate,
“ Think, think on his precarious state.
“ The bus’ness must not be delay’d,
“ Or e’er the settlements are made,
“ He to that region may be flown
“ Where Marriages are never known.”

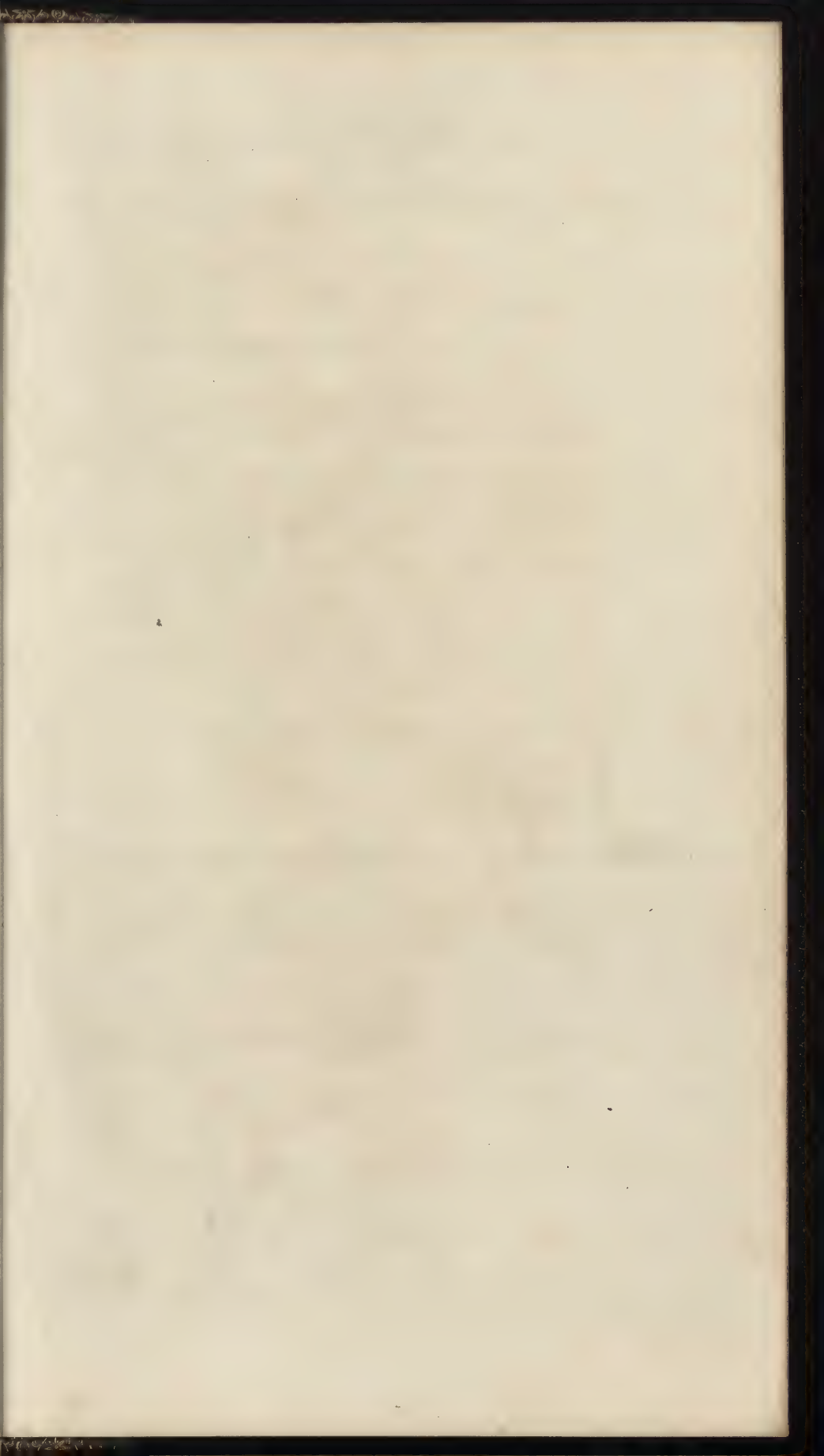
’Twas done:—In haste the forms proceed;
The Lawyers all are doubly fee’d;
The Fashion-shops work night and day,
To furnish out the rich array,
That young Amelia might be seen,
The image of the Cyprian queen;
When, ’mid Idalian rites she moves,
Surrounded by th’ admiring Loves;
Such costly jewels now appear
To shine and dangle in her ear,
To bind her arms, and deck her hair,
To make the fairest look more fair,

Such as a Sultan seldom gave
To the Seraglio's fav'rite Slave.
In short, it was the tempting store
Of am'rous wealth at sixty-four.

At length arriv'd th' appointed Day,
When all, but Emily, were gay.
Still her pale lips, however loth,
To the old Bridegroom plight their troth;
While he affects a simp'ring grace,
Or calls a smirk into his face.
Thus, as she saw him by her stand,
And felt his chilly, palsied hand,
The humbling tear bedew'd her eyes,
And mourn'd her own sad sacrifice:
Nor could she draw a faint supply
Of Comfort, e'en from Vanity.
In spite of all her splendid show,
She inly curs'd the gilded woe;
And, in the secret of her mind,
Call'd DEATH—the Union to unbind;

Nor call'd in vain.—In surplice drest,
At once the Bridesman and the Priest,
'Twas DEATH who at the Altar heard
The inward wish that she preferr'd ;
And when the sacred knot was tied,
The Bridegroom in a moment died,
And left her, as she just had pray'd—
A widow'd Bride, a married Maid.

She now her gawds to sables turns,
And in all due Apparel mourns:
But though, by some good folks 'tis said,
That marriages in Heaven are made,
She thinks, to make the Proverb even,
That they are sometimes *loos'd* in Heaven.



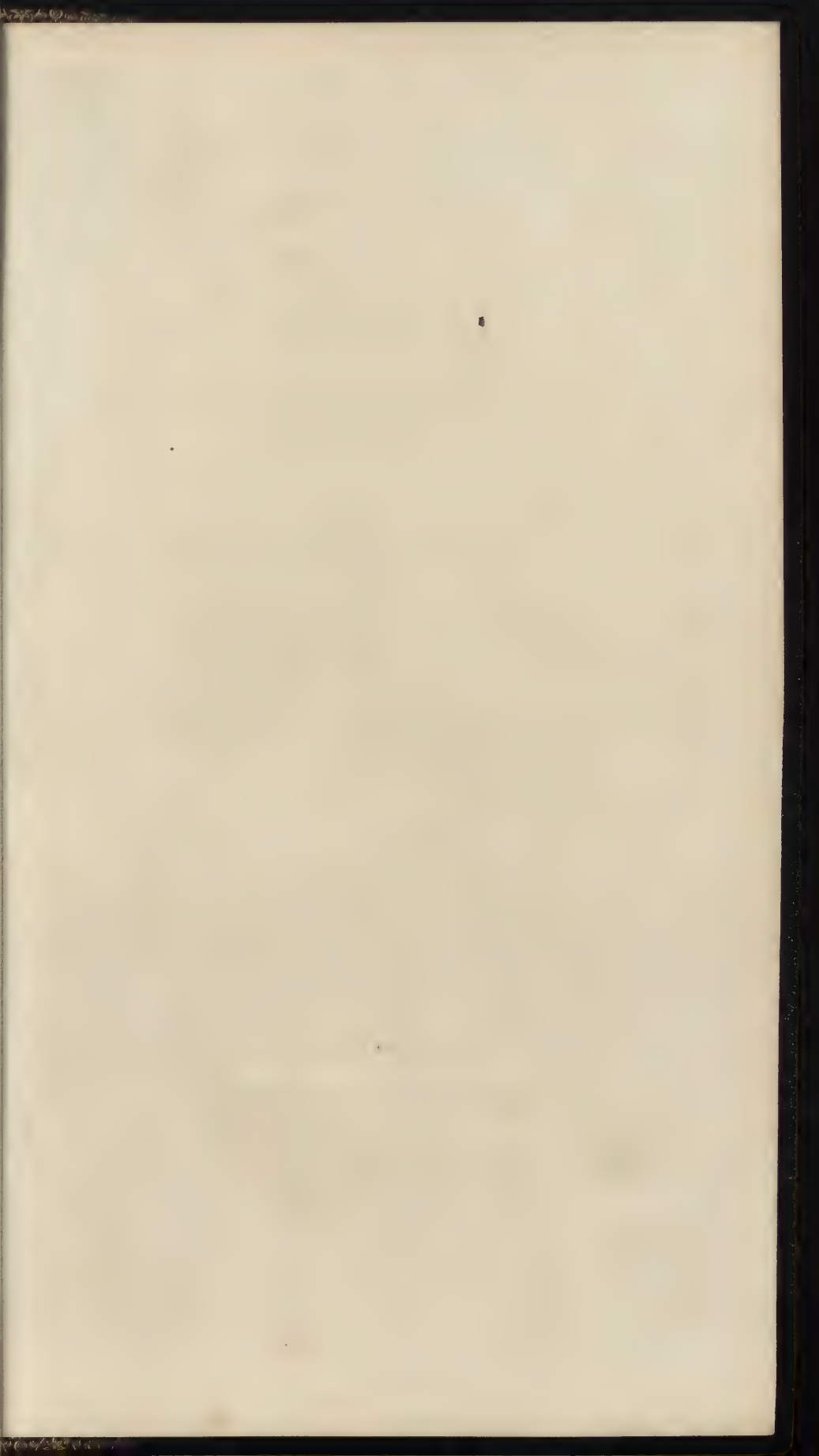
London, Feb. March 1865, at R. A. Kermans' and Strand.



The Skaiters.

WATER and Earth, and Air and Fire,
All, in their different ways conspire,
Our Life's frail nature to support;
Or, as it happens, cut it short.
Not a day passes but 'tis found
That some are burn'd, or some are drown'd.
Does not the foul and fœtid breath
Of some disease, cause daily death?
And who, on Earth's vast space can tell
The Spot where Danger does not dwell?
The very Elements, that tend
To give us Life, produce our end.
DEATH is not only here and there,
His fearful power is every where.
He sails, upon his baleful wing,
Amid the zephyrs of the spring;

He can his deadly frolics play
Beneath the Summer's burning ray ;
While Autumn's fruit, at his command,
Shall drop ripe from the gatherer's hand ;
He calls obedient to his power,
Each pastime of the wint'ry hour ;
Whether we seek the painted dome,
Or are invited forth to roam,
When the earth is fast bound in frost,
And ev'ry stream in ice is lost.
Should then the fatal Shape incline
To glide along the Serpentine,
How many skaiting folks would he
Throw into mortal jeopardy :
Away, in vain, the Skaiters skim,
'Tis all in vain that they can swim.
If he but waves his mystic dart,
Th' obedient Ice begins to part ;
And, while the opening chink receives
The hapless groupe, he grins, and leaves
Some of the smartest blades in town
To squall, to flounder, and to drown.





The Duel.

HONOUR's a very common word,
By all and ev'ry where preferr'd.
But what's its meaning,—where's the Key,
That will unlock the Mystery?
It seems to change in ev'ry street,
And with each person that we meet.
—Ask the old Maid of fifty-three,
She whispers, 'tis Virginitv.
—Ask the gay Virgin, in her teens,
What this self-same expression means?
She'll say, when a young Miss can boast,
To be an universal Toast.
—In Bond-street, of the Loungers there
Enquire for Honour,—when and where
'Tis to be found:—Why some will say
In paying debts, when lost at play:

In guiding, with adroit command,
The gay Barouche and four-in-hand;
With equal grace to swear and rail
As any Coachman of a Mail.
—If in your walks you chance to pop
Your head into a Tradesman's shop,
What though he lies from morn to night,
If he can get a Guinea by't,
Let him but pay his Bills when due;
He is a Man of Honour too.
—The Jobber in the Stock Exchange,
Call him a Rogue—he'll say 'tis strange;
For if he's neither Bull nor Bear,
He is a Man of Honour there.
Go to the Temple, or Gray's Inn,
And ask where Honour's to be seen?—
The Porter answers, 'tis not known
Within those quarters of the Town;
But if you touch him with a Fee,
Though all in vain, He'll go and see.
—The Soldier, if you name the word,
Lays his rough hand upon his Sword;

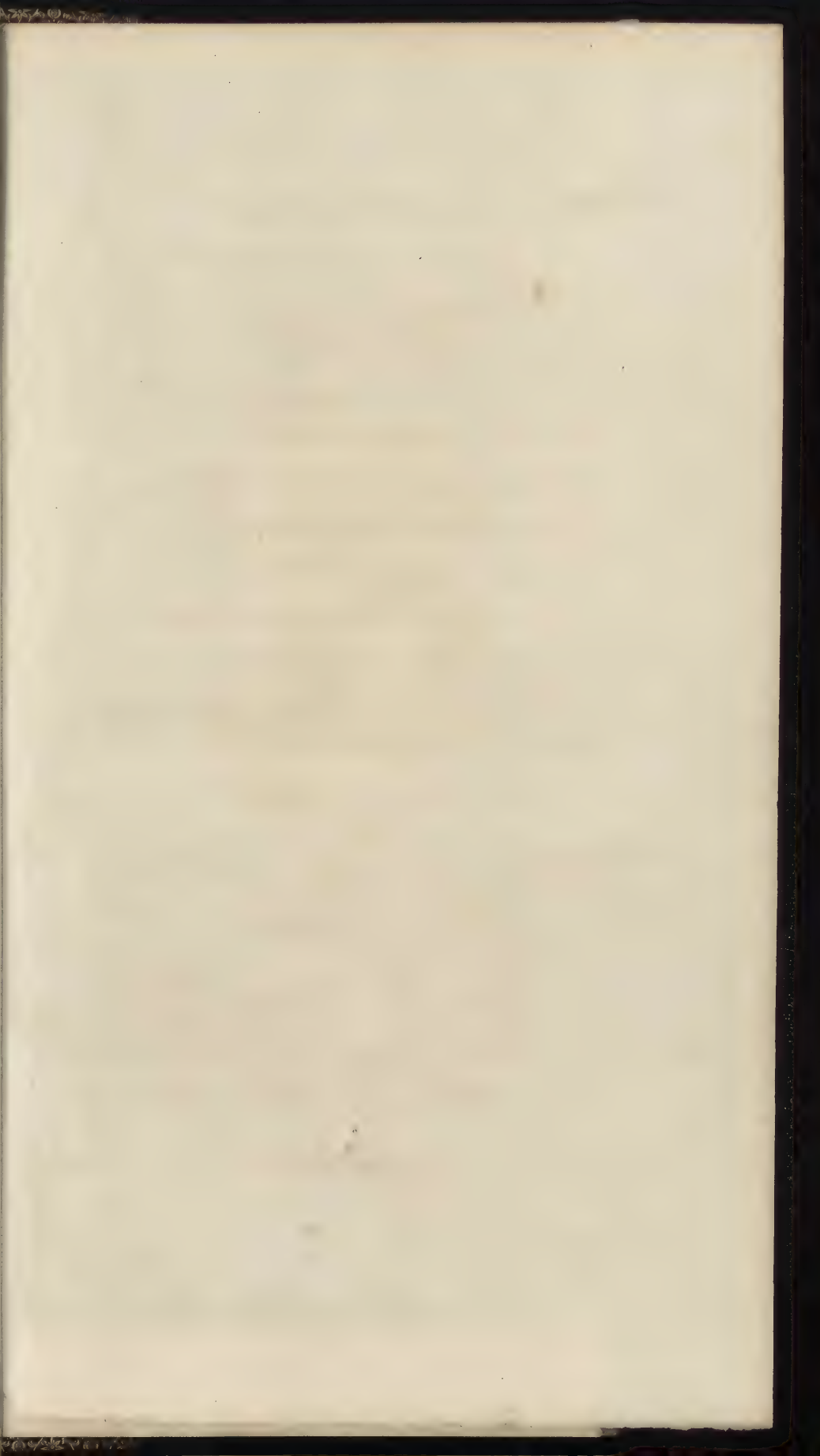
Then points in silence to the scar,
Won 'mid the bloody toils of War.
What says Religion?—She replies,
Honour within the bosom lies:—
The Steers-man of our moral frame,
Honour and Conscience are the same:
But there's an Engine in the breast,
Which some folks call Self-Interest,
That in this busy world of our's,
Possesses those resistless powers,
That sometimes change the name and nature
The very form and shape and feature
Of all the principles which plan
The moral Institute of Man;
And, like the Alchemy of old,
Strives to convert them into Gold.
—My Grandame told me, in my youth,
Honour's another word for Truth;
But now I find, some years gone by,
'Tis Honour to maintain a lie.
Nay, do not men of Honour hold
That Truth's not always to be told?

But says the world, and be it known,
I have an Honour of my own,
Whose Spirit ever is awake
Revenge, for certain wrongs, to take ;
Whose keen impatience will not wait
For Lawyers to accommodate :
An insult of whatever kind,
A blow before, a kick behind ;
An idle word, a booby drunk,
A quarrel for a Playhouse punk.—
—'Tis daily seen, with all its worth,
What Folly calls this Honour forth.

JACK TETCHY, who for several years
Captain had been of Volunteers ;
And BILLY DIAPER, who bore
The Colours in the self-same Corps,
In a Cook's-shop by chance had met,
A little noon-tide prog to get.
Jack, who look'd big, and munching stood,
Swore that the Cheese-cakes were not good;—

While Billy said—they were a treat,
The best that he had ever eat.
“ Then Sir, you mean to say, I lie,”
Was the impetuous, quick reply.
“ If you should wish to take it so,”
Says Billy, “ I shall not ~~say~~ no.”
Words begat words, and threaten’d blows,
When Jack took Billy by the nose.
This was an insult too severe
For a brave Soldier’s pride to bear:
’Twas HONOUR nam’d the following day:
The angry Heroes both obey;
When, without fear of wounds or blood,
They bravely met at *Hornsey Wood*.
The Seconds now prepare the Fuel
Which forms the Honour of a Duel:
A Surgeon too was near the ground,
T’ extract a ball, or dress a wound.
JACK was dim-ey’d, and made a claim
To use a glass, to aid his aim.

—The Combatants their triggers drew;
Th' opposing Bullets instant flew;
A fatal Ball struck BILLY's paunch,
Ek'd out with many a Ham and Haunch:
With agony he loudly squall'd;
Th' expecting Doctor's quickly call'd;
But, e'er he can approach the scene,
Death had thought fit to intervene,
And prov'd his strength: for, in a crack
He threw fat BILLY 'cross his back.
—Alarm'd, the diff'rent parties run;—
The work of Honour now was done.



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The Bishop and Death.

THUS are DEATH's mortal weapons hurl'd,
Resistless on a prostrate world ;
The young, the old, the grave, the gay,
His potent summons all obey.
But can no remedy be found
To sooth the rancour of his wound ?
Is GILEAD of her Balm bereft,
And frail Creation hopeless left ?
Say, will no white-rob'd Son of Light,
Swift darting from his Heavenly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd stand,
And shed Salvation round the Land ?
Mortals, the aid you wish is near,
No light-clad angel need appear,
Prophetic voice, and Gospel Grace,
May well supply an Angel's place ;

Yes, Gospel Truth's unerring sound,
Has long been heard the world around ;
And He, who will not these attend,
Should dead men rise, or Saints descend ;
Would still, in unbelieving mood,
Refuse the bliss by which he's woo'd ;
Would not attend though rocks should speak,
Or voice from bursting mountains break.
'Twas the great Messenger from Heaven,
By whom the sacred word was given,
The Son of God's eternal Love
Descended from the Heaven above,
To arm frail man for combat high,
Against his last Great Enemy ;
To guard him in the awful strife,
And point the way through death to life.
Himself the arduous conflict tried,
And rose triumphant though he died.

His faithful followers here behold
Amidst Death's Terrors calmly bold :
A Prelate full of Heavenly Grace,
High rais'd in virtue as in place ;

One who God's people ne'er betray'd,
Nor practis'd other than he said.
His early age to learning given,
Prepar'd him for the task of Heaven:
Science, thy thorny paths he trod,
Through Nature's works, to Nature's God;
Till now intent on Heavenly good,
The Spirit caught him where it would,
And tipt his tongue with Coal of Fire,
And bade the hallow'd flame aspire.
The Holy word, by day, by night,
At once his study and delight;
Anxious he weighs each verse each line,
And human learning aids divine;
But not alone to study given,
He shews, and leads the path to Heaven.
Still, instant by the sick man's bed,
He cheers his heart and lifts his head:
His counsels tott'ring virtue stay,
At his rebuke vice shrinks away.
Such, such of old good Pastors were,
Such Cranmer—Wilson—Latimer.

All humbler duties duly paid,
At last, the Mitre decks his head ;
Still modest in his high degree,
Still grac'd with meek humility.
Another glory yet remains,
And that by death the good man gains ;
An heavenly crown, bright heritage,
Amid the Saints of ev'ry Age.

What more can Heaven on man bestow,
Or man deserve of God below ?
Now call'd to that, devoid of fear,
He sees the close of Life is near ;
Religion beaming in his heart,
He heeds not DEATH's impending dart :
His faithful friend directs the way
To regions of eternal day.
Where then thy sting, dread tyrant, where
The triumph to thy Pride so dear,
Harmless thy boasted dart is found :—
'Tis Sin gives venom to the wound.
—The body, given him at his birth,
Must mingle with its native earth.

'Gainst that alone DEATH's darts prevail,
Against th' immortal parts they fail:
The fragil frame sinks to the tomb,
There rests amid sepulchral gloom;
From thence, more glorious to arise,
And join its partner in the skies;
No longer pain or care to know,
Or changes that man feels below;
But change of Bliss and Pleasure pure,
And Peace that ever shall endure.
—As he whose form the fiend sustain'd,
When Eve's too easy faith he gain'd;
That beast, the subtlest of the field,
As Winter's chilling rigours yield,
And earth receives Spring's tepid ray,
Casts his old Coil in Scorn away;
Darts from his Cave in vigour bold,
And rears his crest of burnish'd gold,
Renew'd with the renewing year,
Again to droop in Autumn sear:—
But Man, the sleep of Death once o'er,
Shall rise renew'd, to fall no more.

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